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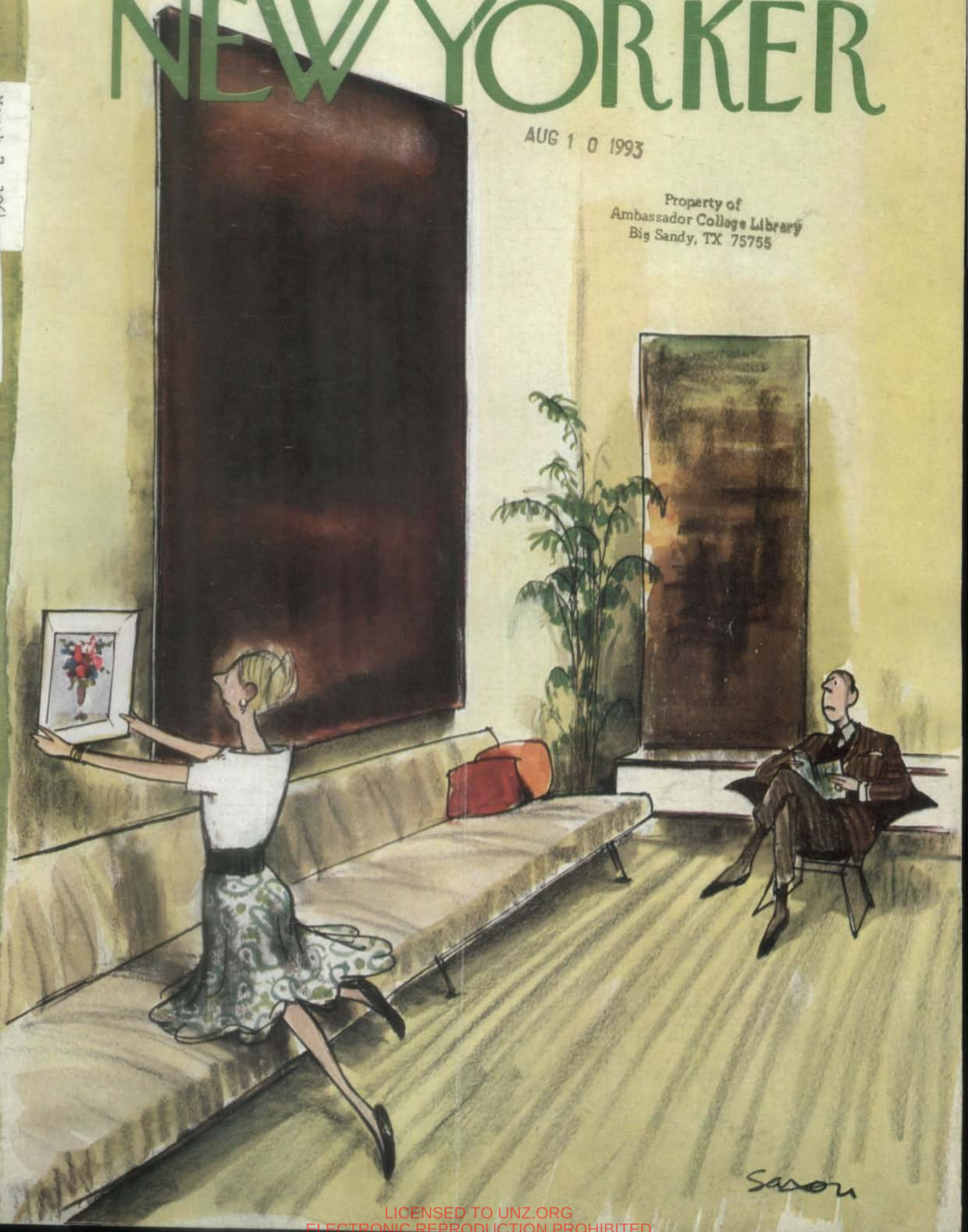

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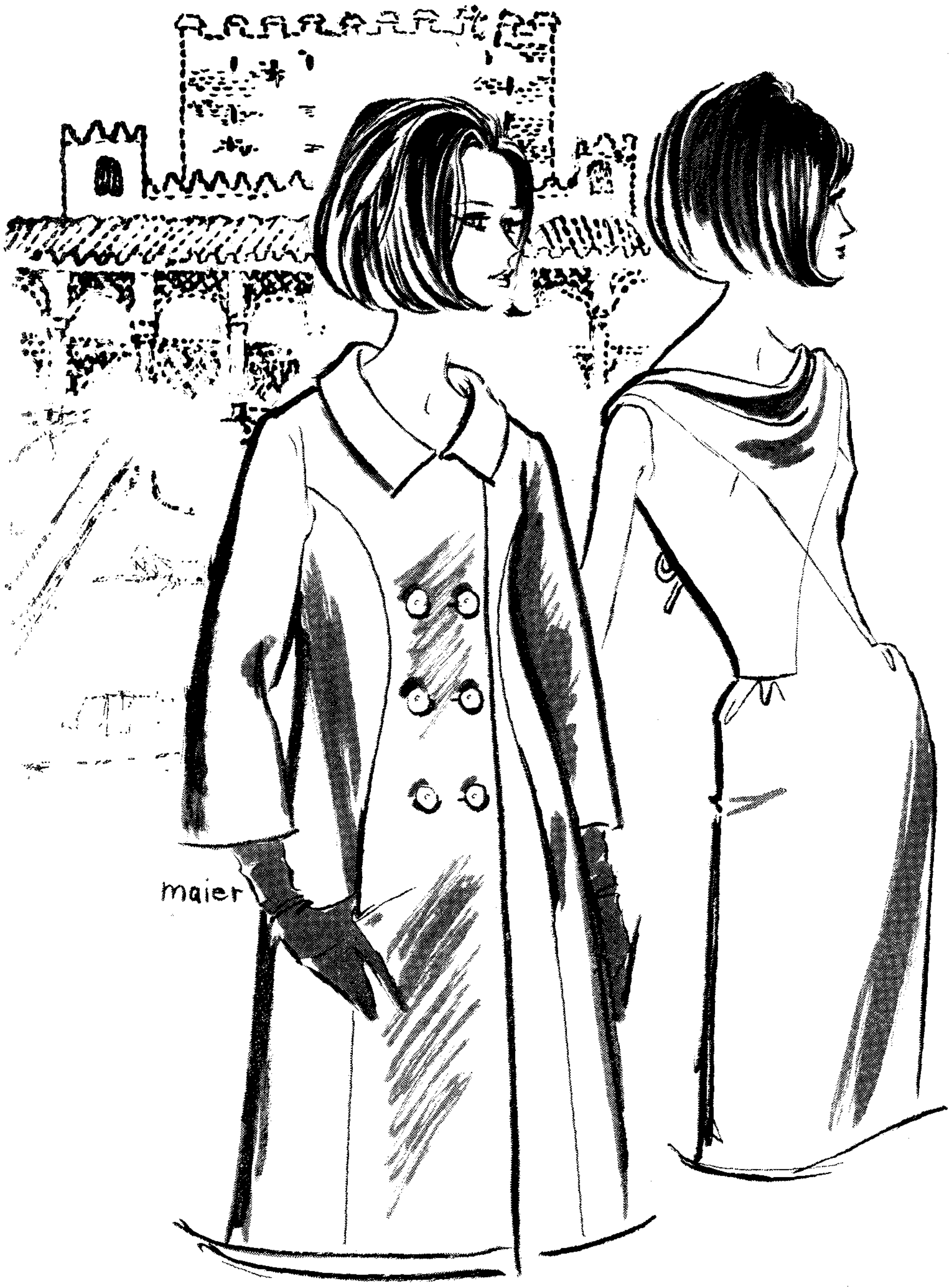

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik, which has to do with the trials and tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl in question, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has pleasant sets by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but agreeable little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walkup apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—Enid Bagnold's endorsement of senescence has plenty of wit but not much dramatic substance. Margaret Leighton, as the seventy-year-old heroine, never looked lovelier, or, for that matter, never less like a septuagenarian. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its obtunded form it is compelling. Jeremy Brett heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 8.)

Habimah—A seven-week engagement of three productions by the National Theatre of Israel. Earphones provide a simultaneous English translation. B. Z. Tomer's "Children of the Shadows" will play through Sunday, March 8. . . . ¶ H. Bartov's "Each Had Six Wings" will be the last offering in the series. Previews Tuesday, March 10, at 8:30, and Wednesday, March 11, at 2. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 11, at 7, and will run through Sunday, March 22. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Luther—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. John Heffernan now plays the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20. Closes Saturday, March 28.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston bounces around engagingly in this comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964:** A diversion, now revised and with new material added, in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **ENTER LAUGHING:** Alan Arkin plays a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor. With Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine (who will be replaced on Tuesday, March 10, by Yvonne De Carlo), Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, March 14.). . . **MARY, MARY:** Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Foxy—A freewheeling adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone"—the scene of the action is now Alaska—in which Bert Lahr cavorts hilariously. The book was written by Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., and the amiable lyrics and music are the work of Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan. (*Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Girl Who Came to Supper—Tessie O'Shea and Florence Henderson, a pair of admirable ladies, almost succeed in making a go of this bit of Wiener schnitzel, which has to do with the emotional vagaries of a Middle European grand duke and a Milwaukee hoofer. The play has a limp book by Harry Kurnitz, based on a play by Terence Rattigan, but the music and lyrics, by Noël Coward, are sometimes sprightly. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving along in reasonable style. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Dick Shawn and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Moves on Monday, March 9, to the Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—S. N. Behrman's comedy-drama "But for Whom Charlie," with Ralph Meeker and Salome Jens, is the final offering in this series of plays. Previews Thursday and Friday, March 5-6, at 8:30; Saturday, March 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 10-11, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, March 12, at 7. Other performances Friday, March 13, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 14, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's drama *"After the Fall," Sunday, March 8, at 2 and* 7:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

City Center—Final performances of a three-week repertory of five plays in French by *the Théâtre de France.* A limited number of simultaneous-translation earphones may be rented at each performance. "Salut à Molière" (arranged by M. Barrault) and Ionesco's "Le Piéton de l'Air," Thursday and Friday, March 5-6, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 7, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Beaumarchais's "Le Mariage de Figaro," Sunday, March 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Offenbach's operetta "La Vie Parisienne," Tuesday, March 10, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, March 11-13, at 8:30; and Saturday *and Sunday, March 14-15, at 2:30 and 8:30.* (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

APA at the Phoenix—A revival of George M. Cohan's "The Tavern." Opens Thursday, March 5, at 7:30. Other performances Saturday, March 7, at 8:40, and Saturday, March 14, at 2:40 and 8:40. . . . ¶ A revival of Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Friday, March 6, at 8:40; Saturday, March 7, at 2:40; and Thursday and Friday, March 12-13, at 8:40. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles." Preview Sunday, March 8, at 2:40. Opens officially on Monday, March 9, at 7:30. Other performances Wednesday, March 11, at 2:40 and 8:40. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

The Amorous Flea—A sprightly little musical, which Bruce Montgomery (songs) and Jerry Devine (book) have made from Molière's "School for Wives." Lew Parker and Imelda de Martin head the cast. (East 78th Street Playhouse, 52 E. 78th St. AG 9-1100. Tuesdays through Fridays, and *Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.* Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. *The play is too long,* but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—J. D. Cannon and James Earl Jones are the whole cast of this play by Atholl Fugard, imported from London. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Caretaker—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dynamite Tonight—An opera with a libretto by Arnold Weinstein, a score by William Balcom, and a cast that includes Barbara Harris and George Gaynes. Presented by the Actors Studio Theatre. Opens Thursday, March 5. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—*Six actors, three of them* colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays, except March 10, through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—*A fervent performance,* by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. OR 5-3213. Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30.)

Jo—This wispy musical concoction adapted from "Little Women" does no justice to its lively original, but the score and dancing are occasionally rather pleasant. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Fridays at 4, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play and **The Lover**—Samuel Beckett's "Play" involves three corpses, encased in urns, who talk separately and in chorus, to no apparent purpose. "The Lover" is Harold Pinter's very funny new comedy, which may be part parody of Noël Coward and Edward Albee but is stamped in every line with Mr. Pinter's own delightful originality. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, March 21.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Squat Betty and **The Sponge Room**—These one-acters, imported from London, are full of of bright, quirky lines and notions, but the production doesn't do the plays justice. Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall are the collaborating dramatists. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—The combination of a set of poems, by James Weldon Johnson, with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

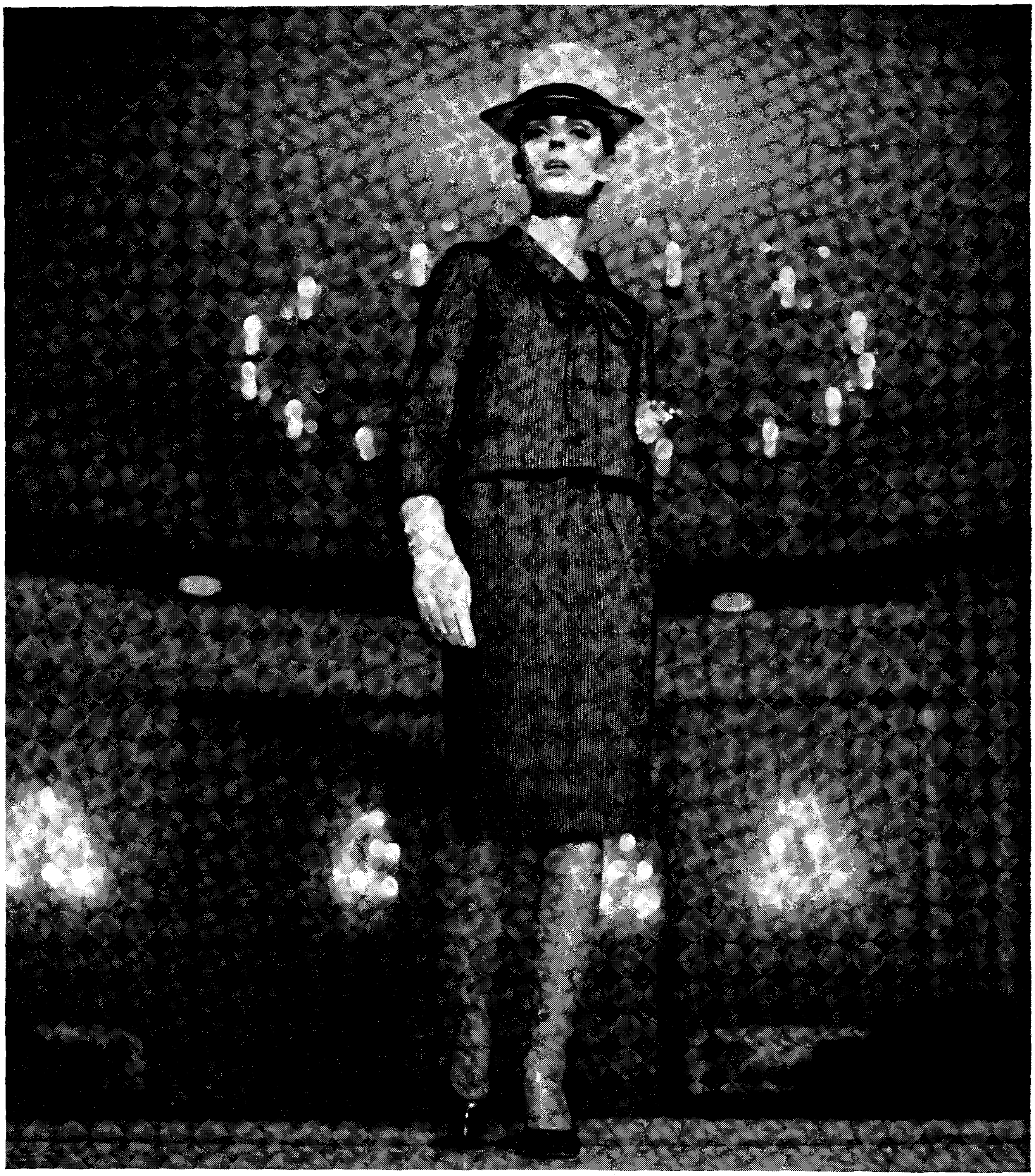
Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Juilliard Ballet Ensemble—A program of works by Antony Tudor, Kevin Carlisle, and Ray Harrison, performed by students and alumni of the Juilliard dance department, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Jazz Ballet—"Reflections in the Park," choreographed by Donald McKayle and danced by his company (with Carmen de Lavallade) to music composed by Gary McFarland and played by his ten-man orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 6, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call JU 2-8854.)

Talley Beatty—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Pearl Lang—With her dance company and Paul Sanasardo. (Brooklyn Academy of Music,



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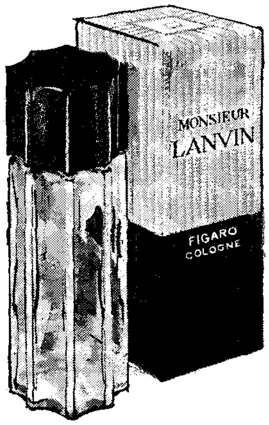
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Revivalist meetings are held in the Royal Box every night but Sunday by a reasonable facsimile of the Glenn Miller orchestra, now in the hands of Tex Beneke, and by Ray Eberle and a fleet of co-singers. Twice a night is their rule of thumb; there's dancing all evening.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. No music Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—That old Hollywood formula—stars in your eyes, maybe even stars in your hair. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Renato Rossini, an unfailing romanticist when he takes to his guitar, graces the Café Pierre every night but Monday, and a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest musicmakers do a hand gallop every night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Sooner or later, the right girl—the one who can sing any ballad the best way, from Roman to *bossa nova* and bop—comes along, so here in the Persian Room is Caterina Valente, seven years absent, seven years brighter and brisker. Her own guitar, Emil Coleman's orchestra, and Bernie Leighton's felicitous piano are her background. She's on hand at dinner and supper. The Colemans and Mark Monte's cheerful little earfuls do the dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, whose décor is now red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes the moment you set foot in this freehand reconstruction of the celebrated Cairo hostelry; there's music in your ears (the simultaneous doings of recordings and a brace of trios); there's also an aura of pie in the sky and goose hangs high. Eight to four, every night of the week, is the house rule.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club is back at its old tricks—dinner and supper garnished with dancing. Milt Shaw's band is the wherewithal, from eight to one during the week and from nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, Jack Carter, customarily a stand-up-and-deliver humorist of a certain skill, is now demonstrating his versatility by projecting a display of logorrhea—anything for a laugh, as well as a great deal *not* for a laugh. Paula Stewart, a soprano of vigor, serves as foil during part of the puzzle. The best of the three million Meyer Davis orchestras and Horace Diaz's band are the rest of the Empire Room *mise en scène*. Closed Sundays.

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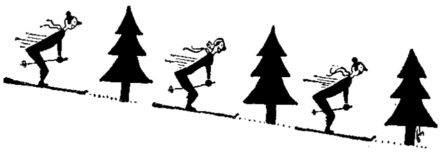
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. Aldo Bruschi is impresario, pianist, basso profundo, and (from Thursday through Sunday each week) dance master in charge of a trio. Three or four all-out singers assist his opera-house maneuvers. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): In the middle of this social occasion, Hugh Shannon, repatriated from Stresa, deals out piano constructed of bonhomie and barroom bounce, and lyrics full of the quip that cheers. Michael Burr is his bassist; ten to four is the daily-except-Sunday stint. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin has the run of the piano in this state apartment for cocktails, dinner, and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. A lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and omnium-gatherum, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time during the week, by a duo on Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—there is piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The care and feeding of guests, done with Italianate ceremony, is enhanced by a small, soft-spoken instrumental group after seven o'clock most nights of the week, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. There's even a minute dance floor, ready for occupancy at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano of George Feyer, which observes all the conventions, squares the social circle that operates here from dinner on through supper. Sundays are his holidays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Tibor Rakossy, the Hungarian Rossano Brazzi, is the best of the crooners. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne*, Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody from busboy to chef wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's nightlifers, who are at table until ten-thirty and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this small-scale Alhambra. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State of grace is the mood, and three hours at dinner is par for the courses, which can run to six or seven. Jules Kuti, whose piano knows its way around our town and the European capitals, is in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop, becomingly assuming the role of chatelaine in the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, lets her dulcet piano run from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday. . . . **GOGI'S,** 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): Amiable piano abounds in the bar from five to seven except on Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is the diet for those who sup. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not to be taken very seriously is the bayadere performance of Rita Dimitri, the proprietress of this small



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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restaurant, when she takes the floor in full battle array to do her brash songs; her real spirit is evidenced by her cooing duets with her pianist and guitarist, Stanley Brilliant. She shows up at dinner every night, and also at supper Fridays and Saturdays. Leisurely dancing, too, to a pair of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar, a limber Latin named Mimmo del Sud bounds from pillar to post as he fingers a guitar and launches ballads of passion. Nine-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday is his beat.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Extravaganza by the mile, bouncy and beautiful, peopled by agile young men in full fig and noble young women in full fig leaf. On the outskirts of this Never-Never Land live several acrobatic European variety acts; Eleanor Powell, once the stately and yet sinuous high-stepper of many a Hollywood movie; and Giselle Szony, a dancer who lives up to the tradition that requires devotees to spend their evenings in midair. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Rough and ready is the way of life presented by Jack E. Leonard, who admits to an I-can-lick-anybody-in-the-house attitude, but he's a funny boy all the same. Carmen McRae, whose fevered soprano maneuvers song after song into interesting new knots, and Si Zentner's big and orthodox band bring up the rear. All hands bow out on Saturday, March 7, but the place reopens on Thursday, March 12, as an echo chamber for Sarah Vaughan's strenuous voice and Pat O'Brien's retrospective voice (he's still doing his bit from the Knute Rockne movie). . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): It's hard to tell what minority group Mort Sahl is espousing at a given moment, mostly because he seems not to know either; the listening is usually good entertainment, though. Barbara McNair, a pretty little sparrow with a tremendous chirp, is likewise present, and so is the Copa's slow-motion corps de belles ballerinas. Dancing.

CABARETS

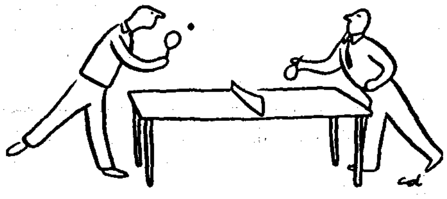
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," the new Julius Monk revue, picks on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. William Roy, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Woody Allen, whose dreams are peopled with everything from the folks he left behind him in Brooklyn to dragons and demons, is discussing intricately but with great good humor his hairbreadth escape from life. There are other amusers hereabouts, principally Joan Proctor, a handsome soprano who still has a thing or two to learn, but Mr. A. is an evening in himself. Dinner and supper are part and parcel. Mr. Allen bails out on Sunday, March 8, to be succeeded next evening by Jackie Vernon, a very fast young talker. . . . ¶ A trio gyrates in the lounge from two until closing every night but Sunday. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City troupe, whose revues are always a commingling of ingenious planning and will-'o-the-wisp impromptu, are engrossed in another of their charades, which gets Tom O'Horgan's score and harp as underpinning. Bob Dishy is now the one familiar member of the fluctuating cast. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty), and on Sundays (when there's only an eight-thirty showing). Mondays, darkness prevails. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe" *réclame,* views the world through morose-colored glasses as he thinks up the conversation indulged in by Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, Roddy Maude-Roxby, and Carole Simpson, who are the wholly admirable cast of the third edition of a revue stemming from London's Establishment. The lyrics that Miss Simpson declaims are the work of Stephen Vinaver. Marian McPartland's progressive jazz trio is the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty; Sundays at four and eight; Mondays not at all. The McPartland trio plays in the bar after the second show. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The occupant is a small revue-with-music that, instead of standing on ceremony, treads on the toes of urban, suburban, and exurban folkways. Some of it is mild, some of it is bumptiously funny. The participants are Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, MacIntyre Dixon, and Richard Libertini. "Twice Over Nightly" is the name; nine-fifteen and midnight are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): ". . . And in This Corner," another little revue, is of even more uneven quality, but it offers Marian Mercer and Carol Morley a few chances to be radiantly funny. It starts at ten and eleven-forty-five Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine, eleven, and twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brassbound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the waywardness of Spanish love life. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): There's a touch of only-for-Americans about part of the minute floor show that gallops along a couple of times a night, but there's also Tito Guizar, venerable but still vocal, and he makes this Latin restaurant Latin indeed. Dancing for the guests; in addition, they get the floor to themselves from two to seven every Sunday afternoon. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Yvonne Constant, an almost weightless handful of French fluff, is singing airily, archly for her dinner and supper. The rest of the nourishment is fairly heavy Austrian, or whatever. Mlle. C. finishes up on Sunday, March 8. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): A new enterprise, with a bar that goes no stronger than coffee but that is willing to offer up a bit of steak, to say nothing of Irwin Corey, whose non-stop garrulity indicates that he is anti-everything, including semantics. A trio fills in the gaps. Mondays, they all decamp in favor of visiting singers.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis's quintet is augmented by the maestro's plaintive horn when he and the wind are blowing in the right direction. Sundays the deal runs from five through to midnight. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. Ronnie Gilbert, a voice of vast experience, is the mainstay right now. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): On Monday, March 9, Jackie Paris, an artful dodger when he's making his way through a ballad, returns to action. Sundays are his Sabbath, and then a jazz quartet holds forth. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them are what confront the listeners here. Twist is the music early in the evening; later, Red Allen, that Roman candle, opens up with his quartet, along with the foursome headed by Gene Krupa and his slam-bang drums. Guest performers snatch up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Another weekend-only operation. Friday through Sunday, March 6-8, Horace Silver's quintet, shivering in the cool breeze of modernity, will be the principal event. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. The sterling Art Farmer withdraws his troupe of four (Jim Hall, Mr. F.'s contrapuntalist, is still with it) on Thursday, March 12. Next evening, John Coltrane starts sliding up and down the scale at the head of his foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave Frishberg, Mickey Sheen, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Where once Nick's steaks and jazz sizzled, the G-String Strugglers, a sort of skiffle band (three banjoes, a washboard, a tuba, and a trombone), roam the range from about eight to about two, three on Fridays and Saturdays. Period-piece is the décor. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, a force so apocalyptic that on occasion his bass fiddle seems to turn into a sword of Damocles, leads a sextet into the fray. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six play, but only after a fashion, for browsing and dancing, and David Amram's quartet alternates with them. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not exactly what you'd call a listeners' post, but nowadays Joe Bushkin is in residence with such able aides as Jo Jones, Stuff Smith, and Milt Hinton; that is to say, a foursome to be reckoned with. Sundays, someone else has the use of the room. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's riverboat piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night but Monday and Tuesday, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a set of banjoists called the Red Onion Minstrels takes over. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Definite signs of life issue from J. C. Higginbotham's band, in which George Wettling and Hank D'Amico are



ensconced. Their music is early-times, and it may be danced to. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Afro—Gouaches by the contemporary Italian abstractionist; through Saturday, March 7. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Sondra Beal—Abstract wooden sculptures; through Saturday, March 14. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Margit Beck—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 7. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Roger Bolomey—Sculptures; through March 21. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Doris Caesar—Bronze nudes; through March 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Carroll Cloar—Realist landscapes and figures, in tempera; through Saturday, March 7. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Roberto Crippa—Abstractions by a young Italian artist; through Saturday, March 14. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Dabo (1868-1960)—Watercolors and drawings; through March 28. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Robert D'Arista—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure studies; through Saturday, March 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

B. F. Dolbin—Drawings, portraits mostly, from the period 1909-62; through March 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—An exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, and memorabilia, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through March 28. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Perle Fine—Geometric paintings; through March 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 14. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Grosser—Landscapes of Greece; through March 21. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon Hartl—Still-lifes and landscapes; through March 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Childe Hassam—Landscapes and still-lifes by the American Impressionist; through Saturday, March 14. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, March 7. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Abstract paintings; through March 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Buffie Johnson—Abstract paintings; through March 28. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Wood carvings and bronzes, some done by the lost-wax process; through March 21. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

W. H. D. Koerner (1878-1938)—Paintings of the Old West; through March 31. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

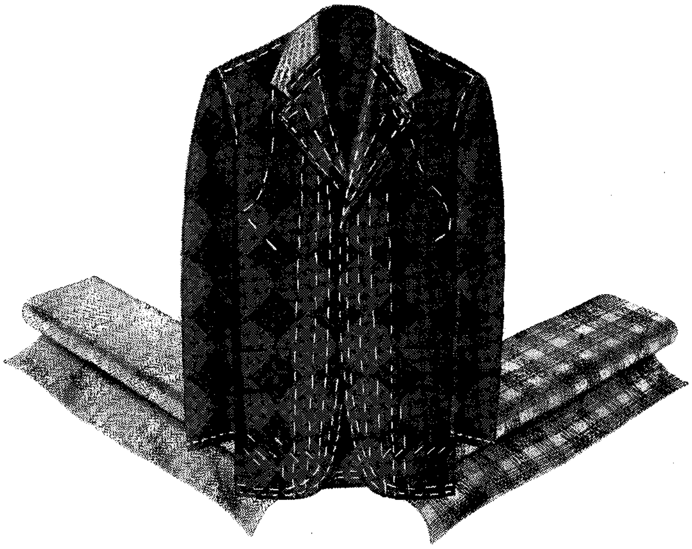
Gaston Lachaise—Fifteen portrait heads make up an exhibition that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, March 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Relief sculptures; through Saturday, March 14. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Israel Levitan—Abstract sculptures in wood and bronze; through Thursday, March 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Richard Lindner—Figurative paintings; through March 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marisol—Wooden figurative sculptures;



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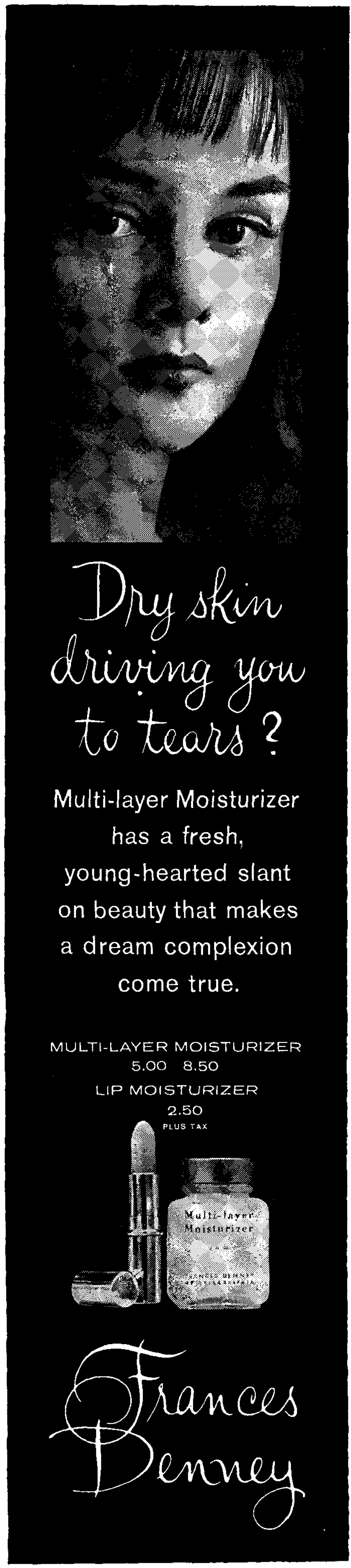

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through March 21. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ezio Martinelli—Drawings, plus two sculptures; through Saturday, March 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Maryan—Large brush drawings; through March 28. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

André Masson—Paintings and drawings, 1923-62; through Saturday, March 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Melcarth—Social-romantic paintings; through Saturday, March 7. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Henry Niese—Still-lifes, landscapes, and figures; through March 21. (Grippi & Waddell, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Abraham Rattner—*Paintings, 1961-63; through* March 28. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Mondays.)

Siegfried Reinhardt—Symbolic drawings and paintings; through Saturday, March 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Georges Rouault and the School of Paris—Oil paintings by Rouault, set against a background of paintings and sculptures by his colleagues in the School of Paris, including Soutine, Maillol, and Miró; through Saturday, March 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Shirley Plaut Schaefer—Paintings; through Saturday, March 14. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sills—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters, marking the centennial anniversary of his birth; through Saturday, March 14. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Ralph Wehrenberg—Abstract paintings and graphics; through Saturday, March 7. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Tom Wesselmann—Collages; through Saturday, March 7. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Sculptures—At the **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Stone, wood, and metal sculptures by American and European artists, among them Harry Bertoia, Max Bill, and Jean Tinguely; through March 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Pieces by Peter Agostini, Robert Mallary, David Weinrib, and seven other sculptors who represented the United States at the São Paulo Bienal; through March 28.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Six Early American portraits (by Robert Feke, John Wollaston, Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, and Thomas Sully), plus a group of drawings; through March 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils by Ogden M. Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Adolf Dehn (to mention a few); through March 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: "The American Conscience," an exhibit of paintings reflecting historical and social scenes by such artists as Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and Mark Tobey; through April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: "The Painter's Eye," a show demonstrating how still-lifes, landscapes, or collages may serve as points of departure for abstract paintings. Hedda Sterne, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Pousette-Dart are three of the seven participants. Through March 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Mainly watercolors and drawings, by Hal Lotterman, Jacques Hnizdovsky, August Mosca, and others; through Saturday, March 14.... **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through March 28.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "2 Generations: Picasso to Pollock," an exhibition bringing together works by twentieth-century French artists, from Fauvism to Surrealism, with examples by leading American Abstract Expressionists; *through* April 4.... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Still-lifes by, among others, William Merritt Chase, John Singer Sargent, and Max Pechstein; through March 28.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Lord Leighton, James McNeill Whistler, Albert Moore, and Charles Conder are the exhibitors in a show of English art entitled "Painters of the Beautiful;" through March 28.... **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Delacroix, Gauguin, Renoir, and other nineteenth-century French masters; through March 27. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," *including items from every century since* the fifteenth by, among others, Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Fourteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five works by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernado Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A ten-year retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Jasper Johns, a leading member of the New York School; through April 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of paintings of primitive sculptures by Miguel Covarrubias; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, *noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.*)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-ninth annual exhibition, composed of nearly four hundred oils, sculptures, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Maine and Its Artists: 1710-1963," a survey of paintings and sculptures ranging from eighteenth-century portraits and nineteenth-century romantic landscapes to the present, by such artists as Robert Feke, Winslow Homer, Marsden Hartley, and Andrew Wyeth; through March 22.... ¶ A retrospective of figures in bronze, marble, lead, and alabaster, and drawings, by the French-born American sculptor Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935); through April 5. A good complement to this exhibition is the Lachaise showing at the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 5: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Joann Grillo, William Dooley, Barry Morell, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 6: A new production of Verdi's "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Raskin, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 7: "Don Carlo," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Nicolae Herlea, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 7: "La Sonnambula," with Roberta Peters, Jeanette Scovotti, George Shirley, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Louis Sgarro. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 9: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 10: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Margaret Harshaw, Jess Thomas, Hermann Uhde, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell, Joann Grillo, Arturo Sergi, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Nicolae Herlea, and Franco Ghitti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 12: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 13: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Joann Grillo, Barry Morell, Morley Meredith, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 14: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Laurel Hurley, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 14: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Nell Rankin, Jess Thomas, Hermann Uhde, and Ernst Wiemann. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Josef Krips conducting a Hindemith-Bruckner program on Thursday, March 5, at 8:30; Friday, March 6, at 2:15; Saturday, March 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 8, at 3 (no soloists). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting on Thursday, March 12, at 8:30; Friday, March 13, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 15, at 3 (all with Maria Stader, soprano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 14, at 8:30 (with John Corigliano, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and a chorus. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 7-8, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Frances Martin, soprano, and Leonidas Lipovetsky, piano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, March 8, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Hugh Ross directing a second performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," in English, with the Schola Cantorum of New York; Veronica Tyler, soprano; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; David Dodds, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 2:30.)

New York Orchestral Society—Joseph Eger conducting, with David Cohen, sixteen-year-old pianist. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

Clarion Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting an all-Vivaldi program, with Lillian Garabedian, mezzo-soprano; Walter Trampler, viola; Gerald Tarack, violin; and Henry Schuman, oboe. The final concert of the season. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the third in a series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of Erik Satie, Krzystof Penderecki, Earle Brown, Jean-Pierre Guezec, and Silvestre Revueltas. With Marianne Weltmann, soprano, and Marten Sameth, narrator. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Friends of French Opera—Robert Lawrence directing the first of two performances of Fromental Halevy's "La Juive" in concert form by seventy members of the American Symphony Orchestra, with the Schola Cantorum of New York; Suzanne Sarroca, soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting a performance of Richard Strauss's "Salome" in concert form, with Margaret Tynes, soprano, and Morley Meredith, baritone. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:40.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing, with soloists, an organ, and a string ensemble. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, March 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-4199.)

RECITALS

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Sidney Harth—Violin, with Teresa Harth, also violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Lee Venora—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 3.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-64—The fourth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Jacob Glick, viola; and composers Chou Wen-chung, Elliot Kaplan, Otto Luening, Ursula Mamlok, and Ralph Shapey. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 8, at 5:30.)

Celedonio Romero—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music of France—The first in a series of five programs, this one performed by Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Allen Rogers, piano; the Beaux Arts Trio of New York; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; and Daniel Guilet, violin. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, March 9, at 8:40.)

Paul Doktor and Yaltah Menuhin—Viola and piano. (Finch College Auditorium, 52 E. 78th St. Monday, March 9, at 8:45. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Beveridge Webster—The last in a series of piano-sonata recitals. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, March 10, at 8:40.)

Lenox Quartet—With Leon Fleisher, piano, and Gary Karr, double bass. The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—With Gilbert Kalisch, piano, and Jerome Margolis, narrator. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—The last in a series of programs of Mozart piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya—Guitarists. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eckstine, Jerome Hines, Eugene List, Blanche Thebom, the United States Military Academy Glee Club, and an orchestra made up of members of the New York Philharmonic conducted by Paul Taubman. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call AL 4-8750.)

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—A six-week series of weekend performances. On Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, Earl (Fatha) Hines and his trio are scheduled to appear. (Little Theatre, 238 W. 44th St. BR 9-6100. Fridays at 8:30 and at midnight and Saturdays at midnight.)... ¶ The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by Gunther Schuller and Harold Farberman, with Coleman Hawkins. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 8, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Tuesday, March 10, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 6: Gerhard Zech vs. Ernest Terrell, heavyweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, March 13: Eddie Cotton vs. Johnny Persol, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 8, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Wednesday, March 11, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, March 21. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 7, and the Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 14.

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 7, at 1 and 6:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Siegfried Landau conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonia. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 7, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Upside Down Family." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, March 7, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.)... **CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING:** "The Tinder Box." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "The Year of the Quiet Sun," studies the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Boys Town," with Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, March 7, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Leonie Adams reading from her own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, March 8, at 4. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ John Hall Wheelock reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, March 9, at 8:30.)... ¶ W. H. Auden reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

National Antiques Show—A penny arcade of the Gay Nineties and collections of rare dolls, pewter, buttons, and so on, are some of the countless items to be displayed by three hundred dealers. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 5, from 1 to 7.)

Coliseum, Columbus Circle—**COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR:** Where collectors will find European and Oriental furnishings and art objects; Americana, including Bennington pottery, Sandwich glass, and cigar-store Indians; and many other rarities. (Saturday, March 7, through Sunday, March 15. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 2 to 7.)... **INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW:** The ultimate in horticultural achievement. In addition to floral displays, ranging from the daffodil to the orchid, there'll be tools, gadgets, and outdoor furniture for both the city and the country gardener. (Saturday and Sunday, March 7-8, from 1 to 10; Monday through Saturday, March 9-14, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, March 15, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 1:45: French and other furniture; Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes modelled by Dorothy Doughty; Russian icons, Easter eggs, and silver and enamel *objets de vertu;* table silver, porcelain, and glass; Dresden and other cabinet porcelains; Cuzco School and other paintings and drawings; Brussels Renaissance tapestries; bibelots; and Oriental and other rugs. From several collectors, among them Mrs. Rena Clark.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, at 1:45: Georgian and other furniture, Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes modelled by Dorothy Doughty, Georgian and other silver and silver-plated ware, porcelains, Chinese semiprecious-mineral carvings, bibelots, drawings and watercolors, paintings, and Oriental and other rugs; the property of Mrs. Harold Stanley and others. Exhibitions start Saturday, March 7.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—First league games here—Yankees vs. Boston, at Yankee Stadium, April 14 and 16.... ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, at Shea Stadium, April 17.

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: March 15.

Boxing—Golden Gloves Eastern Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 18.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 9-12.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 15 and 22. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start March 26.

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Spring Horse Show. (Darien. April 4.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 4.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 11.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 11.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: March 16-May 30. . . . AINTREE, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 21. . . . LAUREL, Md.: March 23-April 25.

Trapshooting—The Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. April 4-5.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 11. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Concert Opera Association, March 16. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, March 22. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra, March 27. . . . ¶ E. Power Biggs, organ, March 28. . . . ¶ Little Singers of Tokyo, March 30. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 31. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 1 and 3. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): Vienna Symphony Orchestra, March 15. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, March 16. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 24 and April 7. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, March 31. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Chamber Orchestra, April 5. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 6. . . . ¶ Eugene Istomin, piano, April 8. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Esterhazy Orchestra, March 18. . . . ¶ Fou Ts'Ong, piano, March 19. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, March 22. . . . ¶ Rudolf Schock, tenor, March 26. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, March 27. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (RE 7-8490): Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra, March 21. . . . ¶ Chamber Music of France, March 23 and April 6. . . . ¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, April 4. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Gary Graffman, piano, April 3.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A three-week repertory by the City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company. . . . ¶ Barbra Streisand and Sydney Chaplin in "Funny Girl," a musical about Fanny Brice. Jule Styne wrote the music, Bob Merrill the lyrics, and Isobel Lennart the book. . . . ¶ A comedy, "A Murderer Among Us," adapted by George White from a French original by Yves Jamiaque. Tom Bosley, Pierre Olaf, and Loring Smith head the cast. . . . ¶ Jerry Devine's comedy "Never Live Over a Pretzel Factory," starring Dennis O'Keefe. . . . ¶ "Anyone Can Whistle," a musical with a book by Arthur Laurents, score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and a cast that includes Lee Remick, Angela Lansbury, and Harry Guardino. . . . ¶ A play called "Sponono," by Alan Paton and Krishna Shah, with a cast of twenty-five South Africans. . . . ¶ "High Spirits," a musical version of Noël Coward's play "Blithe Spirit," by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray. Beatrice Lillie, Tammy Grimes, and Edward Woodward have the leading roles. . . . ¶ A revival of "West Side Story," the first offering in the City Center Light Opera Company's spring season. . . . ¶ Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and James Costigan in "Baby Want a Kiss," a play by Mr. Costigan. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, Hume Cronyn, Alfred Drake, and Eileen Herlie.

Prose and Drama Readings—Dame Edith Evans, Sir John Gielgud, and Margaret Leighton. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. March 15 and 29.) . . . ¶ Vladimir Nabokov. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500. April 5.)

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Tuesday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 24-May 10. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is March 29. . . . ¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 4-12. . . . ¶ Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1963 and estimates for 1964 are due Wednesday, April 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—An affecting act of family piety by Elia Kazan, whose Greek ancestors appear to have been a determined and attractive lot. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy with Tom Courtenay, in which it turns out that honesty is the best policy but not much fun. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 11.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Easy Life—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Fiancés—A touching semi-documentary account of life in a newly industrialized corner of Italy, directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 11.)

The Fire Within—A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lord of the Flies—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down-to-earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a fine, cracking pace. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through March 11, tentative.)

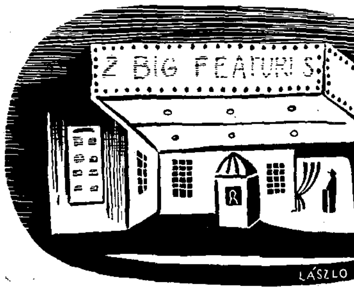
Seven Days in May—As thrilling a melodrama as you could hope to see, in which the country is nearly kidnapped by a Fascist-minded military cabal. Starring Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner, and directed by John Frankenheimer. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman sketches his dark notion of how we all fail to connect, possibly because God has given us up as a bad job. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Stray Dog—A Kurosawa film that dates back to 1949 and has as its hero a very youthful Toshiro Mifune is interesting in itself and perhaps still more interesting as a souvenir and signpost. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives a stunning performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero, and Rachel Roberts is fine, too, as a widow who doesn't love him back. David Storey adapted the good script from his own novel; Lindsay Anderson, the director, seldom lets you forget that he's around. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—A pleasing Italian comedy, not at all like its title. With the great comedian Alberto Sordi. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting March 9.)



Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting March 6.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 11.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through March 11, tentative.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 6-9.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 10.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 11, tentative.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 7.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; March 5. No afternoon performances.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 8-10.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 11, tentative.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 10. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 6-9.)

Klondike Annie (1936)—Mae West in a Salvation Army bonnet. With Victor McLaglen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 5.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; March 6-9. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 10. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Matchmaker (1958)—Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins, and Shirley MacLaine in an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers in the eighteen-eighties. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 10.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 5.)

Never Let Go (1963)—Peter Sellers in a tale of London crooks. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 11.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 6-9.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. In French, with Jean Marais. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; March 5.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 8-10.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; March 6-9. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 10.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the old Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through March 10.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 7.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting March 6.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through March 10: "Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.
From March 11: "One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Two Are Guilty," Anthony Perkins, Jean-Claude Brialy.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through March 10: "Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.
From March 11: "4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through March 8: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
March 9-10: Theatre closed.
From March 11, at 8:30: "Becket," Richard Burton, Peter O'Toole. (Opening night is sold out.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
STRAY DOG (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 10: **BILLY LIAR.**
From March 11: **THE FIANCÉS** (in Italian).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
March 5: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
March 6-9: **SANJURO** and **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (both in Japanese and both revivals).
From March 10: **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival; and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 10: "Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.
From March 11: "One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 10: **SOME LIKE IT HOT,** revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From March 11: **BILLY LIAR.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 11 (tentative): **LORD OF THE FLIES;** and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES,** revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THIS SPORTING LIFE; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through March 8: A program of nine short films including "Dylan Thomas," "Happy Anniversary," and "The Critic."
From March 9: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through March 10: **SOME LIKE IT HOT,** revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From March 11: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 10: "Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.
From March 11: "4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Young and Willing," Virginia Maskell.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE GREAT DICTATOR, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
TOM JONES.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Doulos—the Finger Man" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 11 (tentative): **DAVID AND LISA,** revival; and **HEAVENS ABOVE!,** revival.

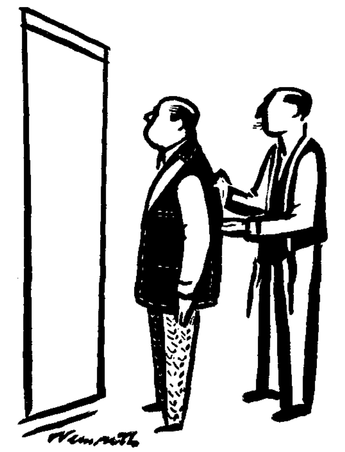
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 10: "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French); and "The Swedish Mistress" (in Swedish), Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow.
From March 11: **BILLY LIAR.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 10: "Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.
From March 11: "One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 5: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
March 6-9: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and **I AM A CAMERA,** revival.
From March 10: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Paris Belongs to Us" (in French), revival, Betty Schneider.



Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 7: **TWO WOMEN** and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (both in Italian and both revivals).
March 8-10: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian), revival; and **ROOM AT THE TOP,** revival.
From March 11: **THE BALCONY,** revival; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THIS SPORTING LIFE; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
BEAT THE DEVIL, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 10: **THE MATCHMAKER,** revival; and "All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.
From March 11: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Surf Party," Bobby Vinton.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 10: "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French); and "The Swedish Mistress" (in Swedish), Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow.
From March 11: **BILLY LIAR;** and **NEVER LET GO,** revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 10: **SOME LIKE IT HOT,** revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From March 11: "Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss; and "Hide and Seek," Ian Carmichael, Janet Munro.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Two Are Guilty," Anthony Perkins, Jean-Claude Brialy.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
March 5: **ORPHEUS** (in French), revival; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From March 6: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE FIRE WITHIN (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 5: **KLONDIKE ANNIE,** revival; and "I'm No Angel," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.
March 6-9: "Belle of the Nineties," revival, Mae West; and "Night After Night," revival, Mae West, George Raft.
From March 10: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS,** revival; and "Blonde Venus," revival, Marlene Dietrich.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 10: **THE MATCHMAKER,** revival; and "All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.
From March 11: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Time Out for Love," revival, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 5: **THE MIRACLE WORKER,** revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
March 6-9: **NIGHT AND FOG,** revival; and "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
From March 10: "The Lady with the Dog" and "Eugene Onegin" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 10: "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French); and "The Swedish Mistress" (in Swedish), Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow.
From March 11: **BILLY LIAR;** and **NEVER LET GO,** revival.

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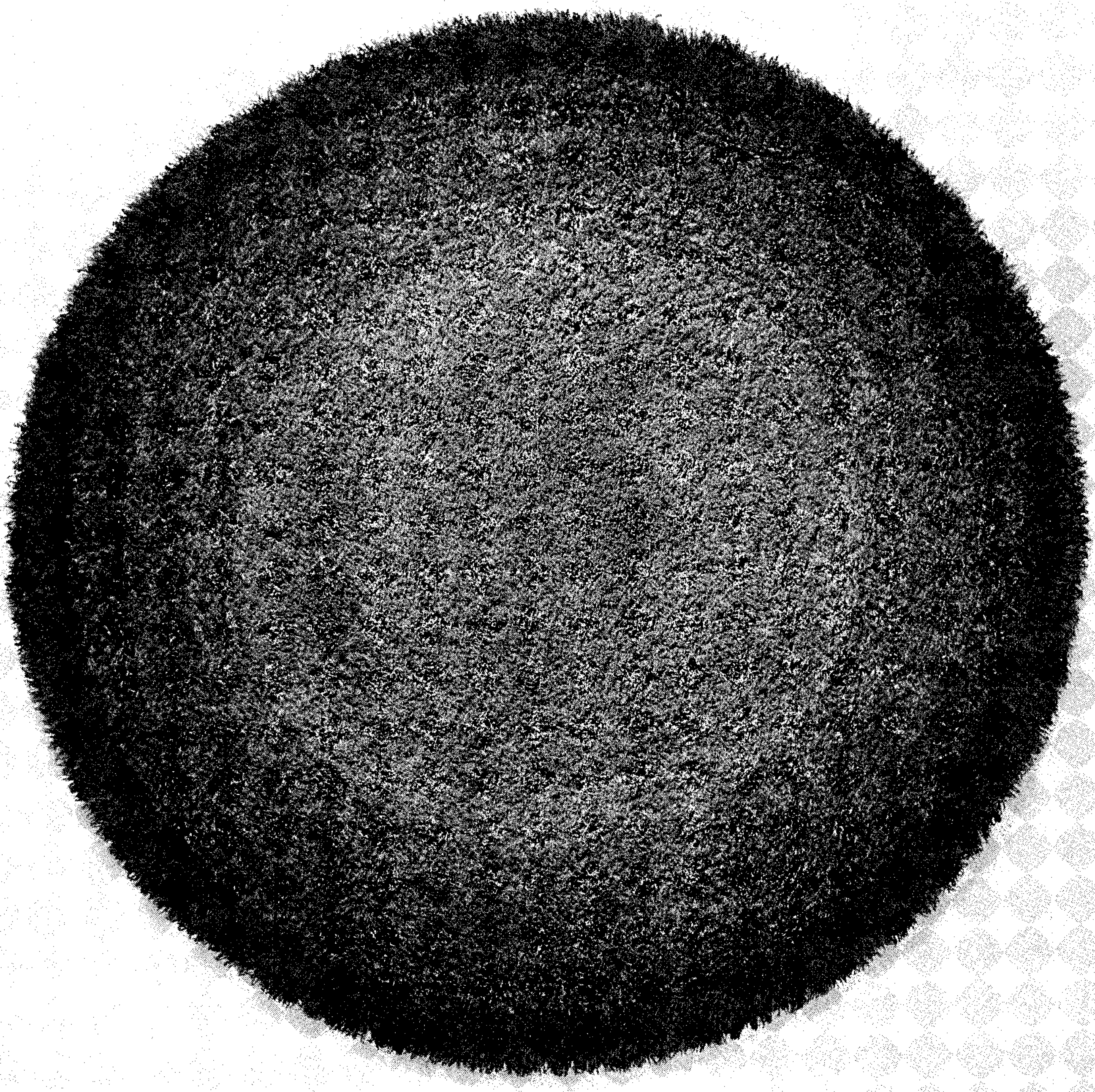

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It's all wool, very high, very shaggy and feels something like a St. Bernard.

It comes in pumpkin and orange too, brown and beige and a lot of other hot and cool colors.

Lees also makes a Song of Norway (it looks like a quilt).

And a French Kiosk (pick stripes going either way).

And a Moroccan Prayer Rug (with tasseled fringe).

And a Rag Rug rug (it has bands of color).

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For a lot of good, down-to-earth reasons, "those heavenly carpets by Lees."

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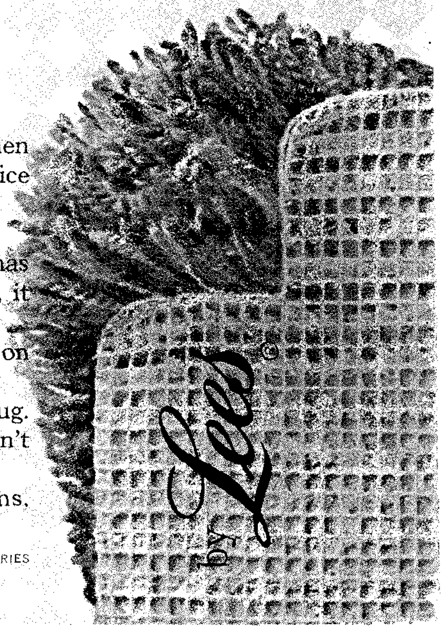


Ireland, the last angry bargain.

Come to Ireland.

While it's still here.

For, one of these years, this land of leprechauns and low prices and blarney and low prices and leisure and low prices will disappear (albeit kicking and screaming) into the twentieth century.

And that thought does not please us.

Already, the price of filet mignon at Jammet's in Dublin has risen from the 1957 level of $1.65 to a new high of $1.75. (But that's still a far cry from the $6.95 it would fetch in New York.)

Things are changing in Ireland, true, but there is one saving grace: the changes will not come overnight.

Even the economists know better than to push us too far too fast. Their motto is "*Togtar na caisleain beagan ar bheagan*"—which means, in the more expensive language, "little by little, castles are built."

Not that we don't have plenty of castles already.

But what's being built now are some new hotels and roads and factories and the like.

Intercontinental has recently completed three new hotels at Dublin, Limerick and Cork. And Hilton, father and son, have broken ground for a new hotel in Dublin. By the time it's complete, the prices will probably be a bit higher than the $5.00 you pay now for room and breakfast at Godefroy's Inn, hard by the shores of Loch Corrib ("No telly, wireless or other public noise").

If you would like to stay in one of our overabundance of castles, there's one in Cong that, for $13.50 per day, will bed you and board you (3½ meals, the ½ being very high tea), supply you with fishing gear and a wooly muffler if there's a chill in the air, and give you license to take advantage of some of the world's biggest and dumbest salmon and brown trout in the 23,000 acres of lakes bordering the property.

For more intelligent adversary, you might challenge the Butler Sisters, antique dealers, to a round of bargaining. Even if they win, you'll be taking home a 16th century English carved chest (left here during one of the occupations, no doubt) for about half what you would pay in the United States.

Later, to toast your bargaining ability (or the Sisters') you can fill your new Waterford crystal tumblers (Irish price: $2.80, N.Y. price: $8.00) with some Guinness stout (Irish price: 20¢, N.Y. price: 43¢) and drink up. And up. And up. (At those prices, why not?)

To clear your head, next morning, get up early and go on a Pony Trek across the countryside. (A word of advice: don't pack the crystal with you. Irish ponies go whummmp when they walk.)

A week of Pony Trekking around Ireland on a well-padded saddle will cost you anywhere from $53.10 to $73.61, including lodgings along the way and food for you and your mount.

If you would like to buy a horse, instead of renting one, you can catch the auctions at Galway Fair. A Connemara pony can be had for about $300. For $9,950 at the bloodstock sales in Ballsbridge, you can buy an Irish thoroughbred that might win the Kentucky Derby for you.

If you've a pipedream of another sort, find the pipe at Shannon, where a Peterson pipe is $6.50, half the New York price.

We will give you all the bargains you can carry. But in return, you will have to give us more than money.

As one of our eminent Irish social critics recently put it, "Although the pace of life has quickened in Ireland, as everywhere else, we still have a hierarchy of values. We still think that warm human contacts should take precedence over commerce. We won't treat you as a stranger, and we won't thank you for acting like one. We still think that speech is the characteristic human coefficient.

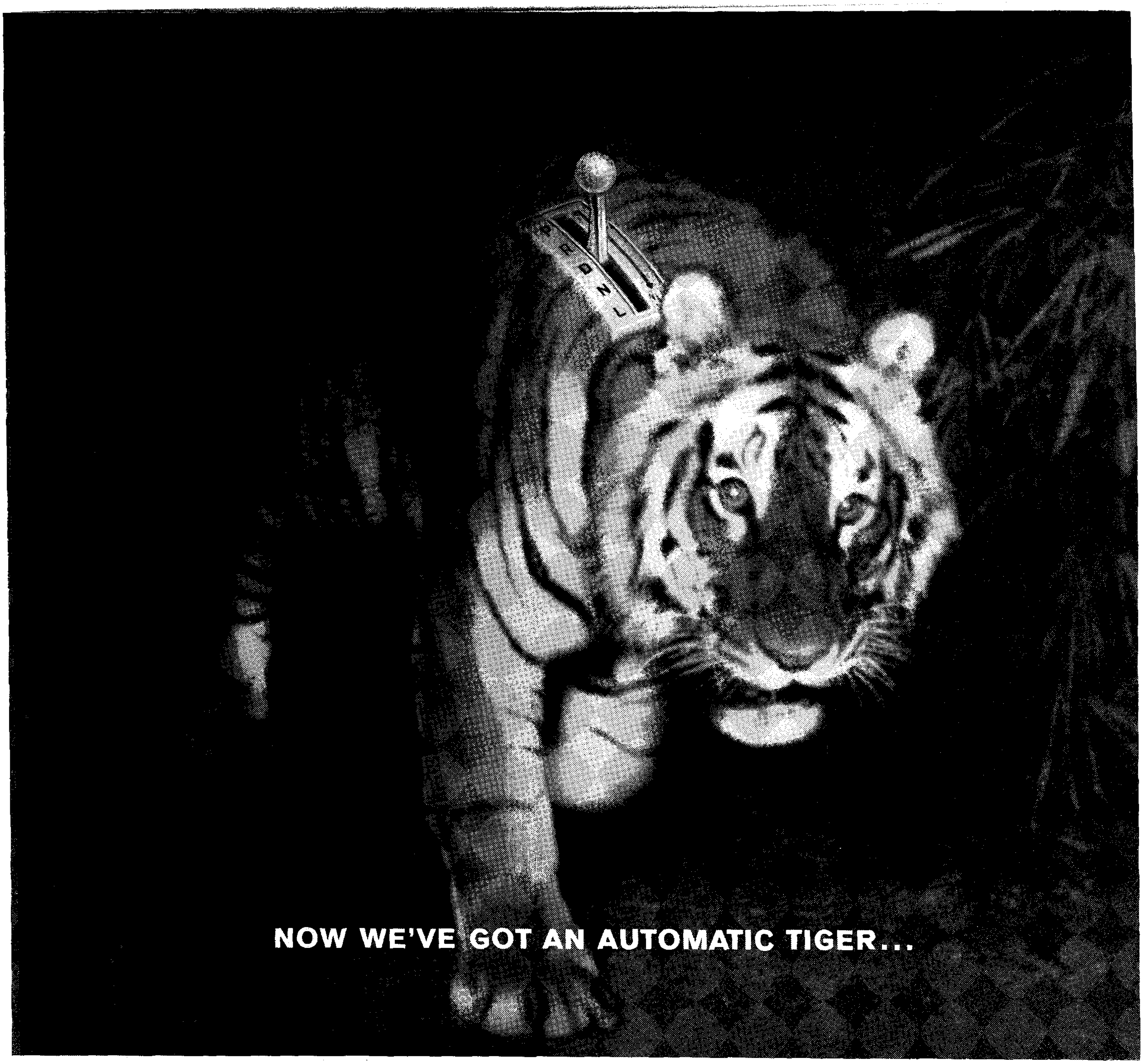
"And we want you to give us, in exchange for our bargains, a bit of your chat."

Here's your first Irish bargain.

Free. A colorful 44-page booklet that describes all you need to know to plan your holiday in Ireland. Write the Irish Tourist Board at any of the following addresses:*

33 East 50th St., New York 10022
135 So. La Salle St., Chicago 60603
681 Market St., San Francisco 94105
2100 Drummond St., Montreal, Quebec

*Please address your inquiry to Dept. NY3A

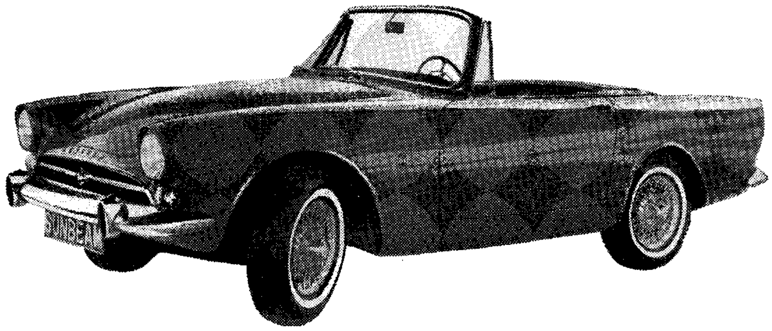

NOW WE'VE GOT AN AUTOMATIC TIGER...

The famous award-winning Sunbeam Alpine with American Automatic Transmission $2794*

Sunbeam built a tiger with an American automatic shift...a roaring twin to the cup-collecting "4-on-the-floor" Sunbeam Alpine. ■ Now there are *two* brilliant Sunbeams to choose from. Automatic with American Borg-Warner transmission. Or stick shift for only $2595. This exclusive choice of shifts now makes Sunbeam *everybody's* sports car! ■ And it's also the *most comfortable* sports car ever! Among 16 top sports cars tested by Road & Track magazine: "*...the Sunbeam Alpine...offered better accommodations for both the average and the big driver than any other...*" (January 1964 issue). ■ So come on in! See and test drive the hottest sports car of the year. Do it soon! Tigers get restless. ■ Ask about our overseas delivery plan.

SUNBEAM ALPINE A DESIGN OF DISTINCTION BY **ROOTES**

*East POE. White walls, wire wheels optional extra. For information write to Rootes Motors, 505 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., or 9830 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, California



Some works of art can be a part of your gracious way of life...

Gorham Sterling is a work of art you can enjoy for a lifetime in your own home.

It not only symbolizes your good taste, but adds so much to the gracious life you've achieved.

More women choose Gorham designs than those of any other silver maker. Notice the exquisite artistry of each piece . . . sculptured with consummate skill. These are flawlessly beautiful masterpieces in sterling!

See the beauty of these timeless Gorham designs at all fine stores where precious sterling is sold.

GORHAM STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831 THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

GORHAM 32-PIECE SERVICES-FOR-EIGHT RANGE FROM $200 TO $312 FTI., SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE / LEFT TO RIGHT: CHANTILLY • MELROSE • ESPRIT • RONDO • ANDANTE

THIS IS A GAMIN YOUNG MEN WILL TAKE A SHINE TO

A soft, light-as-air Gamin deserves loving care for its pretty looks. $20 gets you this elegant shoe at Andrew Geller stores, where men will kneel before you. **GAMINS®**

Avis needs you.
You don't need Avis.
Avis never forgets this.

We're still a little hungry.

We're only No.2 in rent a cars.

Customers aren't a dime a dozen to us.

Sometimes, when business is too good, they get the short end and aren't treated like customers anymore.

Wouldn't you like the novel experience of walking up to a counter and not feel you're bothering somebody?

Try it.

Come to the Avis counter and rent a new, lively super-torque Ford. Avis is only No.2 in rent a cars. So we have to try harder to make our customers feel like customers.

Our counters all have two sides.

And we know which side our bread is buttered on.

© 1964 AVIS, INC.

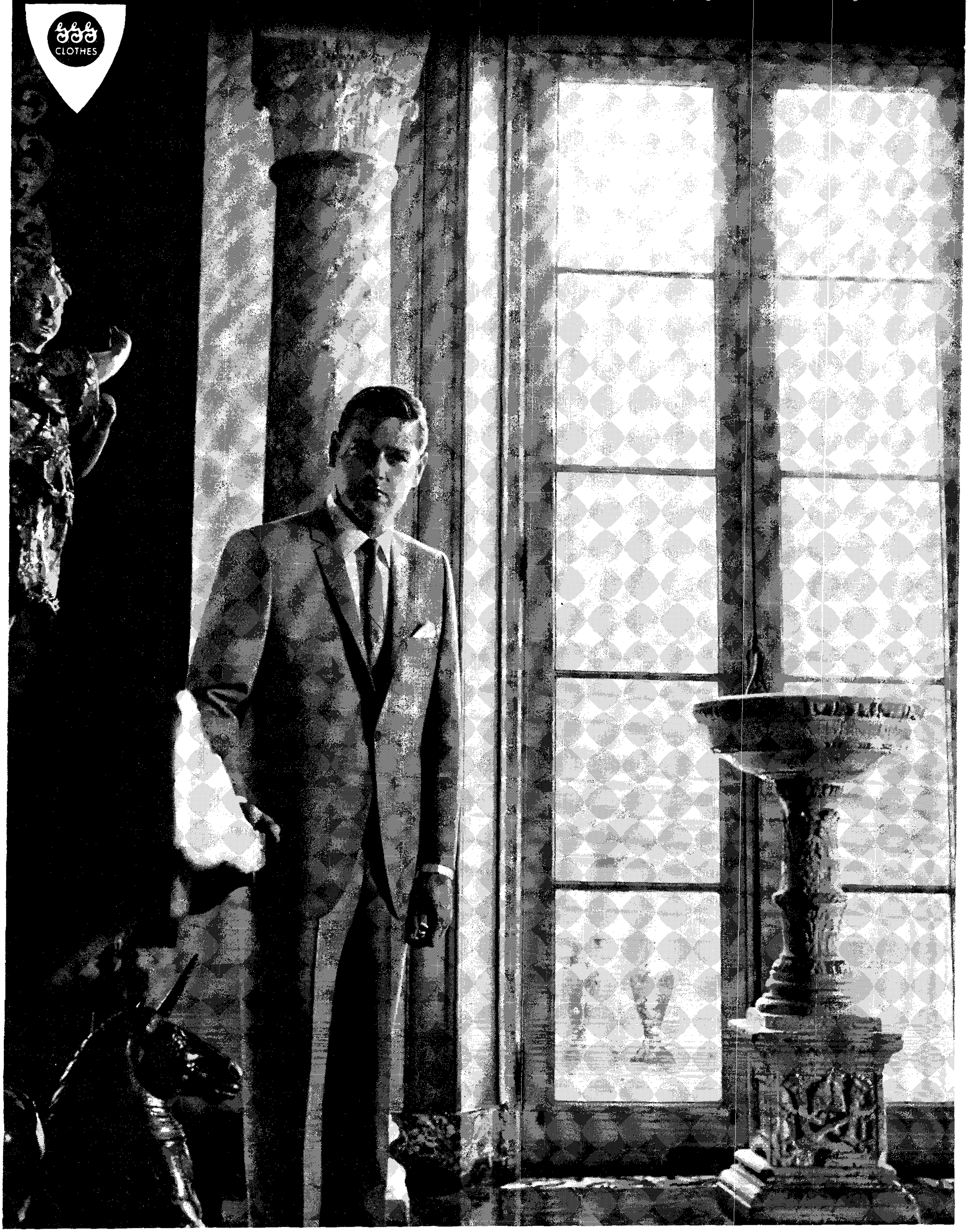
Overheard . . . Oleg Cassini's hosiery advice to fashionable Carol Lawrence

He is revealing Spring's most exciting hosiery news . . . an inspired achievement in sheer feminine leg covering . . . with true couturier elegance . . . with fashion correctness in color and fit. You, too, can step into the world of high fashion with Oleg Cassini luxury seamless stockings. They cost only $1.19 and $1.29 per pair. Exclusive at leading stores.

finer seamless stockings by Oleg Cassini *630 Fifth Ave., New York*

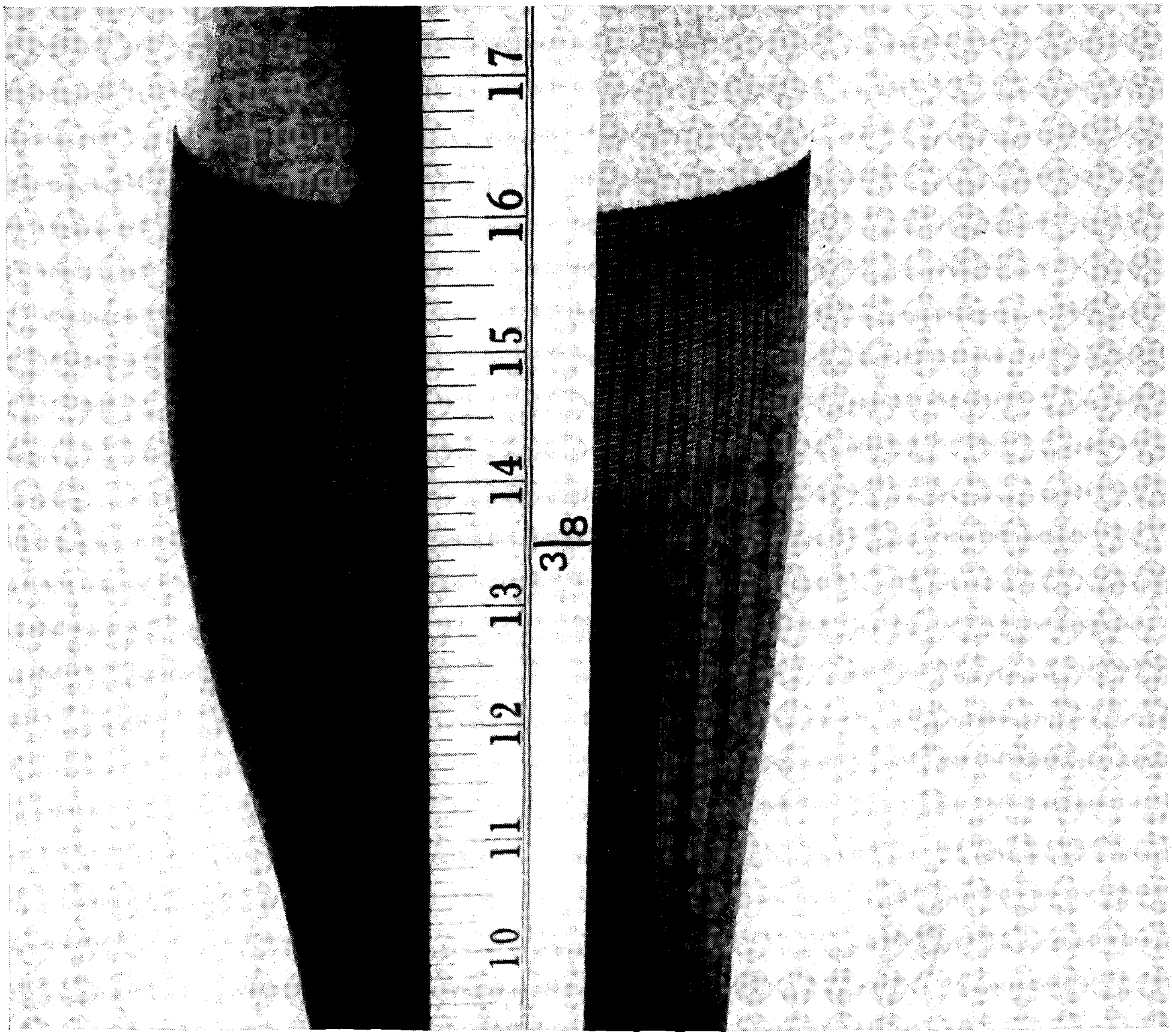
At *Frank R. Jelleff*, Washington, D. C.; *Hochschild-Kohn*, Baltimore; *Thalhimer's*, Richmond; *The May Company*, Los Angeles; *Macy's*, San Francisco, and other fine stores.

Write for free style booklet and name of your nearest GGG store. Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. O, 12 East 14th Street, New York 3; Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd. Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St.



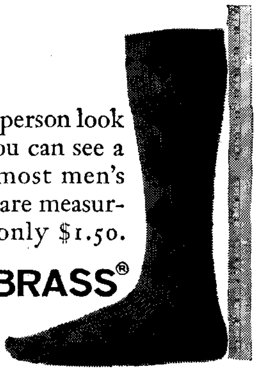
Not every man who wears GGG clothes collects castles for a hobby.

At fine stores including: BROADSTREET'S, New York • STERN'S, New York • RALEIGH HABERDASHER, Washington, D.C. • JOHN WANAMAKER, Phila. • MAURICE L. ROTHSCHILD, Chicago • HARRIS & FRANK, Los Angeles



Sooner or later, all men will wear the 16″ sock

now's the time to choose your style



This is how high a dress sock should be. It reaches up sixteen inches from heel to just over the calf. And it stays there, comfortably. Top Brass is a well made sock — fashioned to your own personal taste in thirteen different styles — and fiber blends that range from nylon to cashmere (see sampling below). Because each blend is stretch construction, fit is always perfect. Take an in-person look at Top Brass socks yourself. You can see a comprehensive selection at most men's stores. They're socks all others are measured against, yet priced from only $1.50.

BURLINGTON TOP BRASS®

*DuPont Trademark

Burlington BURLINGTON BALFOUR MILLS, A DIVISION OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 19

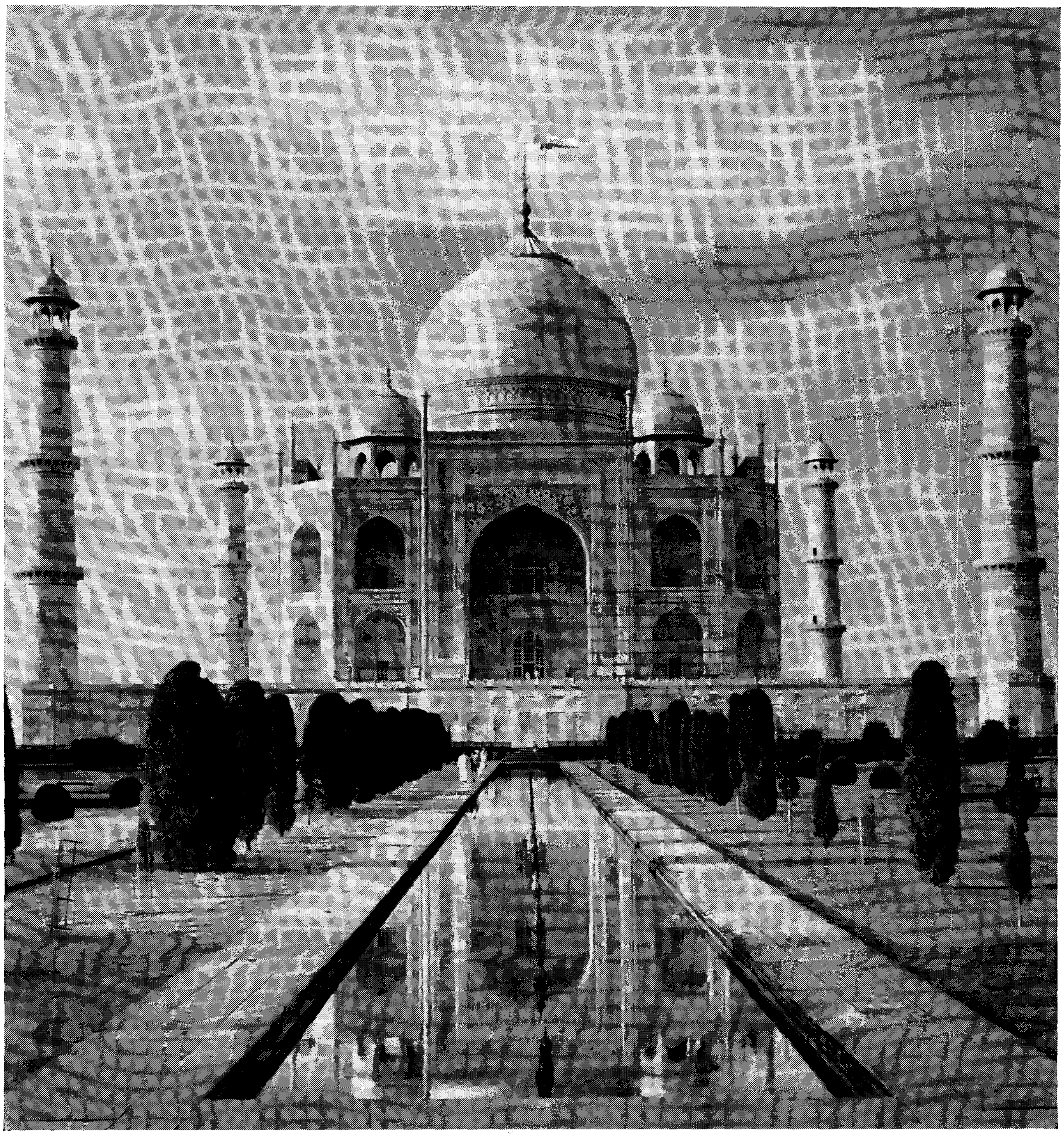
Nylon $1.50

Ban-Lon $1.50

Orlon*/Nylon $2

Wool/Nylon $2

Cashmere/Nylon $4



Unfortunately, they wouldn't let us build it

Oh, well. Even if our new terminal at New York's John F. Kennedy Airport doesn't quite rival the Taj, it's still a splendid indication of how we feel about our passengers.

Not to be immodest, we might say it's also an indication of how our passengers feel about *us.* After all, if it hadn't been for the widespread success of our transatlantic service over the past few years, we wouldn't have had the occasion for a new terminal at all.

As it is, we think you will find our new airport terminal reflects all the sumptuous atmosphere and warmth you'd expect of AIR-INDIA... and a lot of practical pleasures as well. An increased staff of ground personnel, expert in anticipating whatever you may require. Deft, efficient service at every hand. In fact, everything that's necessary to make your departure as beautifully smooth and serene as your flight.

Even if you're not flying with us, we'd love to have you drop by for a visit at our new airport home. It's *almost* like a visit to India. And quite a bit more lively than the Taj.

For reservations or information
see your travel agent or AIR-INDIA
565 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, Plaza 1-6200
Offices in principal cities.

AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah
Over 30 Years of Flying Experience

Divan Japonais
75 rue des Martyrs
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SAUTERNES
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The wines you loved in Paris!

They come to you from France, with love. For these are wines of the best growths and the best years from Barton & Guestier—backed by more than two hundred years of wine authority. Ask for B&G—wherever fine wines are sold or served,

the finest wines of France

B&G

FROM BORDEAUX:
Medoc, B&G. Medium, not too dry; red
St. Emilion, B&G. Robust, big-bodied; red
St. Julien, B&G. Charming, delicate, dry; red
Graves, B&G. Fresh, fruity, medium dry; white
Sauternes, B&G. Golden, velvety; full bodied

FROM BURGUNDY:
Macon, B&G. Delightfully soft red wine
Beaujolais, B&G. Delicious, fruity; red
Pommard, B&G. Rich, full-flavored; red
Pouilly Fuisse, B&G. White, fresh, delicate
Chablis, B&G. Crisp, dry; white

Browne-Vintners Co., New York, N.Y., Sole Dist. for the U.S.A.

COORDINATION—ON DECK AND OFF

Color-matching of patterns and solids in jackets and trousers of the same fabric is a bright, inventive Gordon-Ford idea that removes the uniform look from sportswear. Shown: just two examples of what can be done with Gordon-Ford's own Oxford Weave — a blend of Arnel® triacetate and cotton. The jacket about $35. The trousers about $14. You'll find these and other exciting Oxford Weave color-coordinates at Lord & Taylor (The Man's Shop); Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Dayton's (Northbriar Shop), Minneapolis; John Q. West, Athens, Georgia.

Prices slightly higher in West

GORDON-FORD
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

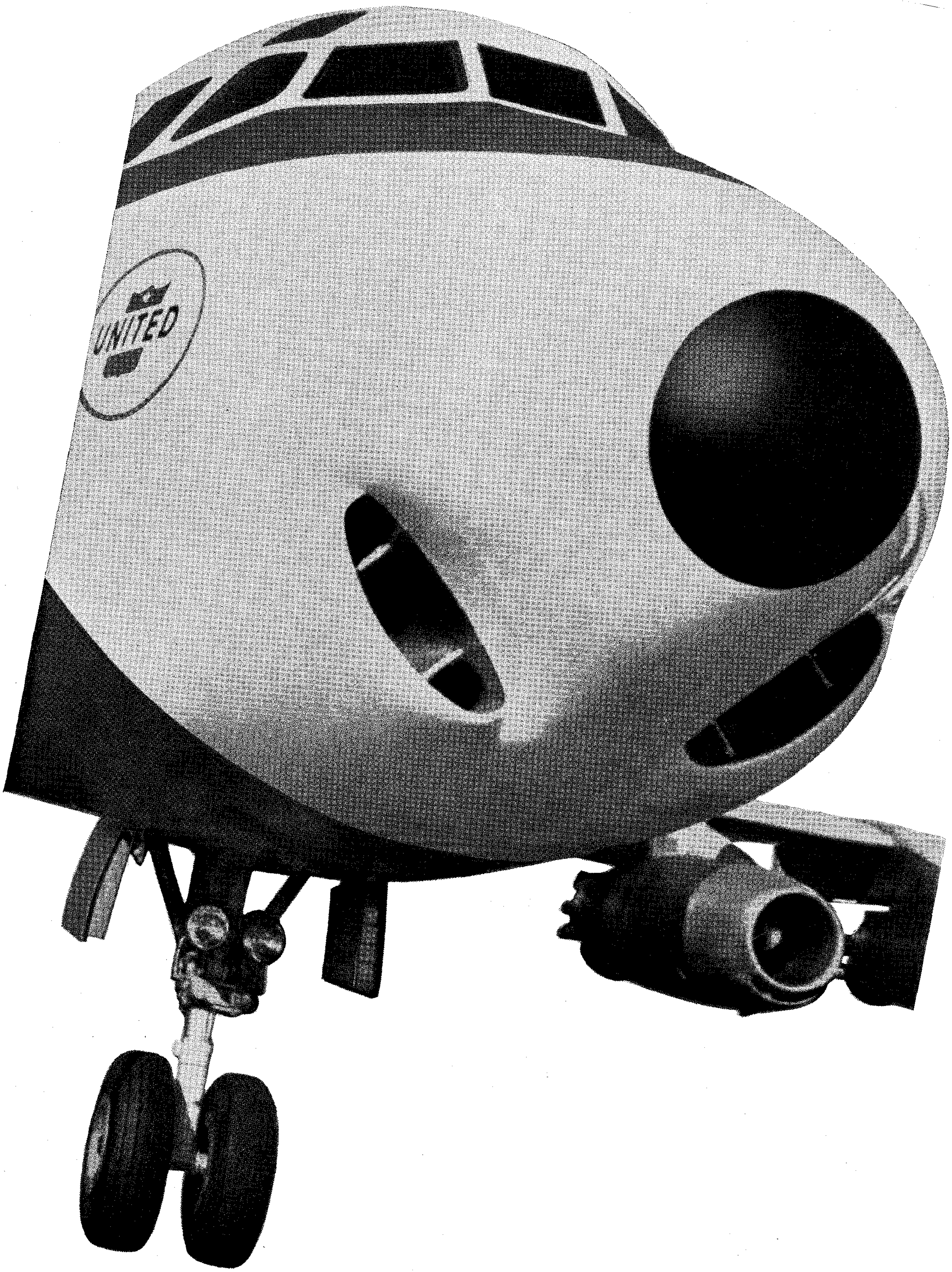
BURNT IVORY®

takes over
the countryside!

Burnt Ivory . . .
swagger complement to
country and campus clothes.
Exclusive, seasoned,
hand-burnished to a deep-toned ivory glow.
With hand-sewn detailing. About $20.
Upper Style No. 209/Lower Style No. 240

the taylor made shoe

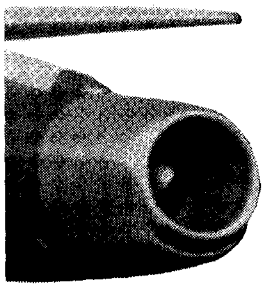
at your Taylor merchant or write E. E. Taylor Corp., Dept. T-24, Freeport, Maine
also manufacturers of British Walker Shoes for Men


UNITED

THE SMART NEW WAY TO CROSS THE CONTINENT ...UNITED INTRODUCES ONE-CLASS RED CARPET JETS NONSTOP COAST TO COAST

Starting March 8, United will introduce One-Class Red Carpet service to travelers on nonstop jets between New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. And from New York to Seattle.

For these new nonstops, United will use the powerful DC-8 Mark IV Jet Mainliner.® Among commercial jets, the DC-8 has flown faster (the only jetliner to break the sound barrier), higher and farther than any other.



Redesigned for One-Class Red Carpet service with a bright new interior decor, the DC-8 will feature that first-class feeling of comfort at a price that's close to coach. Select a wide, comfortable seat anywhere in the spacious cabin.

One-Class Red Carpet service is also available in cities across the U. S. A. on United's 720 and great new 727 jets.

More than a million passengers have already chosen One-Class service. They prefer it to first class (it's a far better value), they prefer it to coach (not cramped or crowded) and their companies approve it for business travel (nearly 600 of the nation's leading companies changed their "coach only" policies).

Why not try One-Class Red Carpet service on your next trip? It's the smart new way to travel.

UNITED®

THE NATION'S LARGEST AIRLINE
KNOWN FOR EXTRA CARE

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., permits use of its trademark "Sanforized-Plus" only on fabrics which meet its established test requirements for shrinkage, smoothness after washing, crease recovery, tensile strength and tear strength. Fabrics bearing the trademarks "Sanforized" or "Sanforized-Plus" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

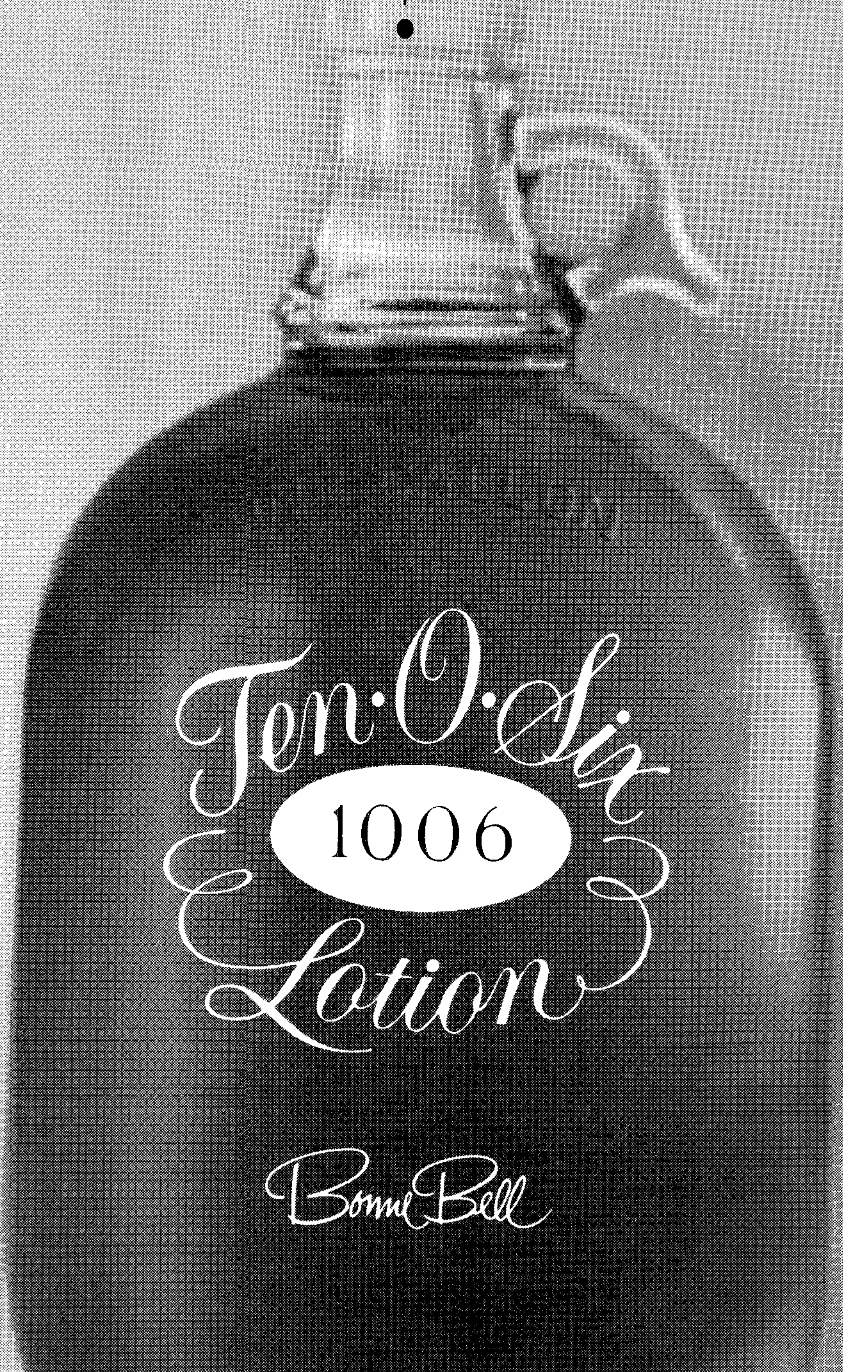
Be suspicious!

Make sure you see it on the label.
If you don't, stomp off.
Or see the manager.
Be a real pain in the neck.
You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see •SANFORIZED• TRADE ® MARK
You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see •SANFORIZED plus• TRADEMARK
Right there. On the label.
Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."
If it is, why doesn't it say so?
You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".
Get them.

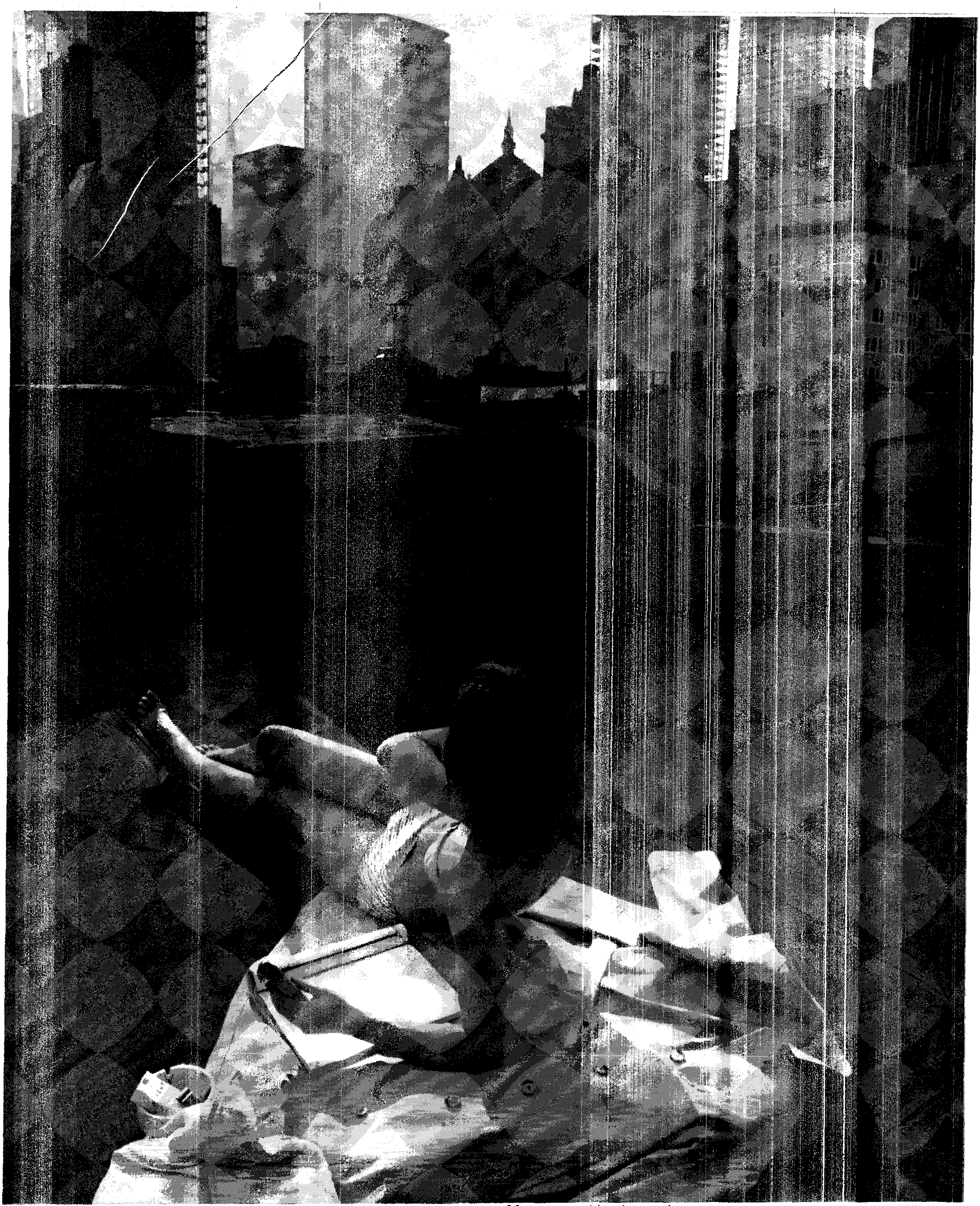
WhO eLSE

offers complexion care proved so
effective that confident
customers buy it by the gallon

?



Our confident customers are certain that therapeutic Ten-O-Six® is the finest skin-cleansing/skin-protecting lotion they've ever used. ■ Also, it's less expensive by the gallon. ■ Available in smaller sizes, of course. 4 oz. $1.75, 8 oz. $3.00, Pint $5.00, Gallon $30.00. Bonne Bell, Inc., Cleveland 7, Ohio



Home-town girl makes good:
has 2 ½ rooms in the East 50's (doesn't share),
a lark of a job, fans and admirers,
a versatile Maincoat and New York City at her feet.

there's nothing like a London Fog. Water, wind and rooftop-resistant in our exclusive Calibre Cloth (65% Dacron* polyester, 35% cotton). The Duchess* in a collection of colors $35.

London Fog®
Baltimore 11, Md.

*DUPONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

ONTARIO IS VERY BIG!

(even we're impressed)

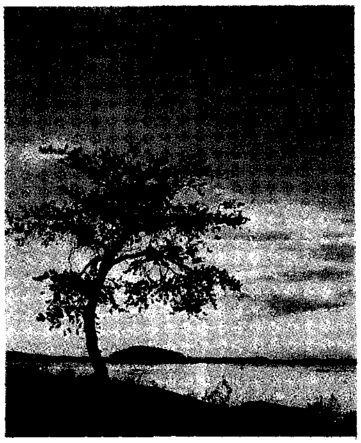
AND for we traditionally reticent Canadians, that's quite a mouthful! Fact of the matter is, most of us wouldn't have dreamed of making a statement like that a few years ago, simply because so few of us had ever seen the whole Province ourselves.

Well, that's all changed now. A good many of us have managed to cram most of it in and frankly we're impressed. We're so impressed that we'd really like you to come up and enjoy it with us. Matter of fact, we'd like you to make a career of it.

Just to dangle the bait a bit, we've put together a few facts that we figure you might find interesting.

To start with, you've got to appreciate just how big this beauty of ours is. 415,000 square miles, that's how big. (You could set down the entire British Isles in it without bumping the borders.) Ontario houses six million of us and like we said before, there are still corners of it even we haven't seen yet. We call those parts *crown* land because we're proud of that too.

Inside our borders there are a quarter of a million lakes. An actual fact. It's taken us some three hundred years to count 'em. At any rate that simply means that there's one lake for every 24 of us, so as you can readily see there's lots of room for you too.



While we're on the subject of lakes, we might point out that they come in all shapes and sizes. Some rocky and deep and bulging with fish. Some shallow and sandy and dandy for the kids.

But our magnificent wilderness isn't all we have to brag about. Not by a long shot. Right in the heart of some of it we have some resort hotels that go so far as to publish the vintage year on the wine list. They're all set up to pamper and coddle. Some of us have been spoiled silly.

Just while we're on the subject of being pampered, here's a thought for those of you who come to life when surrounded by bright lights. We have cities (many of them over 50,000 and one pushing two million) that are veritable Meccas for the sightseer. Luxurious hotels and motels, elegant dining rooms, museums, significant art galleries. Here's where you'll find all those hard-to-come-by items like English Bone China, Hudson's Bay blankets and so on.

You bet we're proud of our Province and we'd really enjoy showing it off to you this season. We have many detailed books to help you plan a really big vacation up here with us. So why not write to our travel people care of the Parliament Buildings in Toronto and let us astound you by how quickly we extend the hand of welcome.

ONTARIO

CANADA'S VARIETY VACATIONLAND

This coupon is here to help you write us for complete details about vacations in great, big, Ontario. Simply fill out this coupon and we'll send you our General Information folder.

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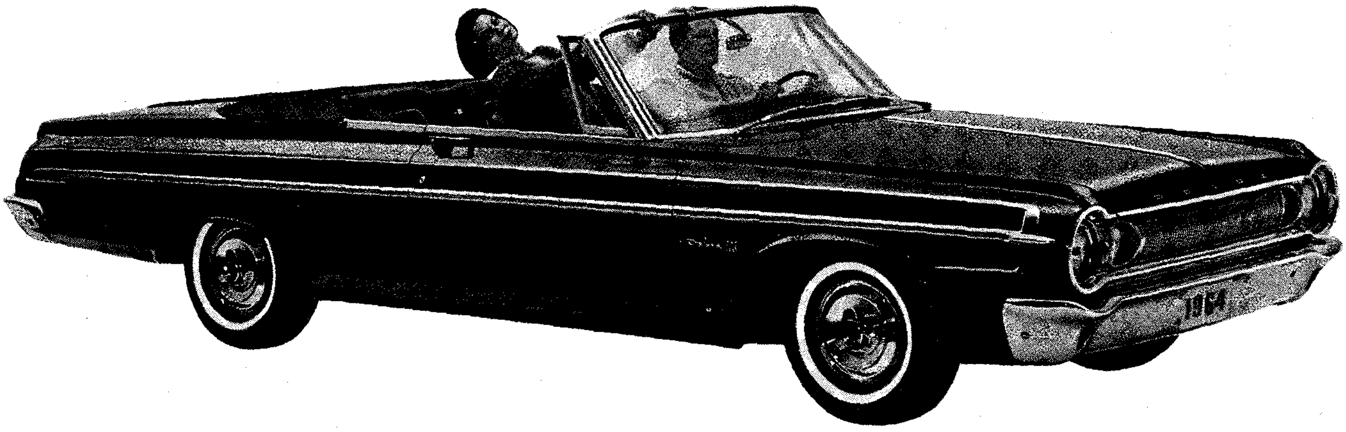
*ADDRESS*________________________

*CITY*________________ *STATE*____________

Mail to: Department of Travel and Publicity, Room 8G, Parliament Buildings, Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada.

THE DEPENDABLES: SUCCESS CARS OF '64

Choice seats now available . . .



for the best show on the road

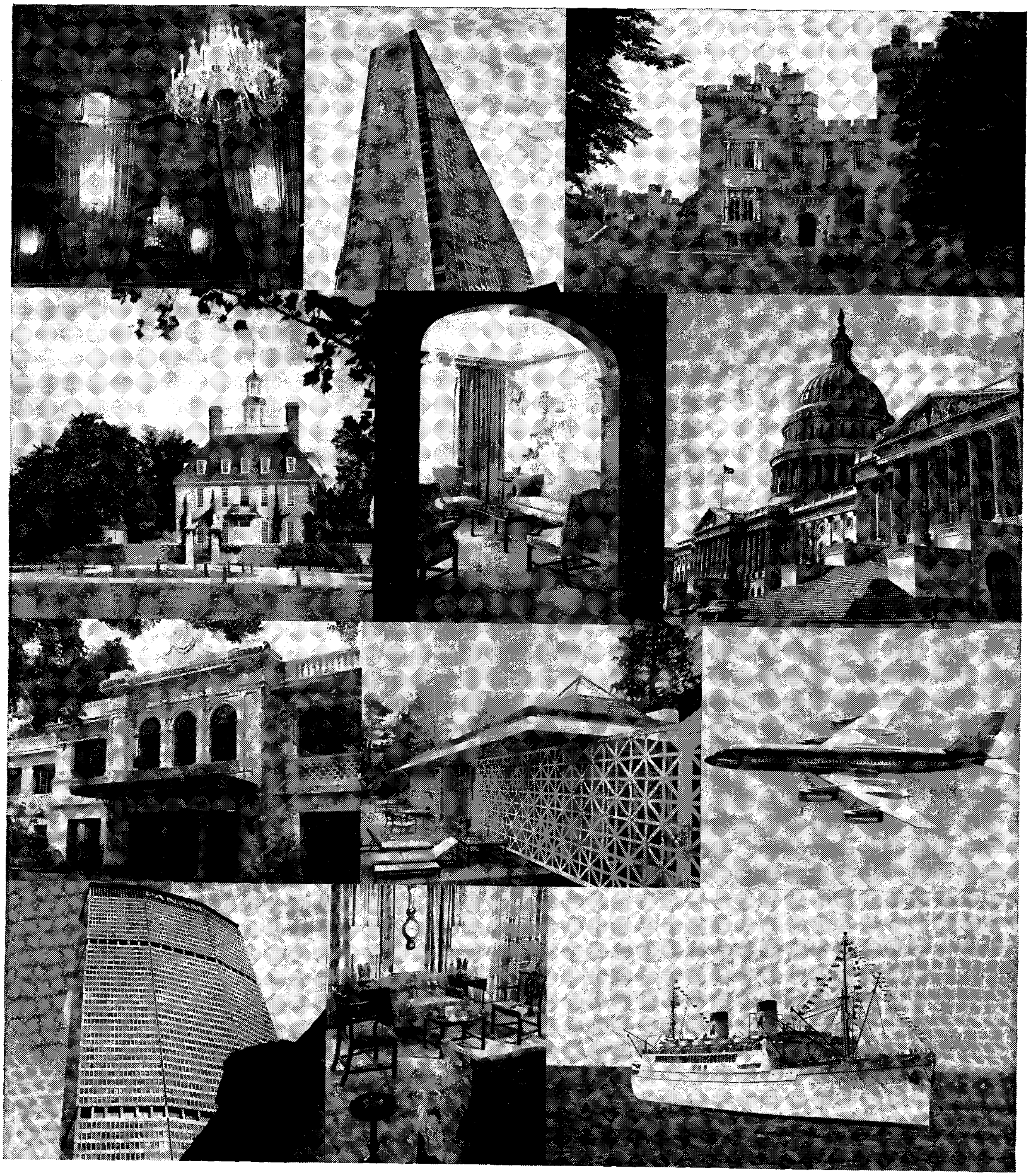
Time was when such fineries as bucket seats, tachometer, and console-mounted gear selector were meant only for the country club set. No longer. The introduction of the 1964 Dodge Polara with special "500" sports option changes all that.

Here's a bucket seat beauty that takes a back seat to nobody—not in style! Not in comfort! Not in price! This lavishly equipped sports courier is priced with traditional low-priced cars, and it comes in two models—convertible (shown above) and 2-door hardtop.

Add a four-on-the-floor fully synchronized transmission, if you like. Or, the famous Dodge 3-speed Torqueflite automatic, console mounted. They're extra-cost options, sure. But when you're talking Dodge Polara 500, you're still talking about figures no higher than on models of Ford or Chevrolet. That, in a word, is value...the extra Dodge never charges extra for. You'll find it at your Dodge Dealer's.

'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION **CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION**



This is the company you keep when you decorate with Schumacher.

These are some of the places Schumacher fabrics, carpets and wall coverings can be found. In castles and queenly liners. In the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives. Public places of grandeur and distinguished private homes.

Why Schumacher, particularly? Possibly because no job is too big or too special for us.

For instance, if you don't find the exact fabric you want, we can probably make it for you. In 24 hours if necessary.

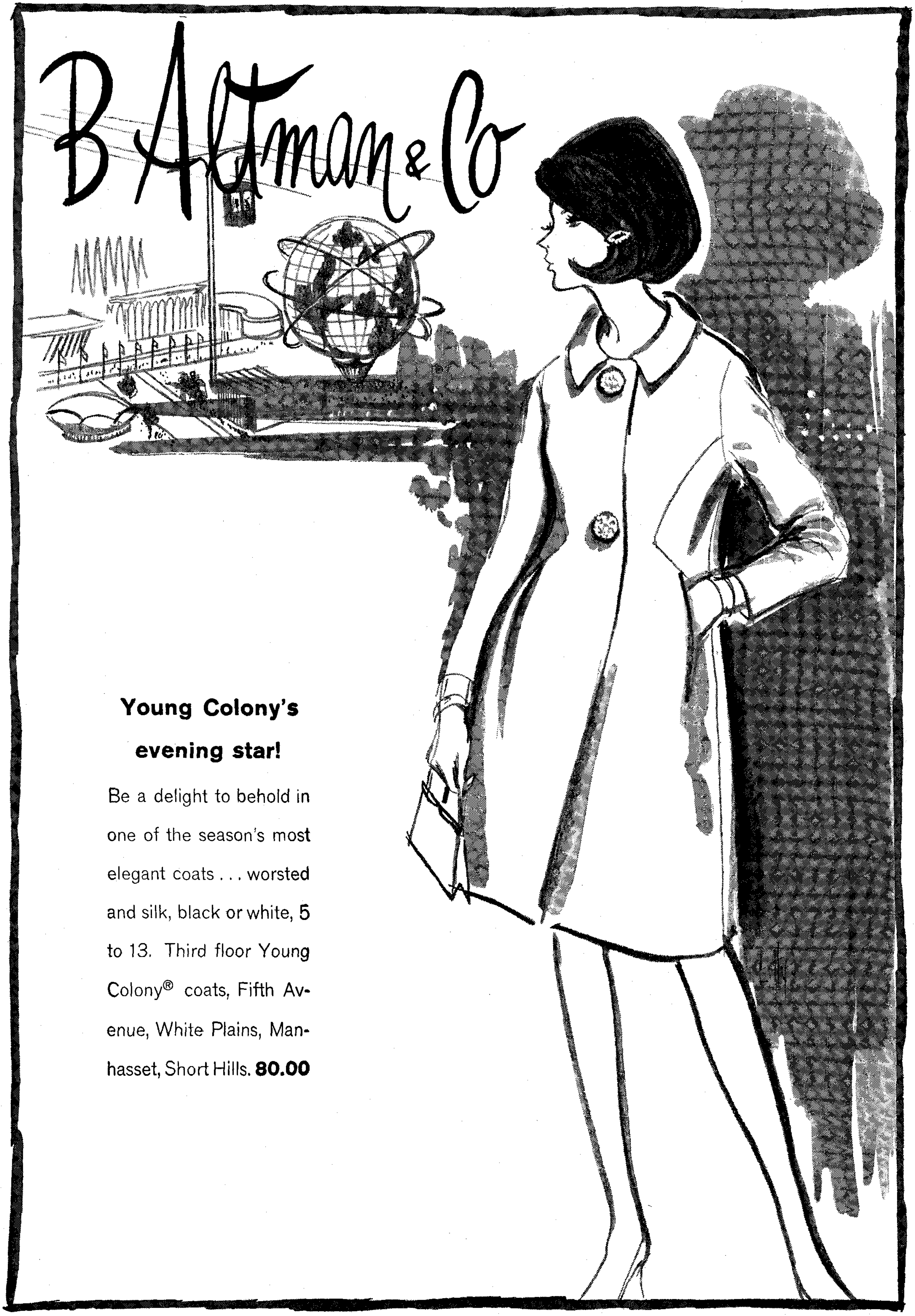
It's rarely necessary. Our fabric selection is so enormous, the chances of not finding what you want are very slim. And we doubt if you'll ever find a greater collection of carpets anywhere. Including imports from 21 foreign countries.

If you'd like to see the thousands of fabrics, carpets and wall coverings in our showrooms, drop in. Come alone to look, or with your decorator when you're ready to buy.

Schumacher

F. SCHUMACHER & COMPANY, 58 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 18./SHOWROOMS: 939 THIRD AVENUE

B Altman & Co



Young Colony's

evening star!

Be a delight to behold in one of the season's most elegant coats . . . worsted and silk, black or white, 5 to 13. Third floor Young Colony® coats, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills. **80.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IS attention to detail worth attention? Take spelling, and the literary attitudes toward it, which vary. "Orthography is so absolutely necessary for a man of letters, or a gentleman, that one false spelling may fix a ridicule on him for the rest of his life," Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, not altogether ridiculously, since he followed this up with "And I know a man of quality who never recovered from the ridicule of having spelled *wholesome* without the *w*." "The spelling of words is subordinate," Walt Whitman wrote, to one and all. "Morbidness for nice spelling and tenacity for or against some one letter or so means dandyism and impotence in literature."

The spelling of words and, in particular, proper names by men of letters has engaged our attention this week (not for the first time) because we have picked up the book called "The Great Collectors," by Pierre Cabanne, to find attached to it a publisher's note, on a separate slip of paper; to wit, *in toto:*

> The text of this book, which was printed in England, contains the following errata:
>
> The first name of Aline B. Saarinen is misprinted throughout as Alice.
>
> On page xiii, the middle name of John Pierpont Morgan is misspelled.
>
> On page 155, the first name of Hans Van Meergeren is misspelled.
>
> On page 159, a comma is incorrectly inserted between the middle and last name of Henry Clay Frick and the names Altman and Pierpont Morgan are misspelled.
>
> On page 162, the first name of Isabella Stewart Gardner is misspelled.
>
> On page 277, the last name of Mary McCarthy is misspelled.
>
> FARRAR, STRAUS & CO.

Except for the fact that the name is Han Van Meegeren, this is a manly and disarming confession, but what a bonus of errata, over and above those promised by the publishers, greets the attentive reader! On page xiii, an inch in front of "Pierpoint" Morgan, Andrew Mellon appears as Joseph Mellon. Possibly this is a subliminal tribute to Sir Joseph Duveen, the dealer who got Mellon into the big time as a collector, while the *accent aigu* that, on page 143, thrice graces the first vowel of the first name of Theodore Rousseau, the curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum (who was born in Freeport, Long Island), is doubtless the fruit of confusion with the French painter of that name. But how account for the *de*gallicization, on page 171, of Robert Henri to Robert Henry; the ennoblement, on page 258, of the painter Ozenfant to d'Ozenfant; the omission of an "h" in Pittsburgh, on page 160; and the appearance of the Baroness Hilla Rebay, on page 265, as Hella Rabay? Let us note with astonishment, on page 272, the opening of Peggy Guggenheim's gallery on "West Street" (surely "West Fifty-seventh Street" is what was meant), and lovingly turn back to page 251, in a chapter on the late Georges Wildenstein, where we found our favorite nomenclatural boner, or bonanza:

> Meanwhile, in Brussels, Rome, Amsterdam, New York, Santiago, Chile, London and perhaps even in Bordeaux, Bahia (Brazil), or Jefferson (U.S.A.), men who probably never saw Wildenstein in their lives, were investigating, inquiring, classifying, discussing, bargaining and, at the boss's orders, buying.

There *are* cities and towns called Jefferson—in northeast Georgia, east Texas, south Wisconsin, central Iowa, and north-central Ohio (our Columbia Encyclopedia is open to page 1076 as we write this)—but their total population is less than twenty thousand and none of them seems a likely target for Wildenstein's scouts. Could the author have had Washington, D.C., in mind, and, if so, does the fact that his book was printed in England entirely explain this *lapsus calami*? Do book publishers have proofreaders, or has automation taken over there as well?

Omega Minus

FOR the better part of a wintry afternoon, we sat in the Karl Taylor Compton Boardroom of the American Institute of Physics, on East Forty-fifth Street, and listened to five physicists from the Brookhaven National Laboratory talk about the discovery, in January, of the subatomic particle called the omega minus. The talks were officially billed by the American Institute of Physics as a press conference, but, as it turned out, the physicists lectured and the members of the press, including us, remained respectfully silent, except during a brief question-and-answer period at the end of the session. All this is somewhat by the way, though, for the occasion, whatever its name, was a fascinating one, and we found ourself increasingly interested not only in the physicists' discovery but in their reactions to it.

The Karl Taylor Compton Boardroom is a sizable and rather low-ceilinged room whose walls are panelled in wood and lined with bookshelves holding a fine collection of books about the physical sciences. Down one side of the room runs a long table, and by the time we arrived a large number of journalists were grouped at one end of this table and a smaller number of physicists were grouped at the other. Behind the physicists was a small portable blackboard. Things got under way with an announcement by an American Institute of Physics man that the physicists intended to proceed as if none of the journalists had read anything about the omega minus. He then introduced Dr. Maurice Goldhaber, an Austrian-born physicist, who has been the director of the Brookhaven National Laboratory since 1961. Dr. Goldhaber, a bespectacled man with a precise style of speech, talked about the search for subatomic particles. In 1932, he said, four or five of these particles were known to exist, the proton, the neutron, and the electron among them. Since then, physicists have discovered more than eighty other particles, none of which appeared to be closely related to any of the others. Some of the post-1932 particles were discovered after an intensive search, others when physicists just happened to fall over them while pursuing different investigations. In any event, their discovery raised a fundamental question: Does matter appear in so many independent forms or could some way be found to relate the different pieces to each other? "Since physicists are really very conservative, despite what you may think, they didn't at first wish to revise their theories," said Dr. Goldhaber. "There is no sure road in research." Without actually revising the basic theories, he went on, a number of physicists did begin to try to make sense of the newly discovered particles. In 1959, Professor Tullio Regge, of the University of Turin, came up with one theory, which he called the Regge trajectories, and in 1961 Dr. Murray Gell-Mann, of the California Institute of Technology, and Dr. Yuval Ne'eman, an Israeli Army colonel turned nuclear physicist, who was then at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, in London (he's now at the California Institute of Technology, too), independently proposed another theory, which Dr. Gell-Mann decided to call the Eightfold Way. The name comes from an aphorism attributed to the Buddha, who called it "a noble truth that leads to the cessation of pain;" Dr. Gell-Mann picked up the phrase because he hoped that the new theory, whether or not it proved to be a noble truth, would lead to a lightening of troubles. The subatomic Eightfold Way groups all known nuclear particles into "multiplets," or families, of eight and ten. One of these multiplets was missing a member, and in 1962 Dr. Gell-Mann urged that a search be made for it, referring to it as the omega minus. "The discovery of the omega minus is a success, which very suddenly makes this theory look very promising," Dr. Goldhaber told us with an air of quiet triumph. "It has encouraged theoretical physicists, because it has removed their doubts. It forms the capstone of a building that had previously been held together only by the bold imagination of Drs. Gell-Mann and Ne'eman. Physicists are so excited that they will even talk to journalists." Dr. Goldhaber favored us with a small smile, and sat down.

His place was taken by Dr. Ralph P. Shutt, a partly bald man, also bespectacled, who said he had been in charge of the Brookhaven search for the omega minus. Dr. Shutt asked us to allow him to ramble on a bit, observing in an apologetic tone, "After all, this whole new theory may break down tomorrow," and proceeded to explain exactly why Dr. Gell-Mann had been led to predict the existence of the omega minus and just what qualities he had said it would have. Dr. Shutt illustrated his talk with a number of diagrams on the blackboard, which, like a good college lecturer, he stood in front of, so that they could not be seen.

Dr. Shutt then introduced Dr. Nicholas Samios, also of Brookhaven, and *also* bespectacled, who had been associated with him in the search. Dr. Samios, who has dark hair and a crew cut, told us how his group had gone about its task. He called the omega minus "this animal," and he said, "We constructed three different diagrams of how this animal might look when it appeared, *if* it appeared. One of these ways was a beautiful thing, and if we had seen it we would have had a champagne party, then and there. Another way was not quite so beautiful, because other animals can fake it. What we finally *did* see was like the first diagram, only not so elegant—we were not so presumptuous as to expect it would be. When that happened, half the group went to Las Vegas and the other half stayed on the job, and after a few days we saw the animal appear in the way we had predicted in our third diagram."

Dr. Samios was succeeded by Dr. William B. Fowler, the man in charge of the eighty-inch bubble chamber in which the omega minus was sighted. A bubble chamber is a tank filled with liquid hydrogen and is so called because when particles are shot into the hydrogen, after being speeded up in something called an alternating-gradient synchrotron, most of them leave a trail of bubbles behind them, which is photographed by a camera rigged to the chamber. This is how the particles are seen. Dr. Fowler, who has graying hair and, of course, glasses, said that the discovery of the omega minus was "like the experience of a woodsman with an axe who suddenly finds himself in a petrified forest." He also said, "Before I came over here today, I had my children buy a whole box of apples and drop them one by one on my head. That was so I could get across to you that this is a very complicated thing."

The journalists laughed, and soon they were given a chance to ask questions. "How important is this discovery, anyway?" asked one. "I mean, say, compared to the discovery of the electron."

Dr. Goldhaber looked faintly reproving. "It is unscientific to make such comparisons," he said. "Permit me to invent a Chinese proverb: 'In a journey of a thousand miles, you cannot omit a single step.' If you look back afterward and say, 'That was a giant step,' or 'That was a small step,' then you are not making an objective statement."

"Where do you go from here?" asked someone else. "That is, when will all this end?"

Dr. Goldhaber gave the reporter another of his small smiles. "It will end only when it bores us," he said. He looked at his colleagues. They all appeared alert and intensely interested.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The advertising slogan of a prosperous Texas undertaker is

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
We bury the upper crust.

Program Director

IN the course of a recent talk with Schuyler G. Chapin, the new Vice-President in Charge of Programming at Lincoln Center, we learned that he is a musician and composer *manqué*, but

"O.K., Emily Dickinson, can we go home now?"

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what a happy and successful one! "I was born in New York in 1923 and, after attending school here and at Millbrook, went to the Longy School of Music, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Nadia Boulanger was my teacher," he told us over a bottle of ale at a midtown bar. "She saw some of my compositions and said, 'My dear, you haven't any talent.' I still wanted to make music my career, so after leaving the Longy School, in October, 1941, I got a job with the Artists Bureau of N.B.C. The broadcasting chains had artists' bureaus attached to them in those days, but in December of that year the government made them get rid of them, and I was left as a pageboy at N.B.C. I opened doors for people to go in to Toscanini concerts, and got a minor job in the N.B.C. newsroom. I had joined the Army Air Corps as a cadet, but I wasn't called up after Pearl Harbor, and for a while I was an announcer on the 'Voice of America,' giving news to the Arabs and so forth."

Mr. Chapin, a handsome man with a shock of hair worthy of a composer, took a sip of ale and went on to tell us that he became an Air Forces pilot in January, 1943, and served in the China-Burma-India Theatre until 1946. "I then wanted to get in the concert business," he said. "I went back to N.B.C. and sold TV time. Then, in 1949, when Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg were looking for a general manager for their daily radio and TV program, I became it. I had a staff of twenty people. Well, after two rather difficult years I went across the street, figuratively speaking, to ask Arthur Judson, who had a concert-management business, for a job. 'Get some experience and come back and see me,' he said. I presently got some experience with Skitch Henderson. In the spring of 1953, he and I launched a week of pop concerts with the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall. We lost our shirts. Shirtless, I went back to see Judson. He gave me a small job in his publicity department, and I soon began to go out on the road as tour manager for Heifetz. For three or four years, from the end of December until April, I toured every state of the Union and every province of Canada. I counted the house, saw to it that Heifetz got his money, checked his transportation, helped him with the press, and made sure that the concert halls were in order—the pianos in place and properly tuned, and the dressing rooms cleaned. I became booking manager for Columbia Artists—Judson's firm—in the Midwest. I was very big

in the Kansas-Nebraska-Oklahoma circuit. I'd married in 1947, and had four young sons, and the disadvantage was that I was away from my family so much of the time."

Our companion had another swallow, and said that in the summer of 1959 he took a couple of months' leave and, *en famille*, went to the island of Eigg (pronounced "Egg"), off the west coast of Scotland, to think things over. "Eigg is nearly fifteen miles out to sea," he said. "It's owned by Lord Runciman, whose wife is a cousin of my father's, and he let us have a seventeenth-century stone farmhouse in a part of the island known as Glamsdale. We had no electricity and no icebox. We walked two and a half miles to the general store, and tramped up and down the moors. It was a marvellous place—a great place for taking stock. We were the first American family the islanders had ever laid eyes on. I've been very lucky. One evening, a transatlantic call came for me and I went to the factor's cottage to take it. It was from Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, who asked me if I was interested in becoming co-director of its Masterworks department. I said yes, went back to my cottage, and, by the light of a kerosene lamp, wrote him a long letter saying yes again."

Mr. C. took up his new duties that October and was made sole director of Masterworks six months later. "We became the best damn classical-music department in the world," he said. "I got Glenn Gould and Claude Rains together on one record, and a couple of years ago we put out a Christmas record by the Philadelphia Orchestra, 'The Glorious Sound of Christmas,' which was a big success. I began to feel trapped in the business end of things, though—I was made a vice-president in charge of advertising and sales promotion—and one morning last October, when I was looking in the mirror while shaving, I found myself thinking, You're getting farther and farther away from what you like to do. That night, at a Naumburg Foundation trustees' meeting, I ran into William Schuman, the president of Lincoln Center, who said he was looking for a program director to succeed one who had resigned, and could I suggest anyone? I suggested myself, and he said that that was what he had hoped I'd say. Goddard Lieberson was just great. He tried to dissuade me, and then he said, 'What can I do to help you?' Well, I've given up the nice blanket of Columbia Records, but I find this new post fascinating. I'm responsible for all the professional theatrical and musical side of the Lincoln Center operation. My telephone never stops ringing. I've just had a long talk with the Chilean Ambassador about what to do with the Chilean National Ballet, which is coming here next November. This summer's film festival is my responsibility. The key to the organization lies in the Lincoln Center Council, which consists of, among others, Schuman; Peter Mennin, of Juilliard; Mark Schubart, the director of the Lincoln Center Fund; Rudolf Bing, of the Metropolitan Opera; Carlos Moseley, of the Philharmonic; Robert Whitehead, of the Repertory Theatre; and, I'm happy to say, me. And our staff people. There's no precedent for Lincoln Center. Nothing like it has ever been tried. Pretty soon the buildings will be finished, everyone will be in them, and this dream—this idea—will come to life. I'm glad to be in it." He finished his ale and rose to go.

"How are your boys?" we asked.

He sat down, ordered another ale, and, to our satisfaction, gained his second wind. "Henry, the eldest, who is fifteen, plays the cello," he said. "When he was twelve, he was invited by Leonard Bernstein to do the narration for Benjamin Britten's 'The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra' at a Young People's Philharmonic concert. This was later put on a record. As for our other sons, Theodore Steinway plays the piano, Samuel Garrison plays rock-'n'-roll records, and our youngest, Miles, who is nine, has just made his movie début in 'Ladybug Ladybug.' He plays a character named Joel—the comic relief. *Variety* mentioned him favorably, and the *Saturday Review* singled him out for praise. When he was four, he said he wanted to be an actor, so I started taking him to the theatre. Skitch Henderson auditioned him for a revival of 'Street Scene' at the City Center last year. He sang 'Happy Birthday to You' and was hired—for a five-minute part as a little boy. Betty—my wife—and I went to the top balcony to hear him, and he really came across. The boys have been brought up with a lot of music around—my wife's father was Theodore Steinway, and she used to play the harp—but we've tried not to force them."

We asked Mr. Chapin whether *his* father was musical.

"Father was an investment counsellor and an excellent amateur guitar player," he said. "Sort of a Fly Club musician. He died when I was fifteen, and I spent a good part of my early years visiting my aunt, Katherine Garrison Chapin, who's a poet, and her husband, Francis Biddle, in Washington. It was a perfect kind of osmosis background. I've been terribly lucky in my work—I've done what I wanted to do. If you know you don't have talent yourself, you try to acquire the talent of recognizing talent in others. You don't get rich, but you certainly don't get ulcers. I'm a hero-worshipper. Heifetz is one of my heroes, and another is Stravinsky, whose compositions I helped record for Columbia. The amount of important material that man has turned out! And, at eighty-one, he's still going strong. Wouldn't it have been interesting if Beethoven and Mozart and Bach had been able to record their own works?"

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OVERHEARD on an express charging toward Washington Heights: "He must be bright. He reads the *Times*, and he rarely speaks English."

Run, Cassius, Run

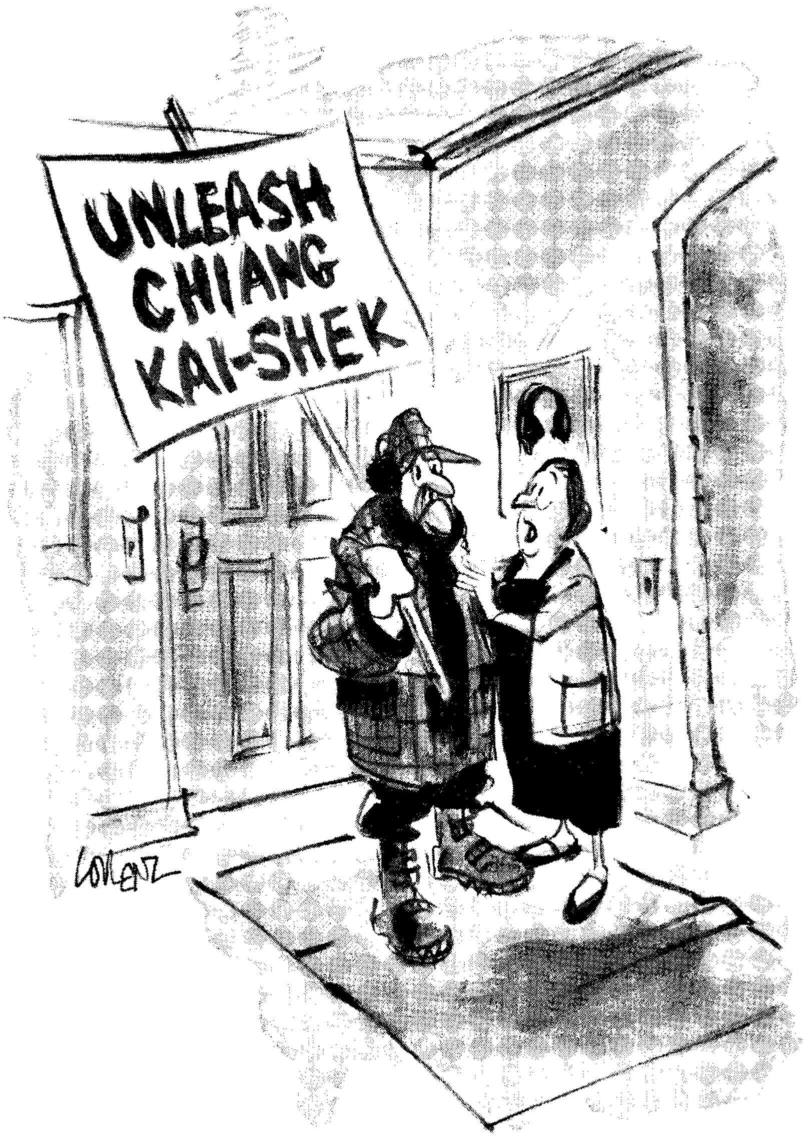
WEARING a look of wide-eyed astonishment, our man Stanley bobbed and weaved past our desk last Wednesday morning and left behind him the following sheaf of slightly root-beer-stained notes:

"Went last night to R.K.O. 86th Street Theatre to catch Clay-Liston go on closed-circuit TV. Fight scheduled for 10 P.M., E.S.T., but, on advice of friend, six-time veteran of similar occasions, showed up early, at eight-fifteen, to get seat in center of theatre, with undistorted view. Wasn't only early arriver; sidewalk in front of theatre already thronged with fight fans. Curious grab bag of Manhattan types. Effete upper-East Side Kuhn Loeb trainees intermingled with burly Madison Square Garden fight-mob regulars, plus sprinkling of transistor-toting teen-agers, sporting irrelevant 'I Love the Beatles' buttons; rotund, red-cheeked Yorkville locals; lean, haunted-looking members of literary circles; and large, vocal, particularly cheerful contingent from Harlem. All in all, very much unlike usual 'Kiss of the Vampire' R.K.O. crowd.

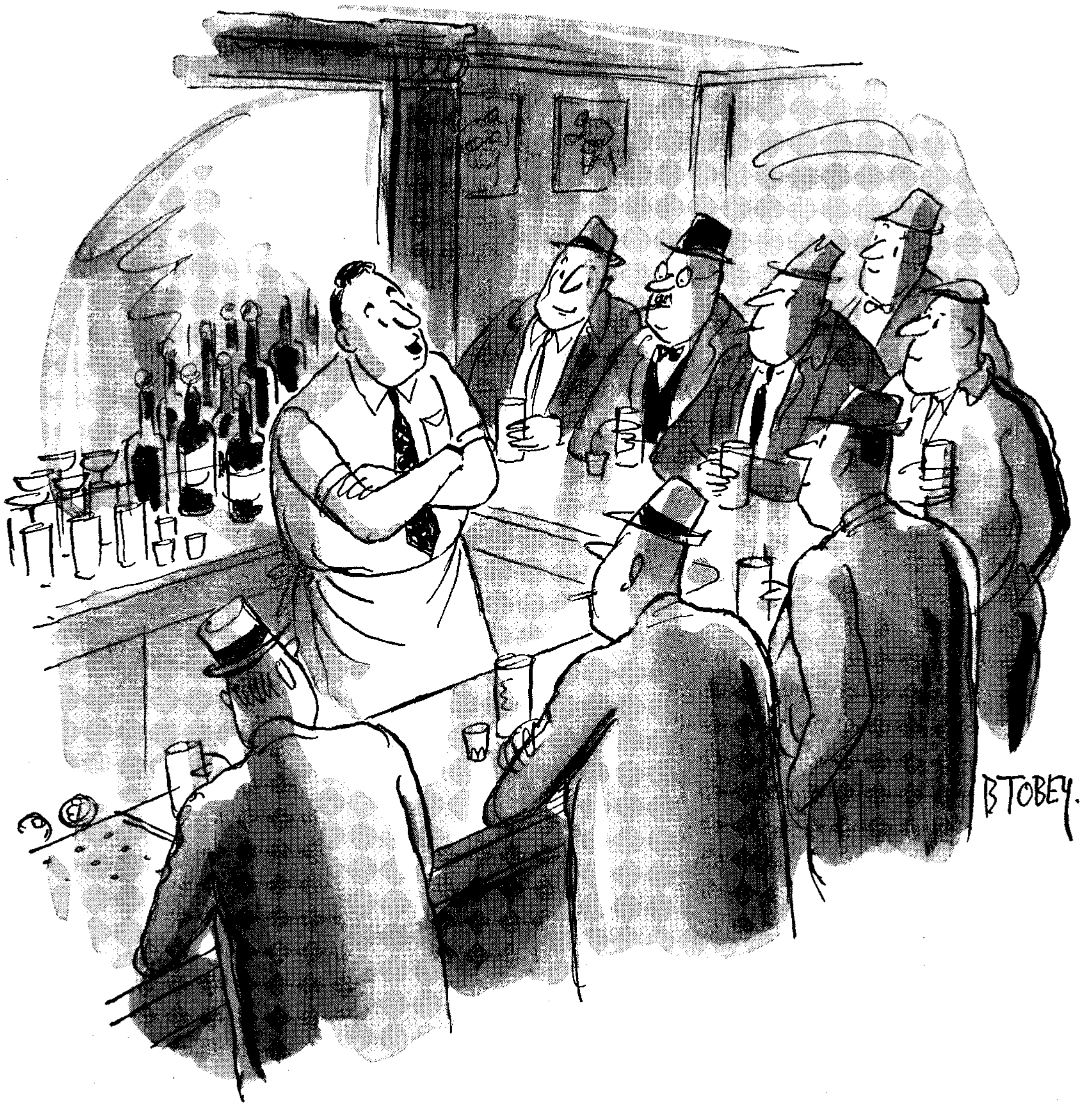
"Cops, ushers in black tie all over the place, shouting that tickets were sold out. Was given shove by usher into torrent of inflowing folk, and, clutching previously purchased $6.75 ducat in right hand, was swept into lobby. Hustled down right center aisle in search of seat, found excellent one on aisle halfway down. With sigh, settled into seat and took look around. R.K.O. 86th Street—great old high-ceilinged, chandeliered twenties movie palace—already about two-thirds filled, and, as promised by R.K.O. management, pre-fight program of short subjects under way. Aquamarine film on underwater spearfishing concluded with narrator saying, 'Yes, there's a whole world of color and adventure beneath the ocean's deeps.' Confusing line, but no matter—almost no one listening to him or looking at screen. Instead, everyone chattering about fight. Overwhelming consensus: Sonny in first round or Sonny in second round—'Man, it's *got* to be Sonny.'

"Fell into conversation with neighbor—young, light-skinned Negro bus driver named Roger, who held minority opinion that Clay could take Liston, and, furthermore, had bet five dollars on Clay at 8–1 odds. 'What Cassius has to do is run,' explained Roger, who was bright-eyed and intense, like race-track long-shot player with theory. 'If he can run long enough, then old Sonny's gonna get tired and Cassius can flatten him.' 'Listen, buddy,' said bulky Listonite in row ahead, joining in conversation. 'He can run, but he can't hide. One punch from Sonny, and pow! They're gonna have to carry that Cassius Clay *a*-way.' Laughter from surrounding listeners-in, but Roger undismayed.

"Underwater movie followed by film on sports in Orient, including Japanese six-day bicycle racing, and by cartoon called 'Bears and the Bees.' Noticed that several



"But you can't quit now. Think of your obligation to those generations of crackpots yet unborn."



". . . *After the cereal is crushed, it is made into a mash with warm water, boiled, and poured into the vat. Then hops go in, and yeast, which makes it ferment into alcohol, is added.*"

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people around me, apparently really seasoned closed-circuit-theatre-TV veterans, had brought along flashlights and were reading in dark. Veterans thus able to avoid looking at next short films: 1954 documentary extolling virtues of Cleveland and environs; musical short called 'The Wildest,' starring Louis Prima and Keely Smith; and movie of 1953 Indianapolis Speedway race. As film program at last ended, to sighs of relief from audience, and lights went on in theatre, glanced at watch. Nine-thirty-five. Twenty-five minutes until fight time. Sense of excitement rising, running through theatre.

"With Roger saving seat, took look around theatre, now almost filled. Ventured into lobby, and could hear voices shouting from sidewalk offers to buy tickets from those inside for ten dollars apiece, fifteen dollars apiece. Voices from sidewalk had husky, desperate sound, like voices of shipwrecked men in water calling to those already safely in lifeboats. Turned deaf ear to cries, joined swarm at refreshment stand avidly buying popcorn, soft drinks, Bazzini's salted nuts, chocolate-covered peanuts, Goldenberg's Peanut Chews, etc. Made off eventually with root beer, most of which was quickly spilled over self in encounter with late-arriving fan. Returned to seat. Roger edgy but confident. All cheered as words 'Fifteen Minutes' flashed on screen, cheered again as live scene at Miami Beach, slightly out of focus, appeared on screen. Abe Attell, Rocky Marciano, Joe Louis, George Jessel, Ray Robinson introduced by ring announcer. Rumble of voices in theatre grew to roar, like subway train coming into station. Roar rose when Clay entered ring. Arrival in ring also accompanied by whistles, catcalls, boos on East Eighty-sixth Street. Thunderous roar and loud applause in theatre for arrival in ring of Liston. Champion definitely crowd's favorite. Scene from Miami Beach had odd look of old fight film rather than live happening, but fidelity of TV picture evidently matter of little concern to R.K.O. gathering. Stillness in theatre just before beginning of fight, and respectful shudder of fear and awe through crowd as Liston shown giving Clay evil eye during issuing of instructions in center of ring.

"Another roar when fight under way and boxers came out from corners, began cautiously mixing it up. 'Run, Cassius, run!' shouted Roger over and over, in shrill voice. Roger beaming as Clay, to surprise of all, including me, not only survived but won first round. Roger glowing as Clay lasted second round, clearly took third round, endured Liston punches in fourth round. 'Run, Cassius, run!' Roger continued to shout. 'Any minute now, any minute now,' said the bulky Liston man. 'Then Sonny goes pow and it's all over.' Roger near hysteria as Clay weathered fifth round and came back to take sixth. 'He's doing just right, he's doing what Floyd should have done—jabbing and then running like hell,' said Roger excitedly at close of sixth round. Suddenly, Clay was dancing wildly in middle of ring. Crowd in R.K.O. 86th Street confused, unaware of what had happened. Then word that Liston had thrown in towel, and pandemonium in theatre. Everyone on feet shouting at once. Clay on screen screaming into microphone, but no one able to hear anything he was saying. Only voice audible above din Roger's. 'I told you so! I told you so! I told you so!' shrieked Roger. 'Cassius is the greatest, the greatest!' Stumbled up aisle in midst of dazed, bewildered, unbelieving fight fans. In lobby, spotted one especially openmouthed chap. Realized almost immediately I was looking in mirror and openmouthed chap was self."

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SIGN on a newsstand in a Savarin Restaurant on the Connecticut Turnpike: "This is an honor box. Anyone taking papers without paying will be prosecuted."

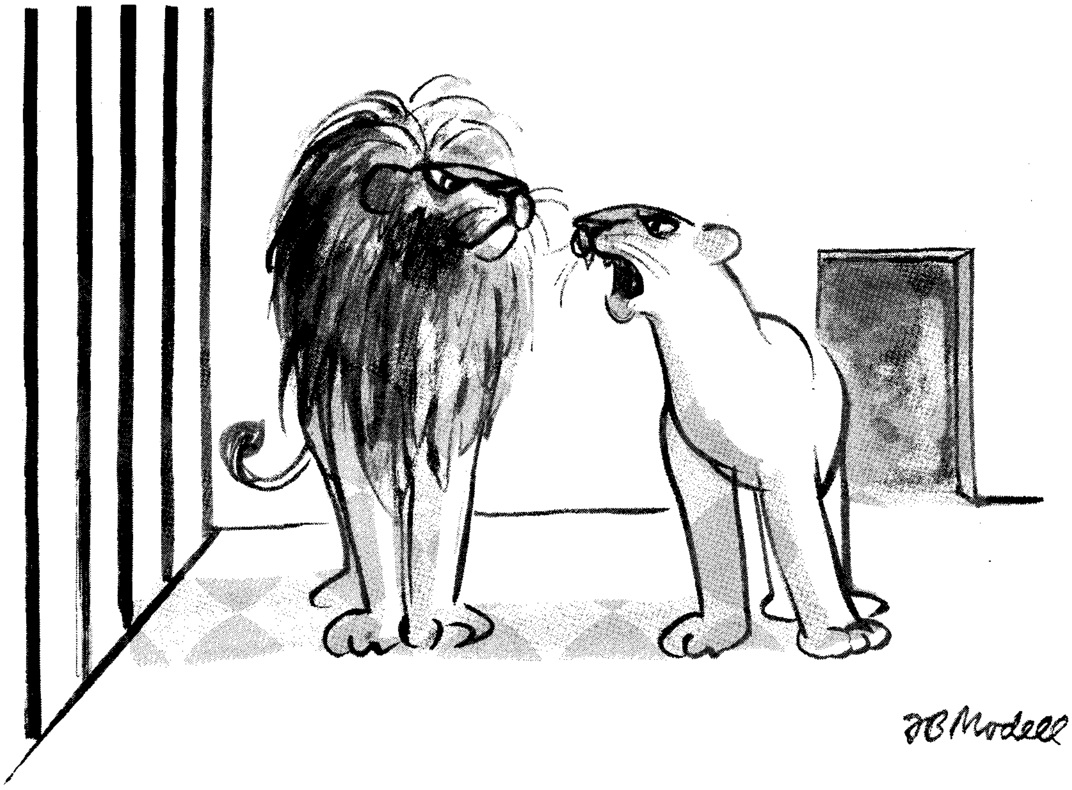
THE HABIT

Mr. Bradish wanted a change. He did not mean at all by this that he wanted to change himself—only his scenery, his pace, and his environment, and that for only a space of eighteen or twenty days. He could leave his office for that long. Bradish was a heavy smoker, and the Surgeon General's report had made him self-conscious about his addiction. It seemed to him that strangers on the street regarded the cigarette in his fingers with disapproval and sometimes with commiseration. This was manifestly absurd, and he needed to get away. He would take a trip. He was divorced at the time, and would go alone.

One day after lunch he stopped in a travel agency on Park Avenue to see what rates were in force. A receptionist directed him to a desk at the back of the office, where a young woman offered him a chair and lit his cigarette with a matchbook flying the ensign of the Corinthian Yacht Club. She had, he noticed, a dazzling smile and a habit of biting it off when it had served its purpose, as a tailor bites off a thread. He had England in mind. He would spend ten days in London and ten in the country with friends. When he mentioned England, the clerk said that she had recently come back from England herself. From Coventry. She flashed her smile, bit it off. He did not want to go to Coventry, but she was a young woman with the determination and single-mindedness of her time of life, and he saw that he would have to hear her out on the beauties of Coventry, where she seemed to have had an aesthetic and a spiritual rebirth. She took from her desk drawer an illustrated magazine to show him pictures of the cathedral. What impressed him, as it happened, was a blunt advertisement in the magazine, stating that cigarettes caused lung cancer. He dismissed England from his mind—the clerk was still on Coventry—and thought that he would go to France. He would go to Paris. The French government had not censured smoking, and he could inhale his Gauloise without feeling subversive. However, the memory of a Gauloise stopped him. Gauloises, Bleues and Jaunes. He recalled how their smoke seemed to drop from an altitude into his lungs and double him up with paroxysms of coughing. In his imagination clouds of rank French tobacco smoke seemed to settle like a bitter fog over the City of Light, making it appear to him an unsavory and despondent place. So he would go to the Tyrol, he thought. He was about to ask for information on the Tyrol when he remembered that tobacco was a state monopoly in Austria and that all you could get to smoke there were flavorless ovals that came in fancy boxes and smelled of perfume. Italy, then. He would cross the Brenner and go down to Venice. But he remembered Italian cigarettes—Esportaziones and Giubeks—remembered how the crude tobacco stuck to his tongue and how the smoke, like a winter wind, made him shiver and think of death. He would go on to Greece, then; he would take a cruise through the islands, he thought—until he recalled the taste of that Egyptian tobacco that is all you can get to smoke in Greece. Russia. Turkey. India. Japan. Glancing above the clerk's head to a map of the world, he saw it all as a chain of tobacco stores. There was no escape. "I think I won't go anywhere," he said. The clerk flashed her smile, bit it off like a thread, and watched him go out the door.

The quality of discipline shines through a man's life and all his works, giving them a probity and a fineness that preclude disorder, or so Bradish thought. The time had come for him to discipline himself. He put out his last cigarette and walked up Park Avenue with the straitened, pleasant, and slightly dancy step of an old athlete who has his shoes and his suits made in England. As a result of his decision, toward the end of the afternoon he began to suffer from something that resembled a mild case of the bends. His circulatory system was disturbed. His capillaries seemed abraded, his lips were swollen, and now and then his right foot would sting. There was a marked unfreshness in his mouth that seemed too various and powerful to be contained by that small organ; seemed by its power and variety to enlarge his mouth, giving it, in fact, the dimensions and malodorousness of some ancient burlesque theatre like the Howard Athenaeum. Fumes seemed to rise from his mouth to his brain, leaving him with an extraordinary sense of light-headedness. Since he felt himself committed to this discipline, he decided to think of these symptoms in the terms of travel. He would observe them as they made themselves felt, as one would observe from the windows of a train the changes in geology and vegetation in a strange country.

As the day changed to night, the country through which he travelled seemed mountainous and barren. He seemed to be on a narrow-gauge railroad travelling through a rocky pass. Nothing but thistles and wire grass grew



"Don't give me any of that king-of-the-jungle jazz!"

among the rocks. He reasoned that once they were over the pass they would come onto a fertile plain with trees and water, but when the train rounded a turn on the summit of the mountain, he saw that what lay ahead was an alkali desert scored with dry stream beds. He knew that if he smoked, tobacco would irrigate this uninhabitable place, the fields would bloom with flowers, and water would run in the streams, but since he had chosen to take this particular journey, since it was quite literally an escape from an intolerable condition, he settled down to study the unrelieved aridity. When he made himself a cocktail in his apartment that night, he smiled—he actually smiled—to observe that there was nothing to be seen in the ashtrays but a little dust and a leaf he had picked off his shoe.

He was changing, he was changing, and like most men he had wanted to change, it seemed. In the space of a few hours, he had become more sagacious, more comprehensive, more mature. He seemed to feel the woolly mantle of his time of life come to rest on his shoulders. He felt himself to be gaining some understanding of the poetry of the force of change in life, felt himself involved in one of those intimate, gruelling, and unseen contests that make up the story of a man's soul. If he stopped smoking, he might stop drinking. He might even curtail his erotic tastes. Immoderation had been the cause of his divorce. Immoderation had alienated his beloved children. If they could only see him now, see the clean ashtrays in his room, mightn't they invite him to come home? He could charter a schooner and sail up the coast of Maine with them. When he went, later that night, to see his mistress, the smell of tobacco on her breath made her seem to him so depraved and unclean that he didn't bother to take off his clothes and went home early to his bed and his clean ashtrays.

Bradish had never had any occasion to experience self-righteousness other than the self-righteousness of the sinner. His censure had been aimed at people who drank clam juice and cultivated restrained tastes. Walking to work the next morning, he found himself jockeyed rudely onto the side of the angels; found himself perforce an advocate of abstemiousness, and discovered that some part of this condition was an involuntary urge to judge the conduct of others—a sensation so strange to him, so newly found, so unlike his customary point of view that he thought it exciting. He watched with emphatic disapproval a stranger light a cigarette on a street corner. The stranger plainly had no will power. He was injuring his health, trimming his life span, and betraying his dependents, who might suffer hunger and cold as a result of this self-indulgence. What's more, the man's clothing was shabby, his shoes were unshined, and if he could not afford to dress himself decently he could surely not afford the vice of tobacco. Should Bradish take the cigarette out of his hand? Lecture him? Awaken him? It seemed a little early in the game, but the impulse was there and he had never experienced it before. Now he walked up Fifth Avenue with his newly possessed virtuousness, looking neither at the sky nor at the pretty women but instead raking the population like a lieutenant of the vice squad employed to seek out malefactors. Oh, there were so many! A dishevelled old lady, colorless but for a greasy smear of crimson lipstick, stood on the corner of Forty-fourth Street, lighting one cigarette from another. Men in doorways, girls on the steps of the library, boys in the park all seemed determined to destroy themselves.

His light-headedness continued through the morning, so that he found it difficult to make business decisions, and there was some definite injury to his eyesight. He felt as if he had taken his eyes through a dust storm. He went to a business lunch where drinks were served, and when someone passed him a cigarette he said, "Not right now, thank you." He blushed with self-righteousness, but he was not going to demean his struggle by confiding in anyone. Having abstained triumphantly for nearly twenty-four hours, he thought he deserved a reward, and he let the waiter keep filling his cocktail glass. In the end he drank too much, and when he got back to his office he was staggering. This, on top of his disturbed circulatory system, his swollen lips, his bleary eyes, the stinging sensation in his right foot, and the feeling that his brain was filled with the fumes and the malodorousness of an old burlesque theatre made it impossible for him to work, and he floundered through the rest of the day. He seldom went to cocktail parties, but he went to one that afternoon, hoping that it would distract him. He definitely felt unlike himself. The damage by this time had reached his equilibrium, and he

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IN THE CABOT STRAIT

When we sailed up the Cabot Strait,
The ice floes drifted, pale and chilly
As nursemaids out of Hyde Park Gate.
Foggy it was, like Piccadilly,
When, with an effort, and by fits,
You can see Bond Street from the Ritz.

The floes grew thicker, and the bows
Crushed through them with a mighty crunching.
Just so a businessman at Gow's,
Sternly and strenuously lunching,
Breaks through the layered crusts that lie
Over his steak-and-kidney pie.

The fog bank lightened, but the floes,
Like rush-hour traffic, seemed to harden,
And, as the taxi-driver goes
Gaily as far as Covent Garden,
Then jams, and blames his blooming luck,
We charged the barrier, and stuck.

And, as to some more fluid place
The taxi flees, and so emerges,
We plucked our bows from that embrace
And turned, and crept along the verges,
Not for a detour by the Strand
But heading north for Newfoundland.

—R. P. Lister

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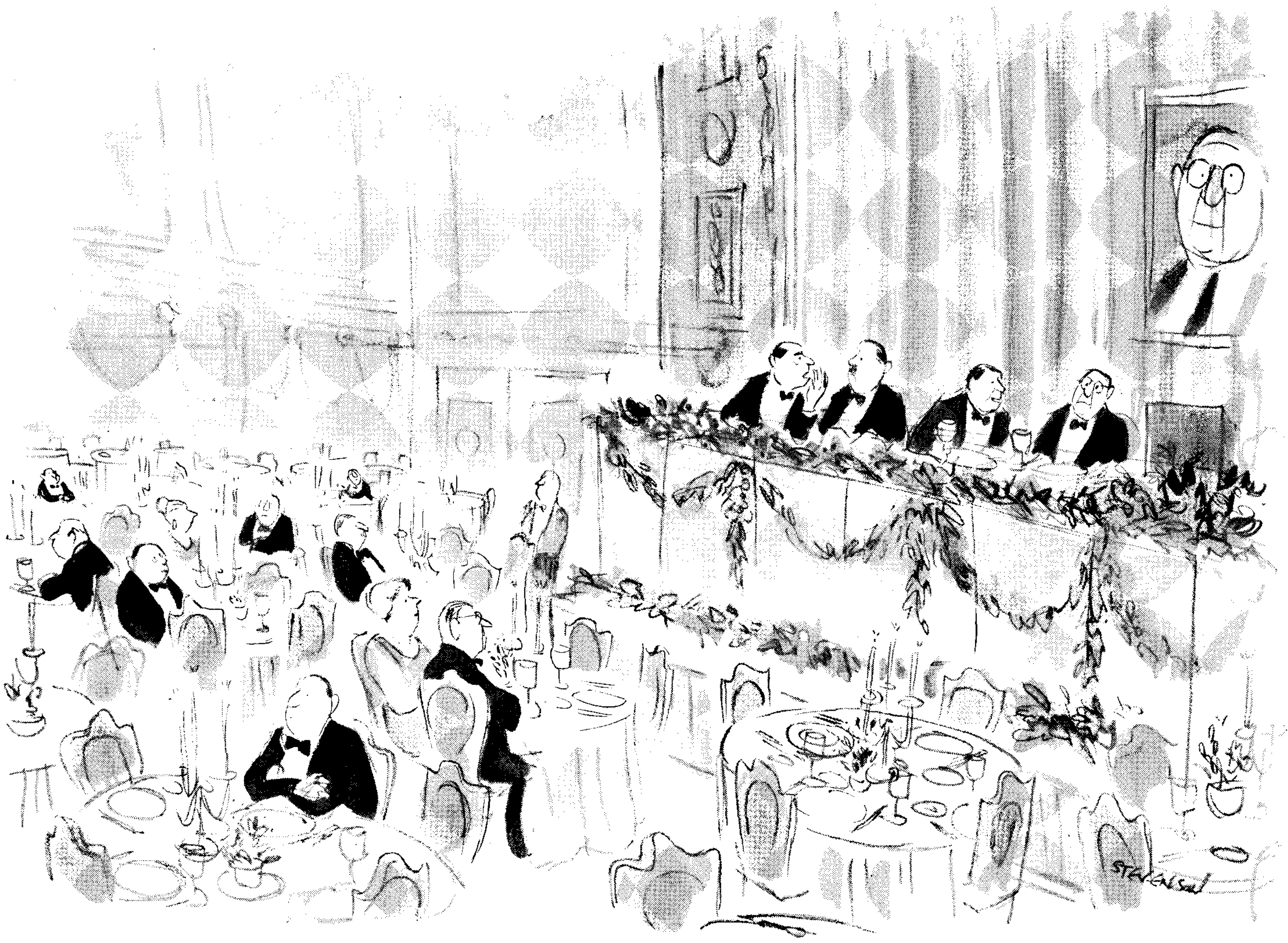


“After this testimonial dinner, I guess he’ll know who his friends are.”

• •

found crossing streets difficult and hazardous, as if he were maneuvering over a high and narrow bridge.

The party was large, and he kept going to the bar. He thought that gin would quench his craving. It was hardly a craving, he noticed—nothing like hunger or thirst or the need for love. It felt like some sullen and stubborn ebbing in his bloodstream. The lightness in his head had worsened. He laughed, talked, and behaved himself up to a point, but this was merely mechanical. Late in the party, a young woman wearing a light sack or tube-shaped dress, her long hair the color of Virginia tobacco, came in at the door. In his ardor to reach her he knocked over a table and several glasses. It was, or had been up to that point, a decorous party, but the noise of broken glass, followed by the screaming of the stranger when he wrapped his legs around her and buried his nose in her tobacco-colored hair, were barbarous. Two guests pried him loose. He stood there, crouched with ardor, snorting through his distended nostrils. Then he flung away the arms of the men who held him and strode out of the room.

He went down in the elevator with a stranger whose brown suit looked and smelled like a Havana Upman, but Bradish kept his eyes on the floor of the carriage and contented himself with breathing in the stranger’s fragrance. The elevator man smelled of a light, cheap blend that had been popular in the fifties. The doorman, he noticed, looked and smelled like a briar pipe with a Burley mixture. And on Fifty-seventh Street he saw a woman whose hair was the color of his favorite blend and who seemed to trail after her its striking and corrupt perfume. Only by grinding his teeth and bracing his muscles did he keep from seizing her, but he realized that his behavior at the party, repeated on the street, would take him to jail, and there were, as far as he knew, no cigarettes in jail. He had changed—he had changed, and so had his world, and watching the population of the city pass him in the dusk, he saw them as Winstons, Chesterfields, Marlboros, Salems, hookahs, meerschaums, cigarillos, Corona-Coronas, Camels, and Players. It was a young woman—really a child—whom he mistook for a Lucky Strike that was his undoing. She screamed when he attacked her, and two strangers knocked him down, striking and kicking him with just moral indignation. A crowd gathered. There was pandemonium, and presently the sirens of the police car that took him away.

—JOHN CHEEVER

•

HOW’S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*John Gruen in the Herald Tribune*]

He sort of shuffles on the stage, as though consumed by fatigue.

He sits at the piano.

He lifts his hands slowly to the keyboard.

And quite suddenly, this young man of tired mien is immersed in the business of producing sounds of such high-voltage individuality as to quickly dispel any notions that the evening would be anything but routine.

L'AMERICANO

ON a fine spring morning about a year and a half after the end of the Second World War, I found myself, to my amazement, weeping on one of the top decks of the Saturnia, an aging Italian liner that was about to sail from New York for Naples. For some time, I had been placidly standing up there, gazing down at the stern of the ship, where my fellow-passengers in tourist class were crowded against the rails waving goodbye to the friends and relatives they were leaving behind. Quite a few of those making the voyage were evidently going back to Italy for the first time in a great many years, and they were excited and emotional. The air was full of large white handkerchiefs and brightly colored scarves, fluttering in the breeze off the river or being pressed to tear-stained cheeks, and voices of grief bridged the thin strip of scummy green water that separated us from the pier and our land.

But why was *I* crying? I wasn't one of these people; I had nothing in common with those old men and women shouting at each other in Neapolitan and Sicilian dialects, or with the younger ones, the gaudily dressed Italo-Americans on their way over to have a first look at "the old country." Although I am half Italian and had spent the first eight years of my life in Italy, I had got used to thinking of myself as an Anglo-Saxon. I was going back to Italy only because I had what I thought was a fine lyric tenor voice and I couldn't afford to pay ten dollars an hour to train it, which was what singing teachers were getting in New York in those days. I had been told that Italy was very cheap; my mother had given me a thousand dollars to supplement the monthly benefits I was entitled to under the G.I. Bill, and I was going to Rome to become, if not a Caruso, at least a John McCormack. My motives were entirely practical and selfish. But as I stood above the other weepers and wept my own peculiar tears, I realized dimly that it wasn't merely empathy I was feeling. It was entirely possible that I was crying because I had been shut off from that purely Italian world on the deck below me, and because I had never wanted or tried to understand it. Suddenly I was ashamed of the thought that I was in some way weeping for myself, and, as the old ship honked and drifted out into the tidal current, I dried my eyes and hurried below.

The Saturnia had been a hospital ship during the last years of the war and it hadn't yet been completely reconverted to the passenger trade. The ship was full, and most of the passengers slept in tiered bunks, forty or fifty to a cabin area. Children ran up and down the corridors and played games between the beds. Luckily, I had been put into a cabin for eight, in a smaller space up under the bow. I had only glimpsed my cabinmates earlier, when I had stopped in just long enough to sling a bag onto an upper berth. Now, on reëntering the room, I was glad to find it empty. I went into the washroom and splashed cold water on my face, and then came back to the cabin and peered out of an open porthole. We were well out into the river by this time and the shoreline was slipping away from us. I stood there and watched the ferries and lighters and the sun glinting off the windows of skyscrapers and office buildings. New York is a fine sight from a distance, I thought—a view not without glory. When I finally turned away, an old man was sitting on the bunk underneath mine, looking at me with mild curiosity.

"We are out to sea yet?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Come and look."

The old man shook his head. "Why should I?" he said. "I will come and look when there is nothing to see any more."

I introduced myself, and without getting up the old man shook my hand. He was in his late seventies, I guessed, but he looked in wonderful health. His cheeks were pink and the flesh of his face, though deeply wrinkled, was firm. His eyes were alert, and his hands were large and strong, with stubby fingers and hard-looking nails. He was short; as he sat up very straight on the bed, the top of his head was well below the springs of my bunk. He was dressed in a dark, heavy suit with a vest, and his black shoes gleamed below the edge of his trouser cuffs. His shirt was slightly worn at the collar and his bright-red tie was tied in a huge knot directly beneath a rather prominent Adam's apple. A few wisps of long gray hair stuck out from under a dark-blue beret that hugged the top of his skull.

"You have been crying," the old man said, releasing my hand.

MARTHA'S
MAPLE SYRUP

"This old tree has been good to us, Martha."

• •

"No, I haven't," I answered. "What makes you think so?"

"Your eyes are red."

I looked away from him, embarrassed.

"You are not crying, I hope, because we are leaving the United States of America," the old man said. "I have been here for forty-seven years and it does not make me cry to leave it. Do you smoke?" He produced a wrinkled pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

"No, thanks," I said, glad to change the subject. "I gave it up. I'm a singer. I mean, I'm studying."

"Ah, a singer," the old man said and nodded, his face disappearing temporarily behind a cloud of smoke. "What kind of singer?"

"It's hard to tell just now. I think I'm a *tenore leggero*, but my voice might get heavier when I get older and I could become a *lirico spinto* eventually," I answered pompously.

The old man nodded again. "You are not Italian?" he asked.

"I'm half Italian. My mother was born in Rome."

"Ah, in Rome," the old man said. "That is why you are going to Italy to study."

"One of the reasons."

"I have never been to Rome," the old man said. "It must be very beautiful. I am from the Abruzzi. You know where is the Abruzzi?"

"Yes."

"The Abruzzi is the most beautiful part of Italy," the old man said, "but it is very poor. That is why I left it to come to America. In America there is work. I worked, *caro mio*. But now I am going home. I am going home to spend the rest of my life in the Abruzzi. I have a brother there."

Sitting in the cabin, on our way out to sea, the old man smoked one cigarette after another and told me the story of his life. He had married in America, but his wife was dead, and his children, Americans to the bone, had all married and gone off to live elsewhere, in towns and cities with strange names where the old man had never been and had never had any desire to go. He thought he would miss his grandchildren, but he felt that they would soon forget him and that his own children, wrapped up in their own lives, were glad to see him go, because advanced age was threatening to make him a worry to them. He hadn't seen the older brother he had left behind in the Abruzzi since they were both young men, but they had written each other faithfully and their love was the only thing, I gathered, that seemed real to him any more. The brother, too, was alone now, and the old men were planning to become dust together, in their own good time, in their own house and on their own soil.

I was grateful for the old man's conversation, mainly because he took my mind off myself. I didn't know why he was telling me his life history, but I sensed that he was deeply troubled by this departure. Later, after he had finished telling me about his mountain village in the Abruzzi, he took a flat gold watch out of his vest pocket and looked angrily at it. "Where are we now?" he asked.

I walked over to the porthole. "We're past the Narrows, I think," I said. "Let's go up on deck."

"No," the old man said. "I will go up when we are really away from here." He sank back against his pillow and stretched out on the bed. "I will go later, after we eat."

"You didn't like America, I gather."

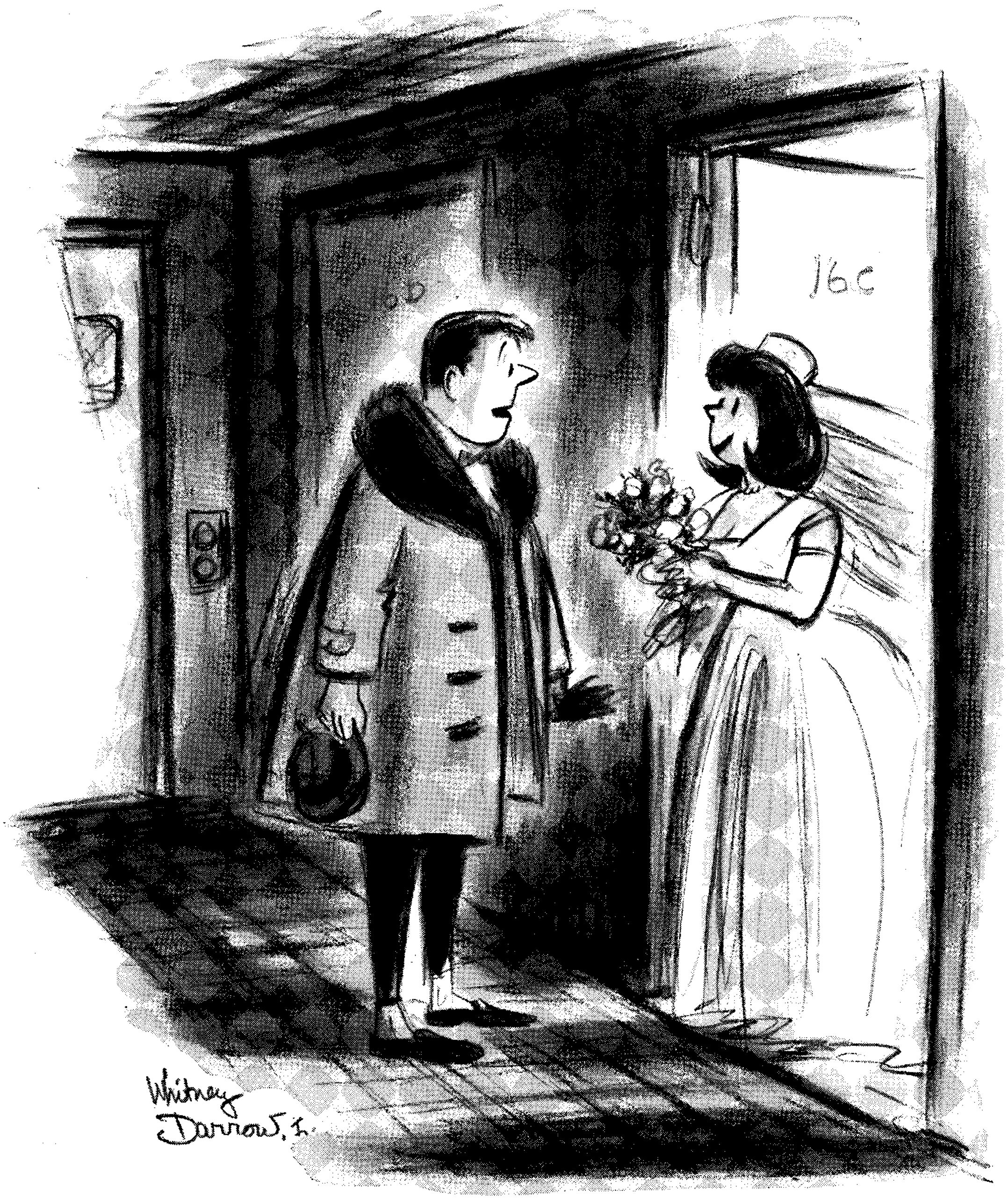
"I liked to work," the old man said. "There was work."

"What did you do?"

"I did several things," he said. "I shined shoes, I cut hair, I worked in a restaurant. I did this and that. I saved my money. I had a store, too. And I sold it. And I saved the money from the selling of the store." He gazed calmly up at the springs of the bunk above him. "My brother couldn't believe all the things I did, and sometimes I also wondered. But there was always work, even in bad times, for one who looked. You didn't know about such things, *caro mio*. You did not know the Abruzzi. Your people were *signori*. Not rich, maybe, but *signori*. I can tell."

"My father lost his money in the depression," I said, "but I don't remember ever being hard up."

"No," the old man said. "When



"Actually, what I had in mind, Miss Carlson, was a movie and then maybe a pizza or something."

• •

you came downtown to Mulberry Street, you came as a *turista.* Is that not so?"

I admitted that was so.

"In Italy, when your people came to the Abruzzi they came as *turisti,*" the old man said. "In America, at least there is work."

I SAW a great deal of the old man during the trip over. We ate at the same table, and after meals we would usually take a turn around the deck together. Often I would pass him in one of the lounges and we would never fail to nod politely to each other. He seemed to have no interests, and I never saw him pick up a book or even a magazine. Though the other occupants of our cabin—two waiters, three students, and a priest—were a talkative lot, the old man remained aloof from all discussions. He took no part in any of the planned activities on board, preferring to sit off by himself, usually in a corner, his hands flat against his thighs, the stubby fingers resting on his knees, his eyes roving disinterestedly about the room. Whenever the forced gaiety of shipboard companionship threatened to include him, or the noise of the young at play battered at the edges of his self-containment, he would rise and move away to some more peaceful area. Hardly anyone spoke to him, and I seemed to be his only friend, though I couldn't imagine why he had singled me out.

He frequently seemed tense and preoccupied, and I soon guessed it was because he was carrying all the money that he had saved in his forty-seven years of hard work. I was sure he wore a money belt, but I never actually found out. The old man never removed a single article of clothing in my presence. He would lie down fully dressed on his bunk and sleep on his back under a single blanket. The points of his worn black shoes stuck out from underneath the blanket, and sometimes, when I peeked down at him, I'd see his small brown eyes staring straight up at me, unwinkingly intense. In the mornings, he got up very early and padded noiselessly to the bathroom, where he locked himself in for twenty minutes and washed, emerging as before, with every article of clothing, including the beret, in its proper place. Late one evening, when I suggested that he might be more comfortable if he removed his jacket before going to bed, he snorted and then whipped his gold watch out of his pocket, dangling it in the air before me like a pendulum. "You see this watch, huh? You remember this watch, huh?" he said, his eyes glittering with rage. "I buy this watch two days before I leave America. It is a present I make to myself after so many years. That jeweller, he finds out I am leaving. Like a fool, in my happiness I tell him I am leaving. So you know what? That watch, she stops the second day after we leave! What you think of that, huh? That's what I call honest, huh? That jeweller is a crook, like everyone is a crook! That's what I know, *caro mio!* The world is full of gallant gentlemen!"

No one could understand my friendship for the old man, and I wasn't too sure about it myself at first. It was as if we shared a secret, but neither of us knew what that secret was. Of course, he did help me with my Italian; I spent a great deal of time wrestling with the language. I had grown up in America listening to my mother and my grandmother speak Italian around the house and feeling perfectly secure in the aura of my once perfect knowledge of it, but now, dumped into a world of casual everyday conversation, I discovered I couldn't really speak it at all. I stumbled over words and groped blindly for them with a tongue grown suddenly huge and clumsy, and could only produce, through stiff lips, the half-paralyzed, comical mumblings of any raw tourist. My chief embarrassment was an inability to address anyone except in the intimacy of the second person singular—the "*tu*" that is always reserved for family and friends of more than one day's standing. The old man helped me make the transition to "*voi*" (though I was to discover later that this form is considered vulgar and that the third person singular, "*lei*," is much more suitable), and he patiently corrected my worst blunders. After too many of these, I would sneak away by myself and pace the top deck of the ship, ducking around lifeboats as I doggedly plowed through pronoun declensions and conjugated verbs at the top of my lungs above the wind off the sea. I was a chastened American Demosthenes, grinding words like pebbles on my tongue and shamed by my own ignorance. But the old man never made fun of me, and I was grateful to him.

The whole trip, in fact, was full of humiliations. I was one of seven tenors on board and the only one, it turned out, who couldn't sing a note. I know that I'll never forget the expression on the face of the corpulent opera enthusiast in the main lounge, a fishmonger from Queens, who could play entire scores from memory on the upright piano and who forced me one afternoon to embark on an aria from "Tosca." When I cracked the first high note, he blanched, stopped playing, and left the room, shaking his head. No one asked me to sing after that, and in the evenings I had to sit and listen to the other tenors sing at informal musicales. One of them was a celebrity, a white-maned lion from the golden age of the Met. He didn't sing much, either, but he was always present; he sat off to one side, making snide remarks about the younger men, who would stand braced against the rolling of the ship, bouncing high notes off the ceiling. "What dogs, what dogs!" I heard the lion confide to an acquaintance one night as the younger men came and went, full-throatedly seeking applause. Still, the lion's remarks were not much comfort to me, the worst dog of all, and it was at that moment that the old man, sitting stolidly beside me, tugged gently at my sleeve. "He is right, they *are* all dogs," he whispered. "They sing before they have learned how. Let us go up for some air or they will make me vomit."

REINCARNATION

Still, passed through the spokes of an old wheel, on and around
The hub's furry rust in the weeds and shadows of the riverbank,
This one is feeling his life as a man move slowly away.
Fallen from that estate, he has gone down on his knees
And beyond, disappearing into the egg buried under the sand,

And wakened to the low world being born, consisting now
Of the wheel on its side not turning, but leaning to rot away
In the sun a few feet farther off than it is for any man.
The roots bulge quietly under the earth beneath him;
With his tongue he can hear them in their concerted effort

To raise something, anything, out of the dark of the ground.
He has come by gliding, by inserting the head between stems.
Everything follows that as naturally as the creation
Of the world, leaving behind arms and legs, leaving behind
The intervals between tracks, leaving one long wavering step

In sand and none in grass; he moves through, moving nothing,
And the grass stands as never entered. It is in the new
Life of resurrection that one can come in one's own time
To a place like a rotting wheel, the white paint flaking from it,
Rust slowly emerging, and coil halfway through it, stopped

By a just administration of light and dark over the diamonds
Of the body. Here, also naturally growing, is a flat leaf
To rest the new head upon. The stem bends but knows the weight
And does not touch the ground, holding the snub, patterned face
Swaying with the roots of things. Inside the jaws, saliva

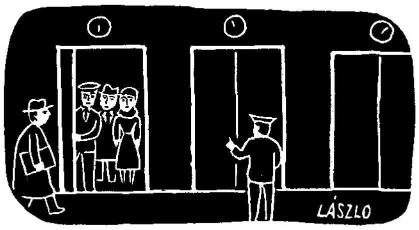
Has turned ice-cold, drawn from bird eggs and thunderstruck rodents,
Dusty pine needles, blunt stones, horse dung, leaf mold,
But mainly, now, from waiting—all the time a symbol of evil—
Not for food, but for the first man to walk by the gentle river.
Minute by minute the head becomes more poisonous and poised.

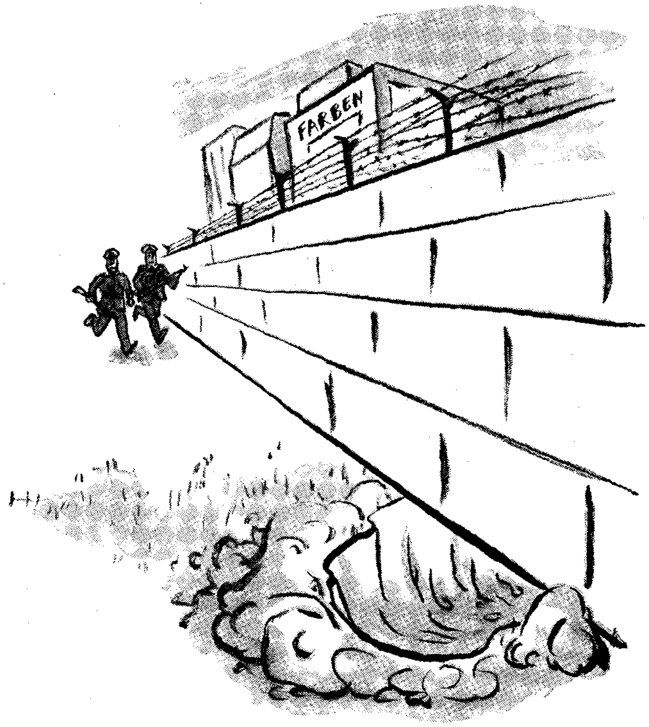
Here in the wheel is the place to wait, with the eyes unclosable,
Unanswerable, the tongue occasionally listening, this time
No place in the body desiring to burn the tail away or to warn,
But only to pass on, handless, what yet may be transferred
In a sudden giving-withdrawing move, like a county judge striking a match.

—James Dickey

• •

Quite apart from the old man's unfailing support, there was a quality in him I responded to—something fierce, something grimly constant under the surface stolidity, the indifference, the calm. Also, he was my first real link with an old world I had shut out in the years of growing up in America. I tried to imagine him as a young man, getting off the boat around 1900, clutching a worn suitcase full of clothes that had probably begun to smell from the cheeses and sausages his relatives in the Abruzzi had lovingly packed away for him. I could see him standing on the pier while the customs authorities coldly and efficiently stripped him of his cheeses and his sausages. The noises and gray colors of the strange city into which he was about to disappear must have been hard and menacing, and the visions and sounds of his village in the Abruzzi already terribly distant to him in the light of this new reality. And in the forty-seven years since that day, he had been preparing for his death, working like a mole under the concrete city, while his relatives in the Abruzzi died off one by one, and his children, speaking only the new language of the hostile concrete world, grew up around him and then went their own ways. I wondered what his meeting with his





brother would be like and whether the two old men would recognize in each other the faces of their youth. I remembered reading a newspaper story some years before about an old peasant going back to his village and being met there by the wife he had left behind half a century before. "Hello, my husband, I knew you would come home," the wife had said. "As you can see, I have waited for you."

IN the dining room, the old man and I sat across from one of the other men in our cabin. His name was Marco and he was in his forties. He had a lean, hungry, furrowed face, with black eyes and a mouth that twisted slightly at the corners, whether smiling or not, as if it had never tasted anything to its liking. He was an intellectual, originally from the Veneto, and he had a tongue that was quick to ridicule and censure. He had spent fifteen years in America, had become a citizen, and had served in the Army during the war. Since then, he had been lucratively employed as a headwaiter in a well-known East Side *bistro*, and he told us that he had been able to save a lot of money in a very short time, owing mostly to the amount of undeclared income in tips he had regularly stashed away. Nevertheless, he seemed to have enjoyed none of his experiences and to have liked nothing about the country in which he had taken refuge. However, I soon realized that his cynicism embraced the whole world, not merely his adopted land, and that he flavored his bitterness with a sharp wit. I spent a good deal of time laughing at his gossipy stories and I took nothing he said very seriously. I did notice that he and the old man rarely spoke to each other, but this didn't strike me as odd, because the old man hardly spoke to anyone.

At lunch one day, Marco, who had been toying with his food, suddenly looked up from his plate and smiled maliciously at the old man. "Well, it won't be long now, eh?" he said. "Three days and we'll be in Naples. What do you think of that?"

The old man did not answer. He didn't seem to realize that Marco had aimed the question at him, and he continued imperturbably to eat, keeping his chin an inch or so over his plate and cramming forkfuls of *pasta* into his mouth.

"I think it's great," I said. "I'm getting pretty excited, in fact."

Marco ignored me and continued to stare at the old man. "And you? How do you feel, eh?" he said.

The old man looked up at him. "How should I feel?"

"Forty-seven years is a long time," Marco said. "What do you know of Italy since then, since the war?"

"What should I know?" the old man asked. "What is there to know?"

"You think it's going to be like it was, eh? No changes. Just the same." Marco leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms, then he winked at me. "Look at him," he said. "He has no idea."

The old man merely grunted and returned to his food.

"Well, of course there must have been changes," I said. "And then, there was the war."

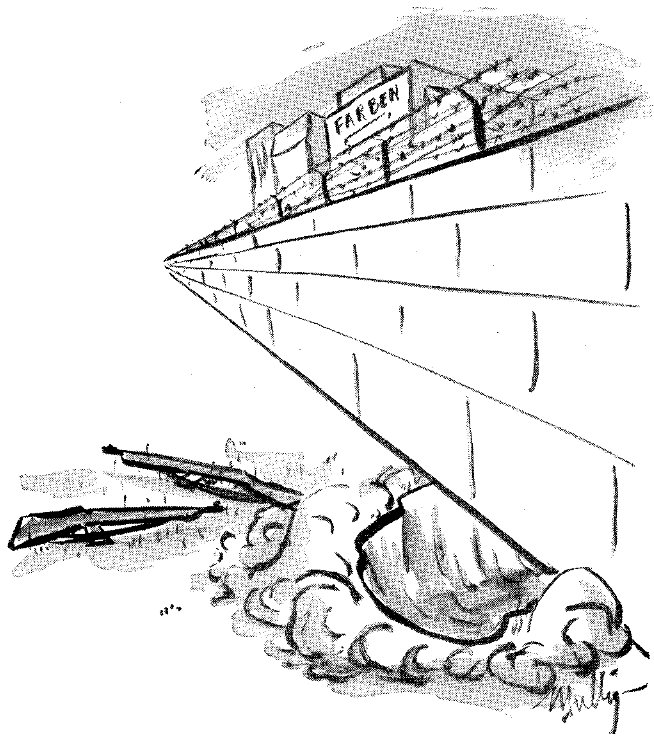
Marco laughed. "Tell that to *him*," he said, indicating the old man. "Have you tried to tell that to him?"

"I'm sure he—"

"But of course he doesn't realize it," Marco continued. "You know how he sees his precious village in the Abruzzi? I'll tell you. It is a little paradise perched on a mountaintop. Below, there is a beautiful green valley full of sheep grazing and flowers and girls picking the flowers. Gentle winds blow down the streets of his village. The people of the village are all young and smiling and handsome. There is good wine to drink and a lot to eat. No radio, no automobiles, no noise. In the evenings, the men gather at the café in the piazza and there is much good serious talk. Oh, it is a splendid life and a splendid village he lives in, all right!"

I glanced at the old man, but he simply went on eating, betraying not a flicker of emotion. "I think he knows about his village," I said. "He has a brother there and they've been writing to each other."

"Oh, sure," Marco said. "They all have a brother they write to. Or a cousin or a wife or an uncle—someone who writes them back and tells them how it is. They know, all right. You know what they're saying now in his village? That the rich American is coming home. That's how they call him now back in his village—'*l'americano*.' He'll get a big welcome, he will. The whole town will turn out, palms up. You know that big trunk I have



in the cabin? It's full of sugar and chocolate and nylons. But with me, buddy, it's a two-way traffic. I bring in the goods and the old folks fork out the lire. With him, it'll be different. He'll give a little here and a little there. Soon he'll be what he was forty-seven years ago—broke. *L'americano!* You know what he'll find? A dusty little town full of old people and children in rags and a lot of poor, all begging for something. If there *is* a town."

"What do you mean?"

"If the war didn't blow it away." Marco laughed again. "Look at him! A year from now, he'll be sitting in the piazza of his town wondering where his money went, and he'll be full of hate for everything Italian. I've seen it before, many times. I've seen it in my own town, and we're not as miserable as they are in the Abruzzi. And that was before the war, when Mussolini had everything running on time and there was work for some. Imagine it now! He'll become more American than Uncle Sam, and all he'll do is talk about how it was back in the States. But by that time nobody's listening, see, because the dollars are all gone."

"Knock it off, Marco," I said, annoyed.

"Let him talk," the old man said quietly. "He likes to talk."

Marco again leaned forward over the table toward the old man. "Your Italy," he said, "that Italy you dream about and talk about—it's gone. You know where it exists? Back on Mulberry Street, old man—that's where. The Italy of fifty years ago, that's where it is. Back on Mulberry Street, not where you think it is."

"I am anxious to see my brother," the old man said. "I do not dream of paradise."

"Your brother? Forty-seven years of work to go home and see your brother? What did you get out of the States, eh?" Marco said. "I at least made money, but what did you get?"

The old man shrugged. "Get? I got what I could."

"And all you ever thought about was the day you'd go home."

"I don't know," the old man said, putting his hands flat against the table and pushing himself to his feet. "I don't know, but I tell you this, Marco—I don't spit in the plate where I eat."

After the old man had gone, I asked Marco why he had been so hard on him.

"I can't stand these old peasants," Marco said. "They never learn; it's always the same for them. Wait till you travel some in Italy. Every town you go into, especially in the south and in Sicily, you'll find these old men. They'll come up to you and introduce themselves and they'll be wearing the last of their American clothes. They'll say, 'Hey, you from the States?,' and then they'll tell you about how it was for them in Brooklyn or the Bronx or Elmira or someplace. You'll see."

When I went back to our cabin after lunch, the old man was lying on the bed. His eyes were closed and I thought he was asleep, but suddenly he said, "That Marco, he thinks my life it means nothing, that it is all foolish, all waste. But what has he done with his life? Nothing. He brings back chocolate and sugar to sell, that's all this means to him. Many Italians are like that, and I know many people in the States like Marco. There is no monopoly on them. They make use of people like me. So what? The world is full of gallant gentlemen like Marco, *caro mio*. I don't pay attention to them. They are dirt."

THE last time I saw the old man was on the pier in Naples. I had lost track of him on the morning of our arrival, partly because I was wild with excitement and too busy with my own concerns. I had been among the last to get off the ship, owing to a missing suitcase, and I had just finished going through customs and was on my way to a taxi when I spotted him. He was sitting in the middle of the pier on the edge of his trunk, his hands resting on the handle of an ancient black umbrella, the expression on his face as stolid as ever. I went over to him to say goodbye and wish him luck.

We shook hands. "What are you waiting for?" I asked. "Can I help?"

"No," the old man said. "I am waiting for my brother." He reached into his pocket, took out the gold watch, and handed it to me. "Here," he said. "I wish to give this to you, even if it doesn't go. I bought it from a gallant gentleman."

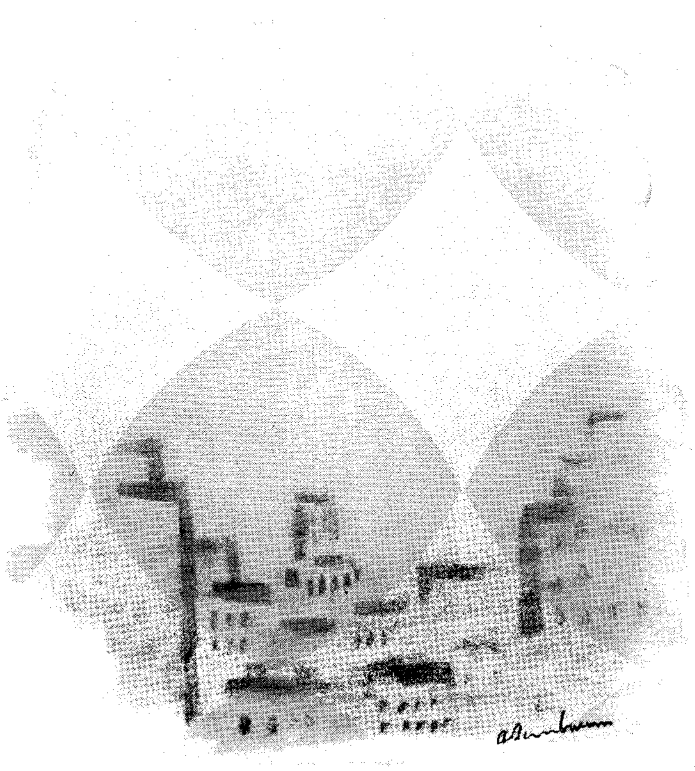
"You could have it fixed," I said.

"What for?" the old man answered. "Now there is time enough."

—WILLIAM MURRAY

A REPORTER AT LARGE

FIFTEEN THOUSAND QUARTS OF AIR



EARLY one gray morning not long ago, I leaned out of a window of my New York apartment and sniffed the city's air. It smelled acrid and tasted sour. The day was chilly and damp, the atmosphere heavy and still. I looked down eight stories to Lexington Avenue and beheld the morning sights: a line of buses huffing up a rise, their engines whining and shrieking, their exhaust pipes emitting clouds of gassy vapors; lumbering trucks, around which automobiles were darting; at the curbs, the usual sad scattering of weary dog-walkers. A building down the street was being demolished, and although the wreckers had barely begun their day's work, their activities were half screened by a swirl of dust. When I looked at the apartment house directly across the way, I saw dejected-looking pigeons huddled on a stone ledge. For a few moments, I gazed in fascination at the graceful patterns made by soft gray and white smoke puffing from chimneys on rooftops below me, but then the nearest chimney suddenly vanished in a thick black cloud. I quickly drew my head in and shut the window. I had a headache, my throat felt scratchy, and my eyes itched—in fact, they were so irritated that later in the morning I made an appointment to see my eye doctor. "I can't find anything wrong," he said when he had examined my eyes. "It's probably something in the air." He wrote out a prescription for eyedrops, and as I was leaving he remarked, "I'll never forget my first post-mortem at medical school here in New York. The lungs were black with soot. That's common in cities, you know."

Afterward, I thought despairingly about my own black lungs and about the atmosphere in which my children were being brought up, and in the course of the next few days I discovered that I was not alone in worrying about New York City's air. One of the people who turned out to share my concern was a physician who had given the matter some study. He told me, "Each of us breathes in about fifteen thousand quarts of New York air every day. That's about thirty-five pounds—eight to ten times as much as our intake of food and water combined—and yet most of us know very little about all this air. A man who knows as much about it as anybody, I believe, is Dr. Morris Jacobs, up at Columbia's School of Public Health. He's a chemist, and he was the first laboratory director for what is now the New York Department of Air Pollution Control. He left that job a few years ago to go to Columbia as an associate professor, specializing in industrial toxicology. Why don't you go have a talk with him?"

I called Dr. Jacobs the next morning. The sun was streaming in my windows, and the air had a golden, hazy quality. I was still bothered by a headache and a sore throat, though, and, despite the drops, by my itchy eyes. When Dr. Jacobs answered the phone, I said I wanted to talk about New York's air pollution. "Come right up," he said cheerfully. "It's a good day for talking about it. There's plenty of polluted air around, because today we have a fine example of what is called 'weather inversion.' Yesterday was cold and damp, and when warm air moved in, it acted like a blanket, trapping the cold air beneath it. Also, the wind is blowing at less than five miles an hour now, and when you get that low a wind speed, the pollutants in the cold air are not blown away but are trapped at surface level. I took a look at the Empire State Building on my way to work this morning, and its spire and top were clearly visible, sparkling in the sun, but below the eighty-sixth floor you could barely see the building through the smaze. A beautiful study of inversion! Smaze, by the way, is a combination of local smoke, dust, salt particles from the ocean, and haze from other areas, whereas we use the term 'smog' to indicate any condition of low visibility and high air pollution." His voice never losing its cheerful quality, he continued, "This type of inversion—when the weather is quite warm right after it has been very cold—is the most dangerous, and at the moment the condition prevails from Memphis, Tennessee, to Portland, Maine."

I took the subway up to Dr. Jacobs' office, in a building on the corner of 168th Street and Broadway. His working quarters were, in fact, not so much an office as a laboratory—a long, narrow room with a desk at the far end beside a window, a floor-to-ceiling bookcase nearby crammed with books and periodicals, and several tables on which an assortment of test tubes, beakers, burners, and other chemical equipment was scattered. The Doctor, who was wearing a white coat, was a thin, almost wispy man, with receding brownish-gray hair and a reddish-gray mustache, and as he greeted me he smiled so cordially and his eyes, behind shell-rimmed glasses, sparkled so pleasantly that I momentarily felt things weren't as bad as I'd feared.

As we talked, I learned that his concern with air pollution went back more than forty years, to the days shortly after the First World War, when he had been with the Army's Chemical Warfare Service Reserve. After that, he had worked as a senior chemist in the New York City Department of Health, and during the Second World War he had been in charge of poison-gas defense for the city. In the late nineteen-forties, he had drawn up the first budget for a city air-pollution unit. "Did you know that New York has the second-best air-pollution program of any municipality in the United States, even though we spend only about ten cents per capita annually on the problem?" he asked. "The point is that only five cities in the country spend anything like what we do on air pollution. Los Angeles, which lies in a basin surrounded by mountains that inhibit wind dispersion, has the best program, with a per-capita expenditure six or seven times ours. I know a lot about the air-pollution problem, and I have ideas about solving it, but my solutions cost money, and most people don't want to hear them. Not yet."

"I do," I said.

He had stopped smiling. "The major air pollution in New York City is caused by the consumption of fuel in New York City," he said in a flat voice. "We get some pollution from New Jersey—no question about that—but the fact remains that the amount of pollution here is proportionate to the amount of fuel burned here to produce heat, to give us electricity for such things as light and refrigeration, to power our mass-transit systems and our motor vehicles, and to incinerate refuse and garbage. Lesser sources are individual incinerators, construction fires, uncontrolled fires, bird and animal droppings, such other natural substances as pollens, and, finally, what we get from the rest of the United States. We are usually on the receiving end, because seventy-five per cent of the time we have westerly winds. But if in this regard New York City is especially unlucky in being east of New Jersey, it is lucky in that those westerly winds blow our pollution on out over the Atlantic."

"When I look out my window, the smoke from incinerator stacks on rooftops seems to be one of the main offenders," I said.

"You're making a common mistake," he replied. "The air-pollution problem has to be considered from two viewpoints—what is actually put into the air, and what people complain about. In Manhattan and the other boroughs that have huge apartment houses with their own incinerators, there are large numbers of complaints about incinerators, but that doesn't make them the main cause of air pollution. Incinerators contribute only two or three per cent in volume. Of course, it also doesn't mean that they aren't a damned nuisance and shouldn't be controlled, but the fact remains that they burn a mere three-quarters of a million tons of garbage and refuse, out of a grand total of thirty-three to thirty-five million tons of fuel burned in this city every year." He paused, and then went on, "Thirty-five million tons! Think of it! That includes eleven million tons of bituminous coal, roughly three and a half million tons of anthracite coal, three and a half billion gallons of fuel oil, a billion and a half gallons of gasoline, ninety billion cubic feet of gas, and two million tons of garbage, burned in municipal and private incinerators. Air pollution is caused chiefly by incomplete combustion—by the exhaustion into the air of solids and gases that are not totally burned up. The power plants have worked hard to increase the efficiency of their combustion, and improvements are constantly being made in incinerator design, but that hasn't solved the problem."

I told him about my eyes and asked what he thought it was that had been bothering them.

"Most likely sulphur-dioxide gas," he said. "That's the major pollutant in New York City's air. And it needn't be."

"How so?" I asked.

He frowned. "For fuel, we use bituminous coal and No. 6 fuel oil—otherwise known as Bunker C oil—more than anything else, and both have a high sulphur content," he replied, moving his pencil restlessly around on his desk. "Of all the fuel oils sold in the United States, No. 6 contains the most sulphur—usually more than three per cent, and sometimes as much as four. Many areas bar its use. In Los Angeles, during certain periods of the year, you can't burn fuel oil with a sulphur content of more than one half of one per cent, but here there is no legal limit on the sulphur content of either coal or oil. According to my calculations, one and a half million tons of sulphur dioxide are pushed out into New York's atmosphere every year. The best way of eliminating that sulphur dioxide would be to obtain better coal and oil. It would raise the cost of electricity, but such an improvement should be subsidized as part of our public-health program. Another eye irritant is acrolein, which is an organic compound of the type called an aldehyde, and which comes from car ex-

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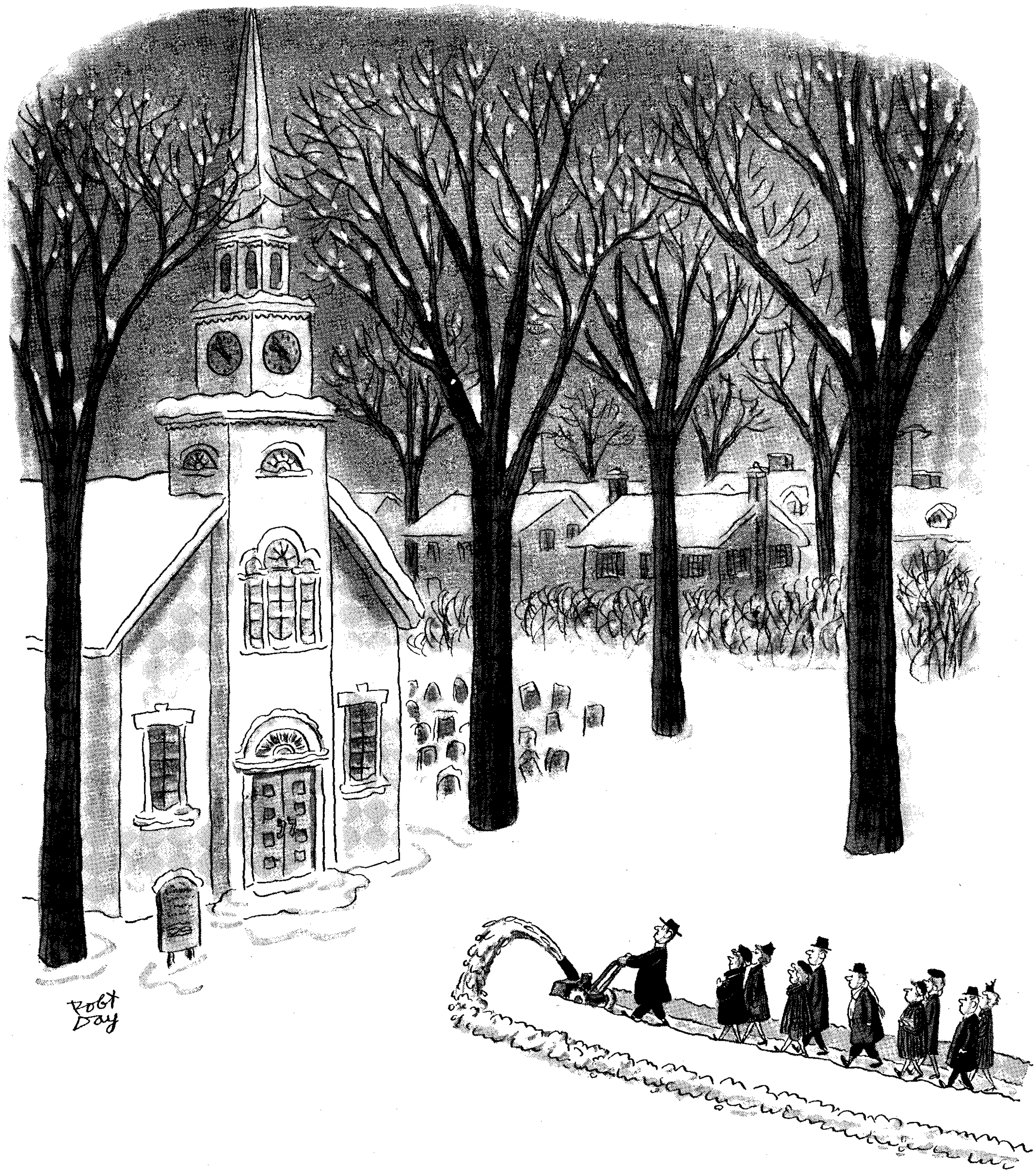

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hausts and from the burning of fats in incinerators. Acrolein was used in tear gas in the First World War. Car exhausts also emit other toxic substances, including carbon monoxide, carcinogens such as benzopyrene and dibenzoanthracene, tars, nitrogen oxides, and lead. Ninety-nine per cent of the gasoline used in this country's car engines is leaded, and I've figured out that in consequence car exhausts push out three and a half thousand tons of lead each year—most of it in the form of solid lead salts, which fall to the ground and become street dust. The wind picks up much of this dust and disperses it, but some of it becomes a toxic lead aerosol, which we inhale, and which is partly responsible for the fact that nearly every human being in our present-day civilization has lead in his bloodstream."

I asked what role buses play in air pollution.

"The average person will tell you that buses are the worst sources of pollution, but let's look at it objectively," Dr. Jacobs said. "There are fifteen thousand buses operating in the five boroughs, and seven or eight thousand of them come in from New Jersey and other outlying areas. How can you compare the amount of pollution created by fifteen thousand buses—most of them with diesel engines, which give off far smaller amounts of pollutants than any automobile engine—with that made by the one and a half million automobiles and the two hundred and seventy thousand trucks that operate in New York every day? The automobile has a lousy engine. It's been lousy for sixty

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years. Each year, the auto manufacturers spend millions on the design of a fender but next to nothing on means of eliminating air pollution. And, of course, the oil companies don't want more efficient cars, because they would use less oil and gas."

I said I had heard that automobile manufacturers were installing something called a "blow-by device" to reduce emission of toxic fumes.

Dr. Jacobs shrugged. "Yes," he said. "It's a device that takes unburned gases from the crankcase and runs them back through the engine again, and the manufacturers say it will eliminate forty per cent of all pollution by automobiles. But such gadgets require maintenance, like anything else. Unless they're cleaned every five thousand miles, they clog up and there's more pollution than ever."

A secretary came into the room with a pot of hot water, and, after offering me tea, which I declined, Dr. Jacobs pulled a chemistry beaker toward him and dropped a tea bag into it while she poured in water.

"What are the other main pollutants in the city's air?" I asked.

"Well, in an average month there are about sixty-nine tons per square mile of sootfall, dustfall, and fly ash," he replied. "And then there are dog and pigeon droppings, which can carry germs such as those of cryptococcal meningitis, a brain inflammation that is spread by pigeons. Some years ago, a doctor in the city's Health Department proposed a law forbidding people to keep dogs in New York. What an uproar from the dog lovers! All these different impurities, of course, do not work independently of each other. You breathe them in together, and they may have what we call a synergistic effect—that is, they may amplify one another. We know very little about this effect, but we do know that air pollution does the most damage to those who have the least ability to stand any sort of stress—the old, the very young, and the sick. This was indicated in London in 1962, when, during a week-long period of heavy smog, there were four hundred more deaths than might normally have been expected. There have been plenty of other incidents. During a much more serious week-long London smog in December, 1952, there were four thousand more deaths than the average for that period, and afterward, in a period of twelve weeks, there were an additional eight thousand deaths in excess of the normal rate. There was the episode at Donora, Pennsylvania, in 1948, when six thousand people became ill and twenty died; and the smog in the

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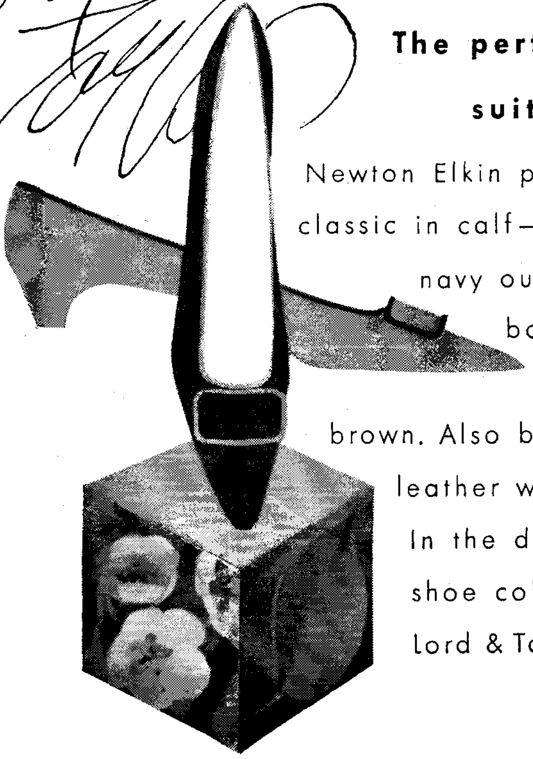

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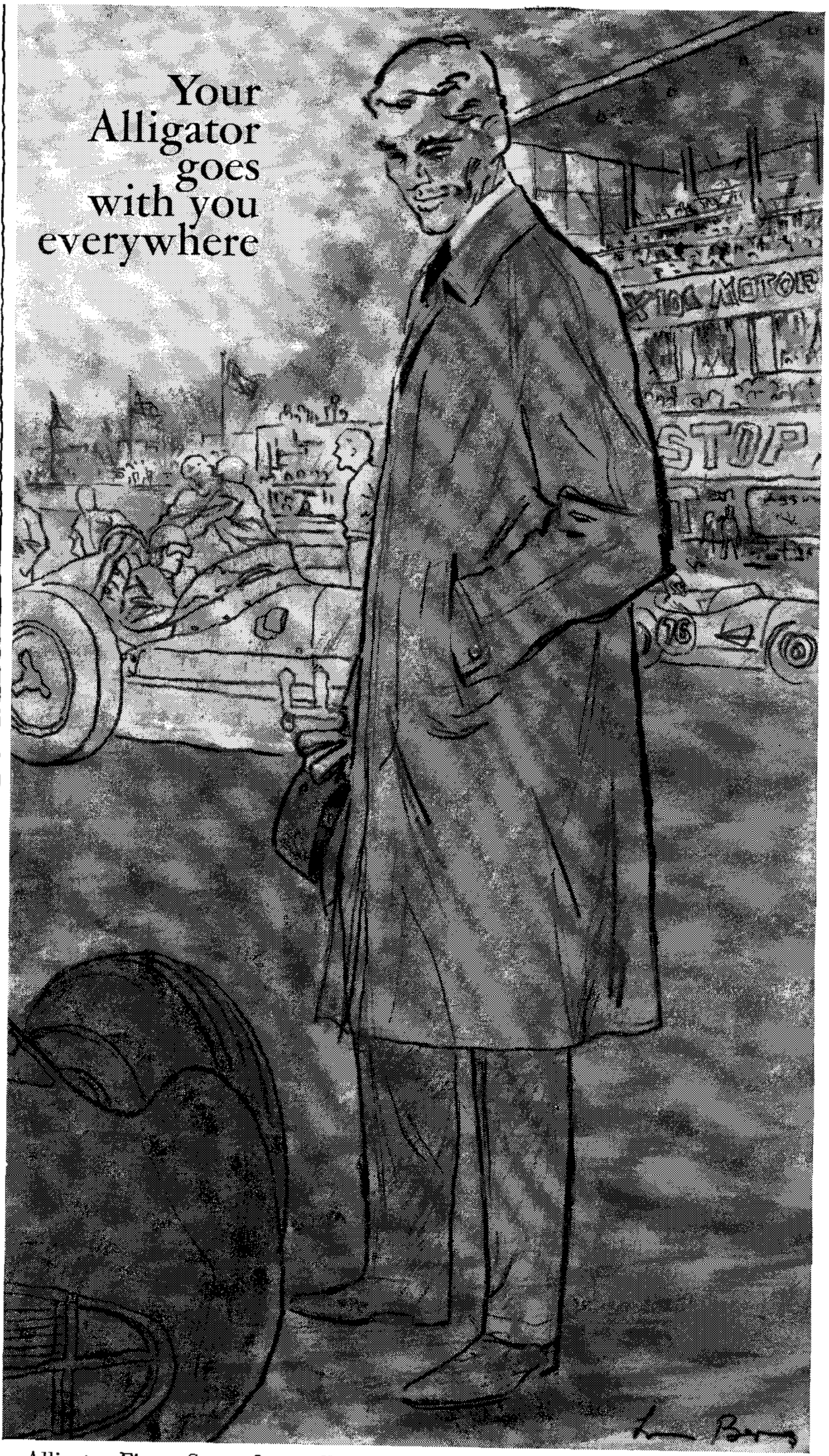
Meuse Valley of Belgium in 1930, when hundreds became severely ill and sixty died. There have been many serious smog incidents here in New York—the most recent in October, 1963. A very intensive study was made of one such period in November, 1953. It was discovered that, during the ten days in question, there had been a hundred and sixty-five more deaths than the average for the corresponding period in the five previous years and the five subsequent ones, and that there had been a marked increase in deaths among those over forty-five and those under one year."

Dr. Jacobs swished his tea bag up and down in the beaker, and then opened a desk drawer and took out a sandwich wrapped in waxed paper. As he unwrapped it, he said, "The economic losses from improper combustion are almost incalculable. The unburned fuel not only makes smoke but wastes money. Our buildings and statues are corroded by sulphur dioxide, which causes stone to flake off, and other forms of air pollution do great damage to rubber and paint, and sometimes even ruin nylon stockings. The biggest unnecessary expense, though, is the time and money and effort that go into constant washing and cleaning. A white shirt can be worn only one day, and a housewife has to start dusting the front of her apartment again almost as soon as she has finished dusting the back."

He sipped tea from the beaker, and went on, "Air-pollution control stands about where water-pollution control and milk pasteurization stood seventy-five years ago. In the same way as New York checks its water, food, and milk supplies, it must safeguard its air supply. New York has spent billions of dollars on its water-supply system, which is one of the most marvellous public works ever created by man. Air Pollution Control is a tiny enterprise by contrast, with an annual budget of a mere nine hundred thousand dollars or so. It has been an independent city agency only since 1952, and air pollution has been officially recognized as a city problem only since the nineteen-thirties. But to give you an idea of the size of the problem, during each of the past four or five years Consolidated Edison has added enough power capacity to its local plants to serve a city the size of Pittsburgh, for a total increase since 1958 of some two million one hundred thousand kilowatts. For every kilowatt-hour, seven-tenths of a ton of fuel—most of it coal—has to be burned. But Con Ed and the Department of Air Pollution Control between them have managed to



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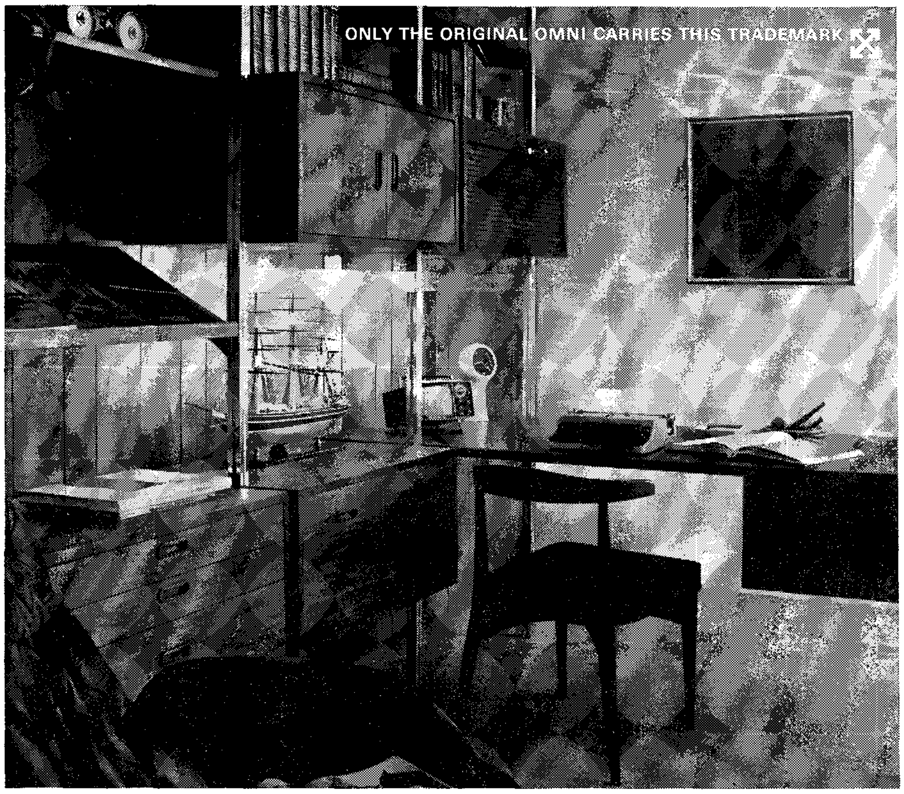

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keep pollution from increasing—which is quite a feat."

He finished his sandwich and dropped the waxed paper into the wastebasket.

"But what do you believe the real solutions are?" I asked.

"There are various solutions, short-range and long-range," he said. "As for the short-range ones—well, first the city should pass laws banning the use of high-sulphur-content fuel. Then the inspection and control staff of Air Pollution Control should be increased. Right now, each inspector has to patrol ten square miles of the city between 8 A.M. and 4 P.M. each weekday, and there aren't enough funds to permit inspectors to work nights or on weekends. What kind of nonsense is that? And then the government—city, state, or national, or all three working together—might agree to subsidize the modernization of inefficient combustion equipment, as the British have recently done. Another short-range solution would be to replace the majority of the small boiler units in the city with more efficient, large units. To get an idea of the difference that would make, just try to imagine how much greater our pollution would be right now if all the big buildings in New York had individual furnaces instead of using steam piped in from the various plants of the New York Steam Corporation. When it comes to pollution from car exhausts, you don't really solve the problem by sticking a device on the tail pipe or on the crankcase. It would be better to reduce the number of automobiles by building more subways, which would let people get around more easily anyway. Billions are spent on roads, which add to air pollution, when what we need is just a little money spent on our metropolitan mass-transportation system. That would improve the air here—and, incidentally, provide more work." He laughed. "I'm one of those people who think that subways should be free!"

"What about the long-range solutions?" I asked.

Dr. Jacobs drained the last of the tea from his beaker and said, "They would require vast expenditures of capital. Even burning coal and oil more efficiently would be just a stopgap. The basic idea is to stop using coal and oil as major sources of heat and to use sources of energy that do not produce pollutants. Generally speaking, we haven't really tapped such other sources of energy; atomic energy only multiplies our pollution problems, of course, because it subjects us to the added hazard of radioactive waste. We haven't uti-

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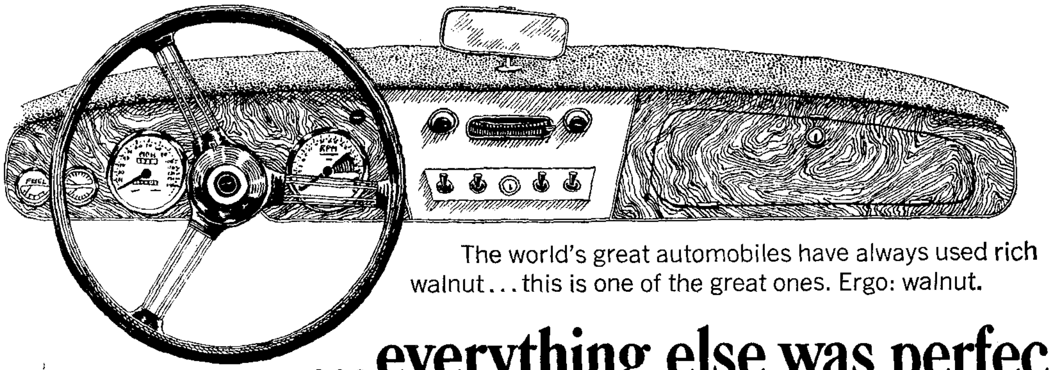

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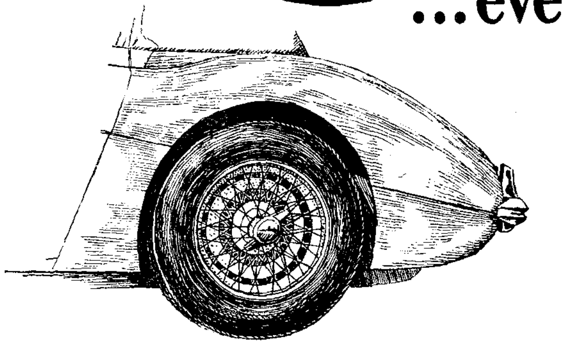

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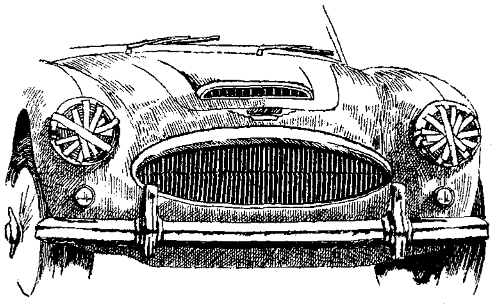

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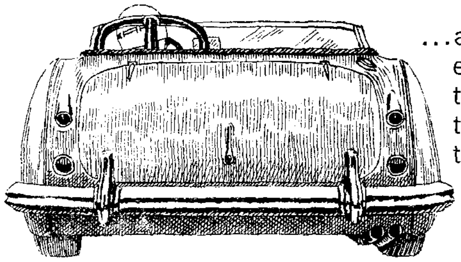
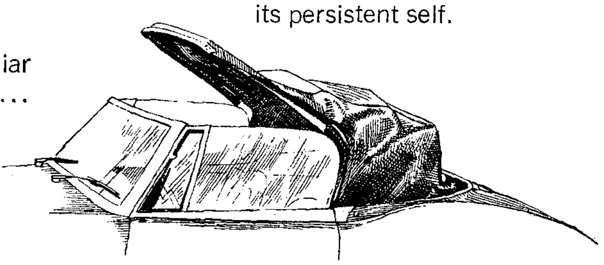


...and this view is even more familiar to other owners... that will remain the same.



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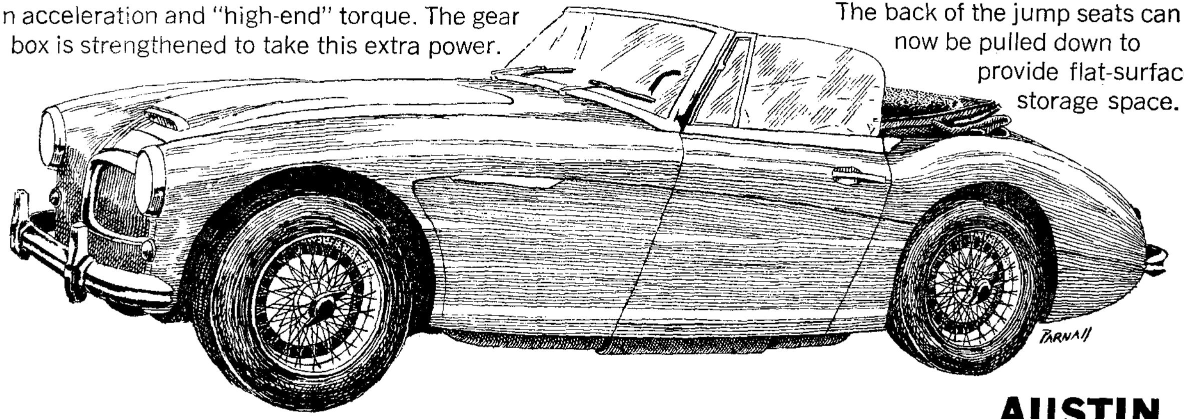

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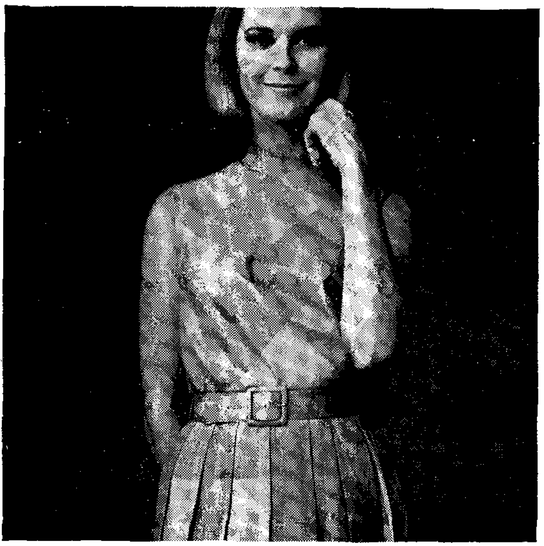

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Elizabeth Arden

lized tidal energy, for one. That was proposed in the Passamaquoddy Project, during Franklin Roosevelt's administration, and the idea was recently brought up again, but the cost seems prohibitive. The energy of the waves at the seashore could also be harnessed to produce electricity. Also, two unexploited energy-producing devices are the heat pump, which utilizes the differences in earth temperatures underground, and the fuel cell, which produces electrical energy by means of a simple chemical reaction. Finally, the heat of the sun could be used. We have begun to employ solar heating in houses, by letting water stand in pipes on the roof during the day to become warmed by the sun and then recirculating it through the house at night. This same principle could be used to provide other forms of power. Well, there are a few long-range solutions for you."

A few moments later, I rose to leave, and as Dr. Jacobs saw me to the door he looked at me dubiously. "Almost every year now, in some city, there is a period of excessive air pollution during which the death rate rises abnormally," he said. "And every year there are more people, more machines, more fuel consumption, more everything. All our automobile devices and smoke-control regulations and inspections just scratch the surface. We are barely able to maintain the status quo in good weather, and during periods of inversion air pollution gets away from us. Eventually, we are going to *have* to change our sources of heat and energy. When the public starts really worrying about what it is breathing, these concepts I've mentioned won't seem strange or farfetched, or too costly, either."

Upon leaving Dr. Jacobs' office, I took a subway to Eighty-sixth Street and then hailed a cab, which carried me the rest of the way to my apartment. Once there, I cooked myself some scrambled eggs and toast. While I was waiting for the toast to pop from the toaster, it occurred to me that every move I had made in the last hour had required the consumption of fuel, and thus added to the pollution of the air.

I BELIEVED that Dr. Jacobs had given me the ultimate answers to New York's air-pollution problems, but now I wanted to trace some of these problems to their source. I began my search later that week, at the cathedral-like headquarters of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, on Irving Place, where I had a talk with George Minasian, the company's Direc-

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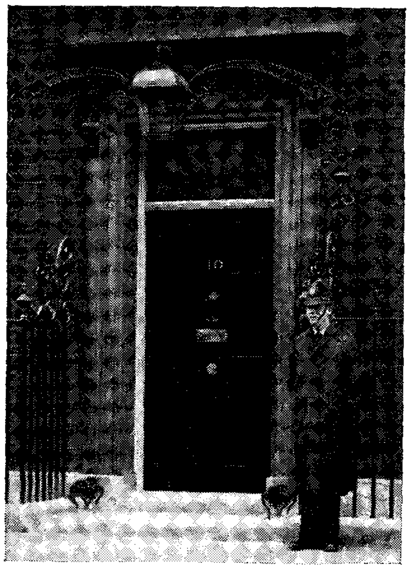

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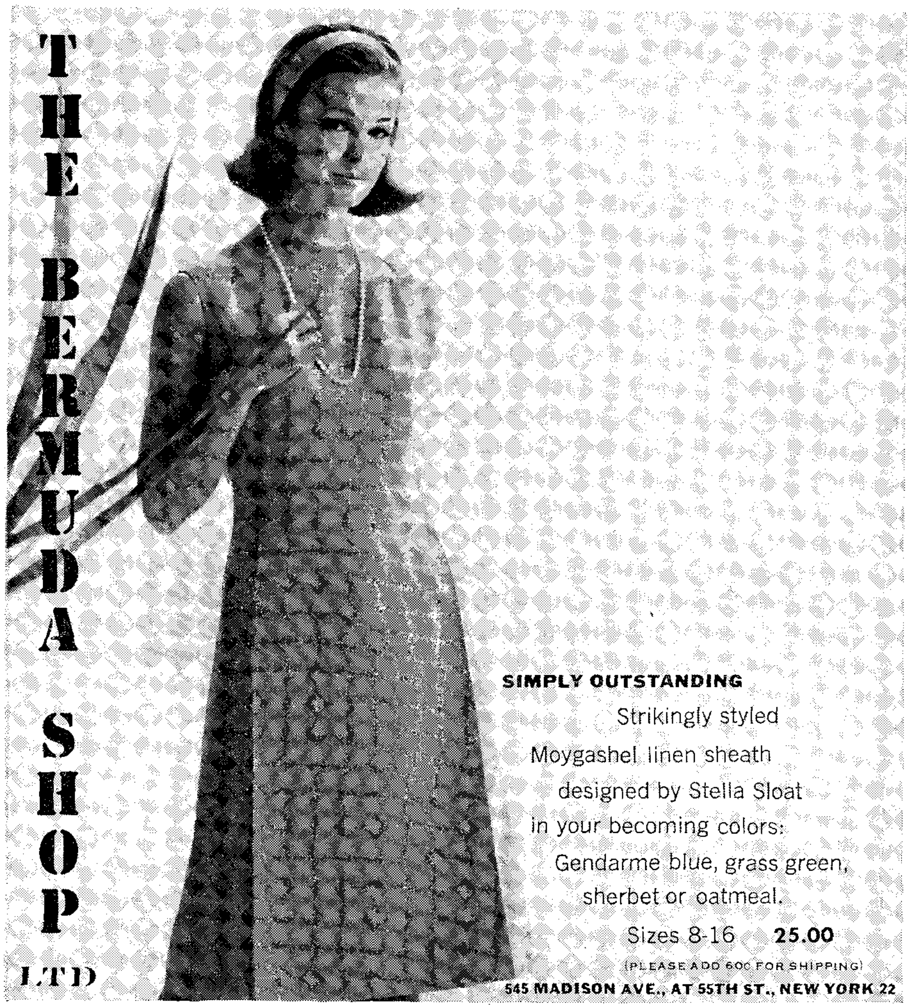
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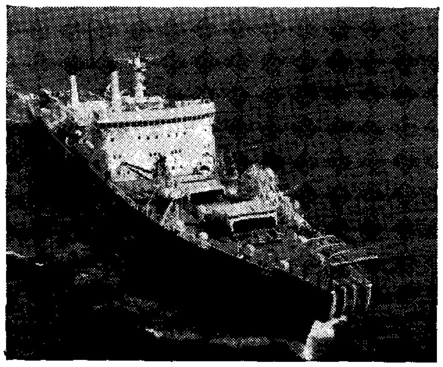
tor of Community Relations. Mr. Minasian, a large, gray-haired man, told me that he had served Consolidated Edison for many years as an engineer, and then he put a tiny jar of what looked like black talcum in my hand. "That is bituminous coal as we use it," he said. "It reaches our stations from Pennsylvania and West Virginia in great hunks, is crushed roughly, and then is ground in a sort of huge coffee mill into the very fine stuff you are holding. By this process, we get fuel that contains only eight per cent unburnable fly ash. Since 1937, we have spent more than a hundred and six million dollars—it will be a hundred and twenty million when we finish work that is under way now—on electrostatic precipitators and other equipment to stop ash and other pollutants from going up our stacks into the air. We burn more than half the coal that is burned in New York City, and more than one-third of *all* the fuel, including oil. If we didn't do a good job, who else would bother?"

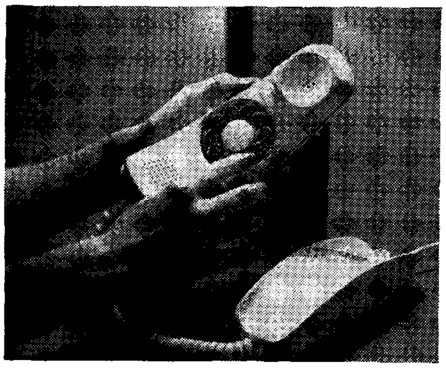
"What about the sulphur content of your fuel?" I asked.

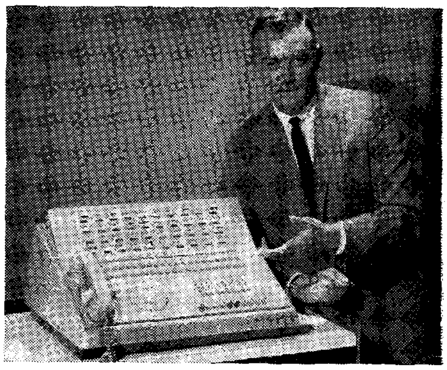
"The fuel shipped into this area has a higher sulphur content than the national average," he said. "But if we used No. 2 or No. 4 oil—which contain less sulphur than the No. 6 we do use—or a better coal, the over-all cost would be exorbitant. Natural gas would be a lot cleaner—if less efficient—and it would reduce air pollution substantially. In 1958, we went down to Texas and arranged to buy gas and transport it here through pipelines, but our plans met with opposition from the Federal Power Commission, which, to our surprise, told us that this was an 'inferior' use of gas, and that the gas must be saved for heating private homes and so forth. The coal people, it seems, had said we would exhaust the supply of natural gas. We took it to court and the Circuit Court of Appeals found in our favor, but the Supreme Court upheld the Commission. In summertime, when we have an excess supply of natural gas that is not being used for heating, we burn some in our boilers, but at peak demand periods we have to rely mainly on coal and oil."

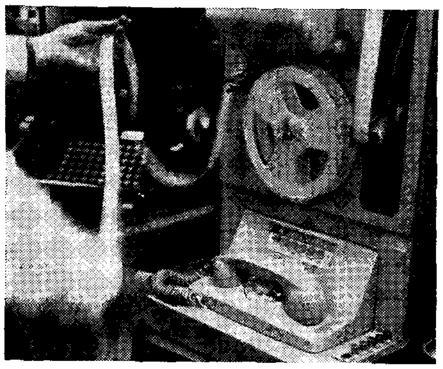
He sighed, and continued, "Between two-thirds and three-quarters of the complaints about too much smoke from our stacks involve three coal-burning plants in Brooklyn and Manhattan that we bought from the City Transit Authority in 1959. Most of the boilers in those plants were museum pieces. We've already had to spend in excess of five million dollars modernizing them and putting in devices to reduce air pollu-

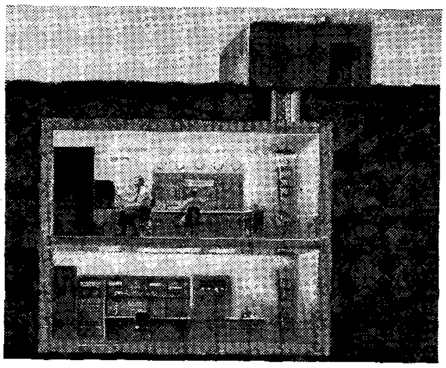
Where was the Bell System on
Feb. 28, 1964?

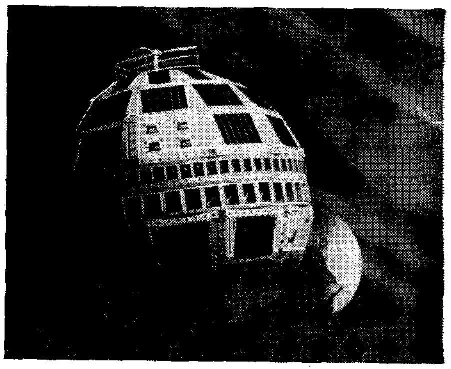

It was engaged with its cable ship, C. S. Long Lines, in laying a new undersea telephone cable from Hawaii to Japan.

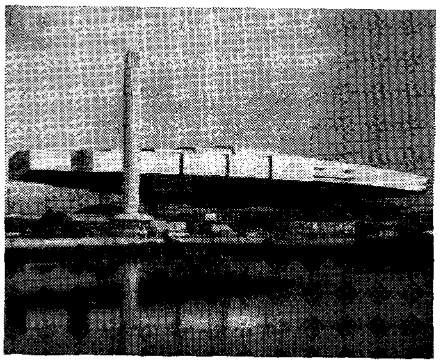

It was adding to its line of home services to give customers an ever-growing choice of phone styles, colors and uses.

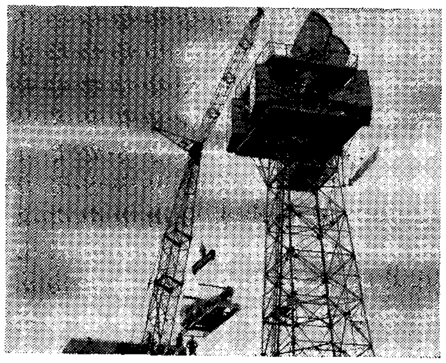

It was bringing out new equipment to help its Communications Consultants tailor more efficient services for business.

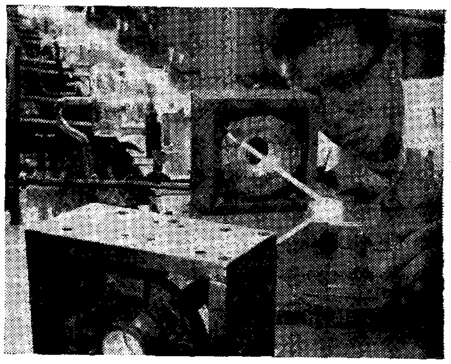

It was adapting transmission facilities to handle more and different kinds of data between distant business machines.


It was "hardening" its communications for defense by burying cables, bypassing major cities, training for emergencies.


It was continuing experiments with space communications—the new art in which its Telstar® satellites were pioneers.


It was readying its exhibit at the New York World's Fair for an expected 30,000,000 visitors during 1964 and 1965.


It was extending microwave routes for TV, telephone and data, and designing new facilities for future growth.


It was conducting research in many fields including studies of certain light waves and their communications potential.

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tion. It would have been a lot easier to start afresh and build brand-new units, but, in a crowded city like this, finding space for new installations isn't easy.

"We're now considering plans for tapping new sources of hydroelectric power at a great distance, which we can do, thanks to technological improvements in production and transmission. We're negotiating to buy as much as two million kilowatts a day from a projected plant in Hamilton Falls, Labrador, twelve hundred miles from here. This is huge and new—clean power, to be brought in on clean lines. Also, we are working on a scheme to produce two million more kilowatts a day by using some of our power, during slack hours, to pump Hudson River water into a big reservoir we plan to build high above the river near Cornwall, New York. During peak-load hours, the water will be drawn from the reservoir to drive generators."

Minasian said that three Cornell Medical School students specializing in preventive medicine were scheduled to visit the newest and largest Consolidated Edison power plant, in Astoria, Queens, in a few days, and proposed that I join them. Accordingly, one morning several days later, I met the students at Irving Place and we boarded a company limousine, which took us to the entrance of the Astoria power station. Its four double stacks, which had looked impressively large as we travelled across the Triborough Bridge, now seemed truly immense, and when we were shown into the office of the plant superintendent, William Uhlhorn, my first question was how high were the stacks.

"The top of each stack is three hundred feet above the ground, and it would be another hundred and fifty or two hundred and fifty feet higher—thus dispersing the gases much farther—if we weren't just a mile or so from LaGuardia Airport," said Mr. Uhlhorn, a slim, white-haired man. "We knew before the plant was built, in the early nineteen-fifties, that the Civil Aeronautics Authority would limit the height of the stacks, so we had to experiment with different systems of smoke dispersal and pollution control. As things are set up now, recorders on the property here measure the sulphur dioxide in the smoke, and when it seems necessary to increase the velocity of the smoke plume, so that the smoke will be dispersed over an area of thirty miles, say, instead of settling right around here, we partly close the apertures through which the smoke leaves the stacks and turn on blowers at the bases of the stacks. The increased pres-

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sure, plus the tapered design of the stacks' interiors, causes the smoke to jet higher. Twice since this plant opened in 1953, high wind velocity at ground level has cut off the plume of gas and driven it right down, and then we've really had hard work pushing the gases up." He fingered a miniature double smokestack of brass that served him as a paperweight. "When the level of sulphur dioxide in the atmosphere reaches three parts per million parts of air, although it is still harmless, you can smell it and taste it," he said. "At twelve parts per million, your eyes begin to smart."

Uhlhorn now summoned an assistant to show us the boilers, and said he would meet us afterward on the roof of the building. The assistant, a man in a gray uniform and an orange helmet, led us along a corridor to a colossal rectangular chamber, housing five huge upright boilers. "Our main fuel is coal, and we use seven thousand tons a day," our guide said. "We provide fifty per cent of the city's power needs at night and twenty-five per cent in the daytime, and our peak output, which we reach during the summer air-conditioning season, has gone as high as five million one hundred and five thousand kilowatts." We began climbing a series of flights of iron steps leading to catwalks between two of the massive boilers, and the heat pressed in on us. Thick gray dust was everywhere. "It's about ninety degrees now," our guide said, raising his voice above the roar of the boilers. "In summer, it gets as high as a hundred and twenty-five." The steps vibrated beneath us as we ascended, and we passed small windows of heatproof glass in the sides of the boilers, through which we glimpsed brilliant orange-red flames. "The boilers are each a hundred and fifty feet high—as tall as eleven-story buildings—and are actually suspended from steel girders above us, to allow them to expand with the heat," the Con Ed man shouted, as we all gazed up at the tops of the boilers. "They reach a temperature of one thousand fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Ninety per cent of that heat is usable, and the rest goes up in ash and smoke or is wasted on the boiler surfaces. The steam from the boilers drives the turbines that turn our generators, and then it's recondensed into water and discharged into the East River. Eight hundred thousand gallons of river water are pumped into the plant per minute, and eight hundred thousand are sent back into the river. The exchange raises the temperature of the waters around Manhattan between five and ten degrees, and is the main rea-

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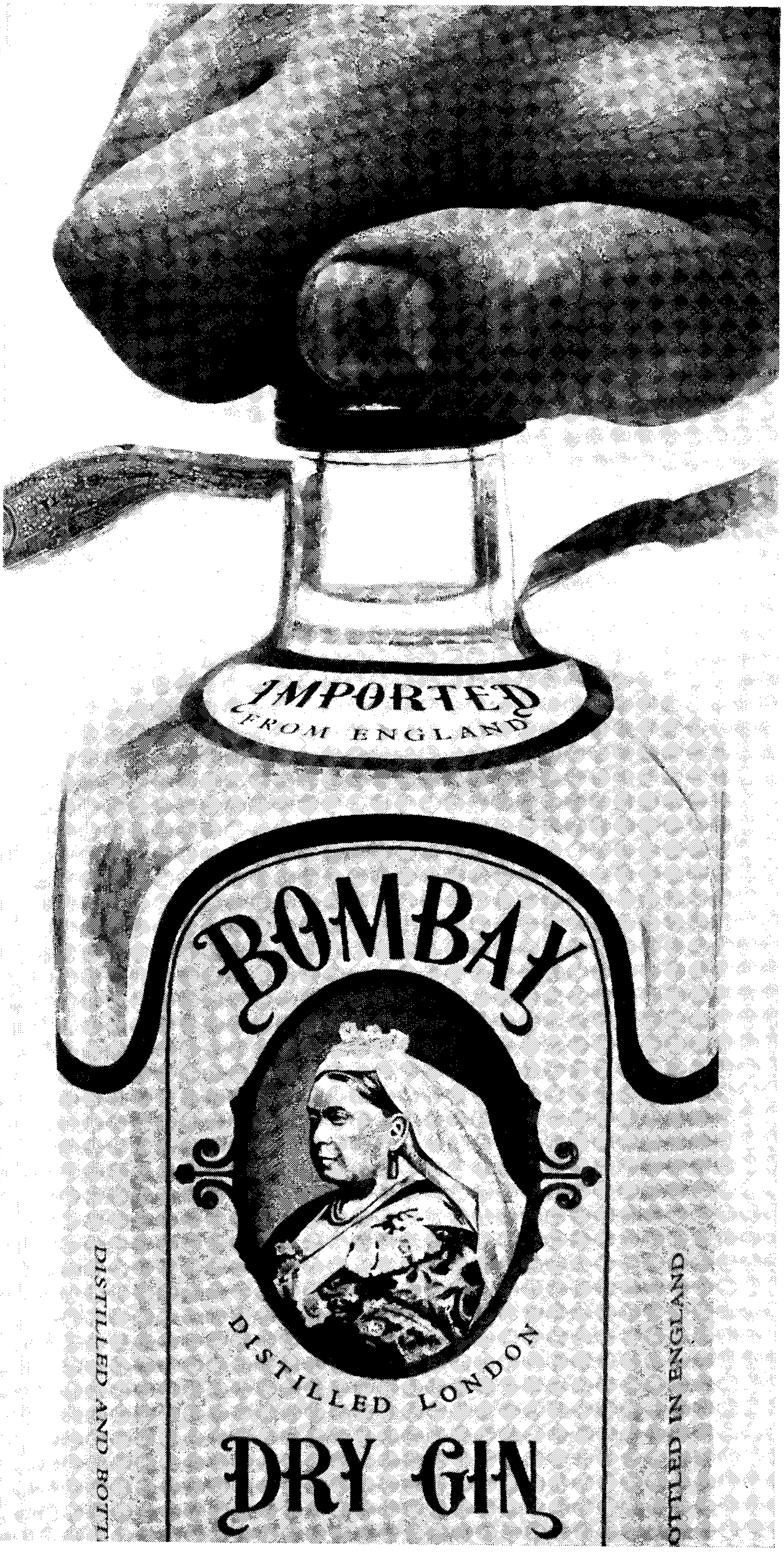

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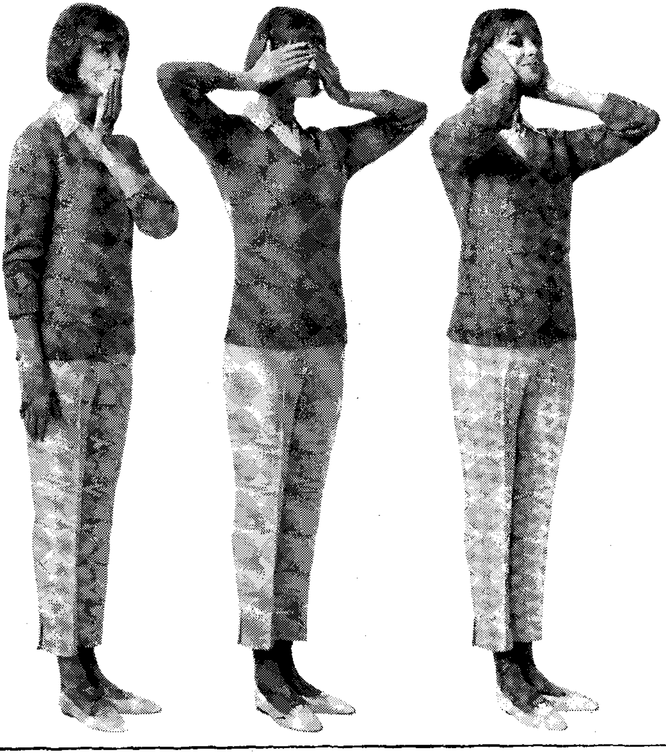

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son the rivers never freeze any more."

We emerged through a doorway onto the roof of the building, and found Uhlhorn waiting for us. All the way upstairs, the sour odor of sulphur dioxide had clutched at my throat and nose, and it was an enormous relief to get out into the open. On the roof, the roar of the boilers gave way to a slapping sound. We looked down on a low, rectangular building, beyond which were small, neat cone-shaped mountains of dark muck. "There's your fly ash," Uhlhorn said, waving a hand toward the sludgy mounds. "The low building houses large, electrically magnetized metal plates, about six feet across, over which the smoke passes on its way to the stacks. The plates attract and hold most of the fly ash. Periodically, we shake, or rap, the plates so that the ash falls off. That slapping sound is the plates being rapped. Then the ash is piled up and carted away."

One of the medical students asked what was done with all that ash.

"It's a tremendous job getting rid of it," Uhlhorn said. "We have been paying a contractor to dispose of it at sea or in municipal dumps, but now we're building a plant to mold the wet ash into pellets." A few minutes later, back in his office, he opened a desk drawer and took out a hard black ball about half an inch in diameter. "There is, of course, a huge demand for construction materials in New York," he said. "We are hoping that these ash pellets can be used in the making of lightweight concrete blocks and in concrete flooring."

AS I continued to look into the question of air pollution and talk with various experts on the subject, the primary fact that emerged was that research on the subject is still in its infancy. While pollution is known to be medically dangerous and economically costly, there is little agreement as yet on its exact physiological effects, on standards and methods of measurement, or on methods of controlling it. No two cities have the same air-pollution problems, so it is impossible to compare cities or rank them, but it is agreed that most municipalities, including New York, are spending far too little to counter pollution. It is also agreed that there are several fairly distinct types of urban air pollution; one type is best exemplified in London, where cold, damp weather acts on smoke to produce a smog filled with dirt and sulphur dioxide, and another type is prevalent in Los Angeles, where sunny weather acts on automotive-exhaust products to produce

Photographed by Farrell Grehan, en route to Europe aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line

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a photochemical fog that decreases visibility and irritates the eyes. New York's pollution, I learned, combines elements of both of these types.

To find out what the New York City Department of Health had to say about our air, I paid a visit to its main offices, at 125 Worth Street. There an official told me, "We live in highly polluted air, yet we are living longer all the time. We may feel uncomfortable, and our eyes may smart, but when there is an unusual air condition, who are the victims? Mostly the elderly and the chronically ill. The polluted air is just enough to push them over the brink a little bit sooner. In the rest of the population, we do worry about increasing chronic emphysema and bronchitis. Obviously, breathing this much polluted air is not good for us at all. The trouble is that so far the scientists haven't precisely identified the factors that affect us. More than ninety years ago, the Board of Health in New York was given unusual powers to guard citizens against imminent peril from noxious fumes, and precautions of that sort elsewhere can be traced back to the days of the Black Plague. But any law can go only as far as people let it go, and today in New York there are simply not enough people who are bothered by our air. If they can make another dollar by burning soft coal, they will burn it. When we have pinpointed the relationship between the air and ailments like emphysema and bronchitis, society will have a weapon."

The official told me that Dr. James McCarroll, a Cornell Medical School public-health specialist, was engaged in a study designed to pinpoint just such a relationship, so I sought out Dr. McCarroll, only to find that he was in New York Hospital, recovering from a respiratory illness himself. I visited him there, and he talked to me about the extensive investigation that he has undertaken jointly with Professor William T. Ingram, of the Engineering Department of New York University, who is particularly interested in air pollution. Dr. McCarroll explained that three hundred and fifty families, numbering a thousand individuals, are being interviewed weekly for two years about their illnesses and their day-to-day physical condition, the aim being to discover whether there is a relationship between disease and air pollution. Patterns of illness will be matched with data on weather and air-pollution conditions, but the interviewers, though they use a questionnaire whose pages total six feet four inches in length ("Did you cough much this

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week?" "Did your eyes itch?"), will never directly mention air pollution, because of the human tendency to blame weather changes for anything from a stuffy nose to a sore toe. The questions deal primarily with two areas of the body—the upper respiratory and the gastro-intestinal tracts.

"Nobody has ever proved that long-time exposure to air pollution can cause disability or chronic illness," Dr. McCarroll said. "In fact, with one possible exception, it has never been proved that healthy people exposed to any sort of air pollution can develop any pulmonary disease that didn't exist before. We consider it highly probable, however, that long-term exposure to pollution in small amounts may have a cumulative effect of encouraging lung disease, perhaps even cancer. We are particularly interested in the effect of small amounts of air pollution on normal people."

I asked about the one possible exception he had mentioned, and he said that, to date, there has been just one set of concrete evidence pointing to a direct cause-and-effect relationship between air pollution and chronic respiratory disease. This has been the occurrence among American servicemen in Japan of an ailment known as Yokohama Asthma—an episode now famous in the annals of American military medicine. Dr. McCarroll told me how to get in touch with Major Harvey W. Phelps, one of the Army doctors who had reported this outbreak, and a few days later I received from Major Phelps a reprint of an article from the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, written by him and two colleagues, entitled "Air Pollution Asthma Among Military Personnel in Japan." Yokohama, like Los Angeles, the article pointed out, is situated on a bay enclosed by hills, and is highly industrialized, with many smog-laden days. Beginning in 1946, the Major and his colleagues wrote, doctors at the United States Army Hospital there began to notice that an unusually large number of patients suffered from an unusual form of asthma, often so severe that it required emergency treatment and hospitalization. The attacks usually began in the evening or the early morning, were accompanied by severe coughing, wheezing, and shortness of breath, and the ailment did not respond to the usual bronchodilating drugs. The article pointed out that the attacks afflicted "otherwise normal, healthy persons in the eighteen-to-forty age group—a period of life in which initial attacks of asthma are relatively un-

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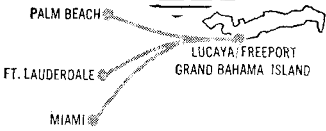

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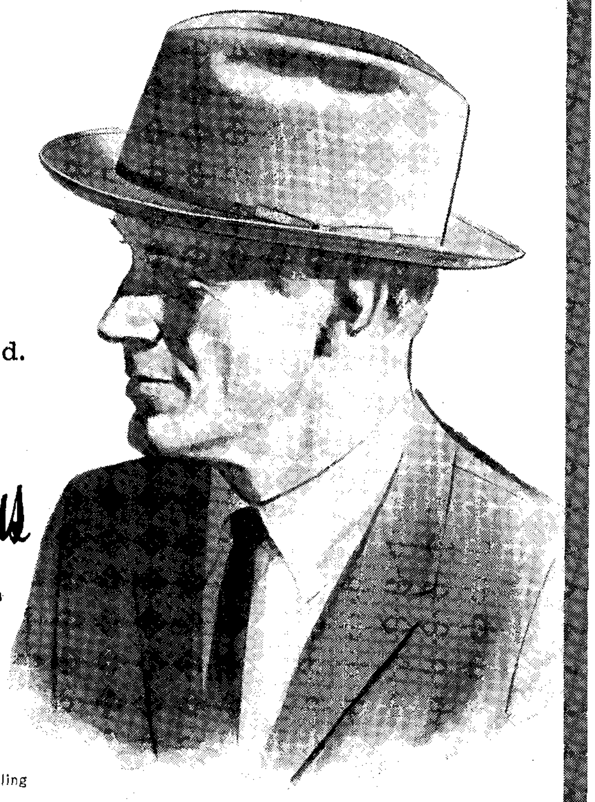

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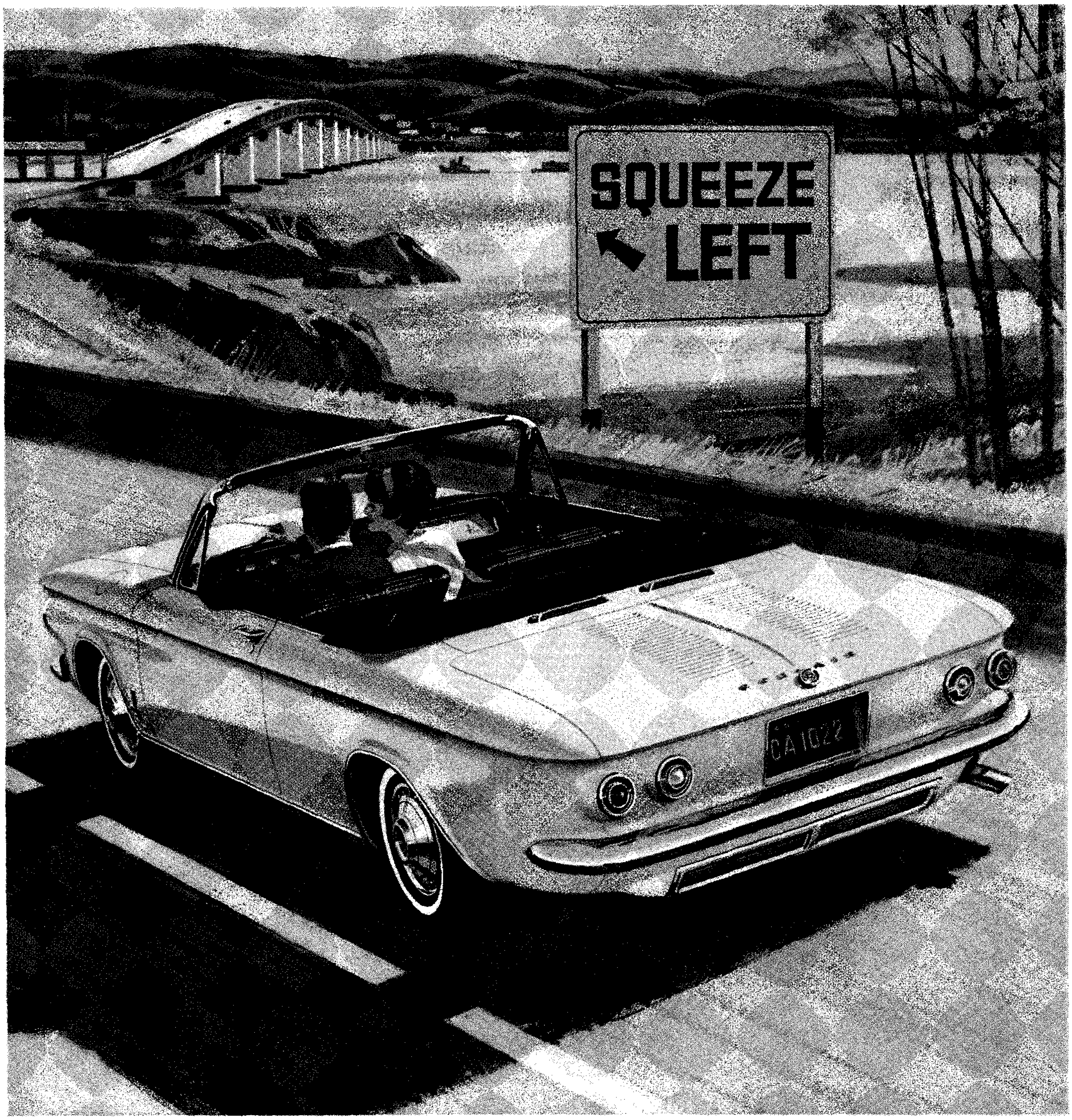
common," and the typical patient had "a completely negative family history for asthma" and no history of significant allergies or psychological difficulties. Severe attacks, lasting several days or weeks, were more frequent in winter and during periods of smog, and the disease tended to become chronic and progressive; in some cases, it caused death. Significantly, flying personnel suffering from Yokohama Asthma reported instant relief from all symptoms when their airplanes took them to altitudes of five thousand feet or more; when they landed again at the airbase near Yokohama, the symptoms returned within minutes. Asthma patients who were transferred from the area soon after the onset of the disease appeared to recover completely in a matter of weeks.

I subsequently learned that since 1961 the New York City Health Department has been conducting studies among transit workers and postmen here to determine what respiratory ailments and symptoms they have, and how these vary among different groups of men working in different environments. The Health Department is using tests and questions similar to those used in a study made four years ago among postal workers in London, where it was discovered that men working out of the central postal station, situated in the area of the heaviest pollution, had the highest incidence of respiratory disease. A similar study is also being conducted among telephone workers in several areas of the United States.

As I waded through other reports, of all sizes and all degrees of confusion, it seemed to me that never had so much been written about a subject and so little said. This was especially true of my search for information on the newest pollutant, radioactive fallout, and I finally looked up a meteorologist who has specialized in this aspect of the problem. "There is general agreement that there may be health effects—which cannot be documented—from radioactive fallout, but nobody knows how serious they are," he said. "Personally, I think that the effects are small compared to those from automobile and industrial exhausts in a place like New York. Anyway, you can't do much about radioactive fallout but live with it. It's an international concern, to be settled internationally." In this connection, I asked what effect the test-ban treaty was having on fallout. "Since shortly after the cessation of testing, radiation from fallout has been decreasing," he said. "Particles are sifting down from the upper atmosphere, but in much



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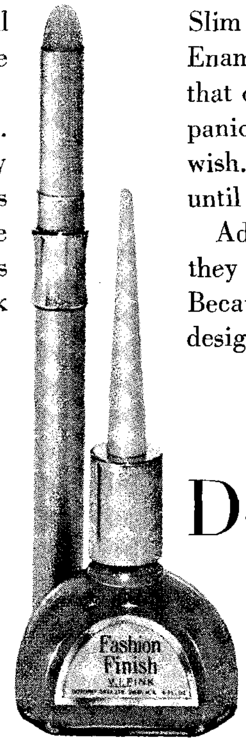

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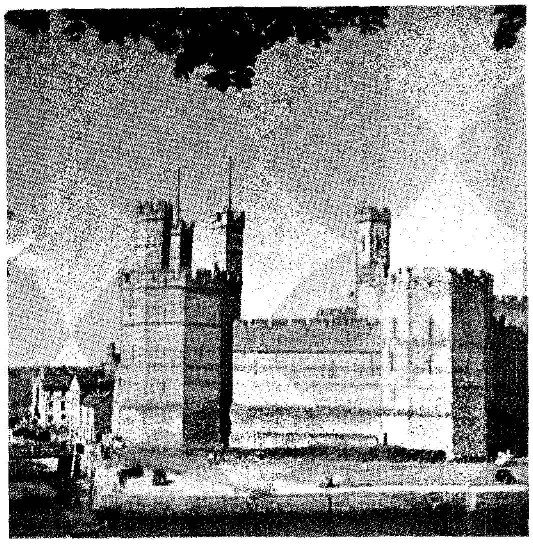
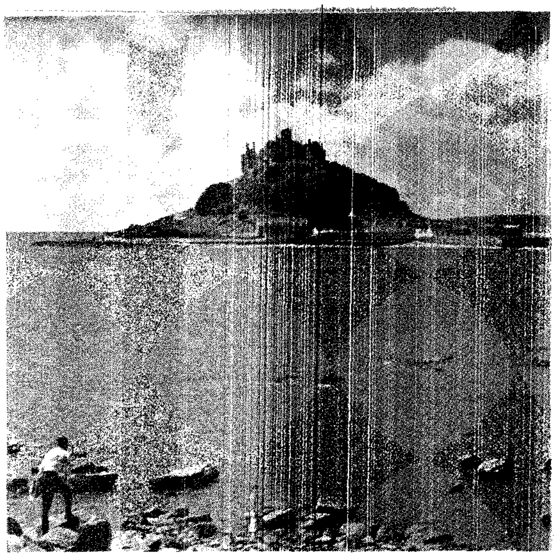


CAERNARVON. Edward I started building this Welsh castle in 1283. It is 247 miles from London. Pleasant thought: your Rail Guest Pass becomes more of a bargain with every mile you travel.



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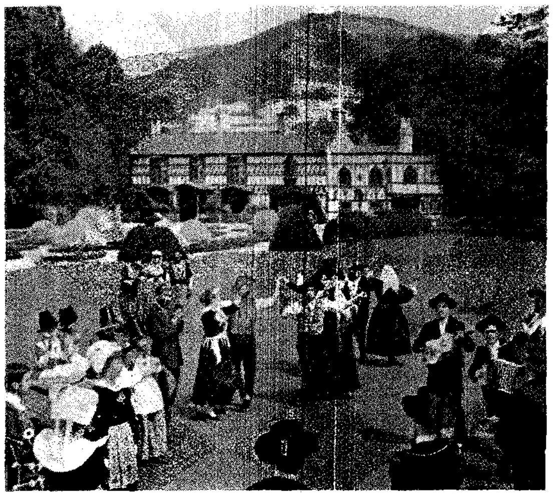

LLANGOLLEN. These dancers are rehearsing for the International Music Eisteddfod in Wales (July 7-12). The Welsh have their own language. But timetables and porters speak English.

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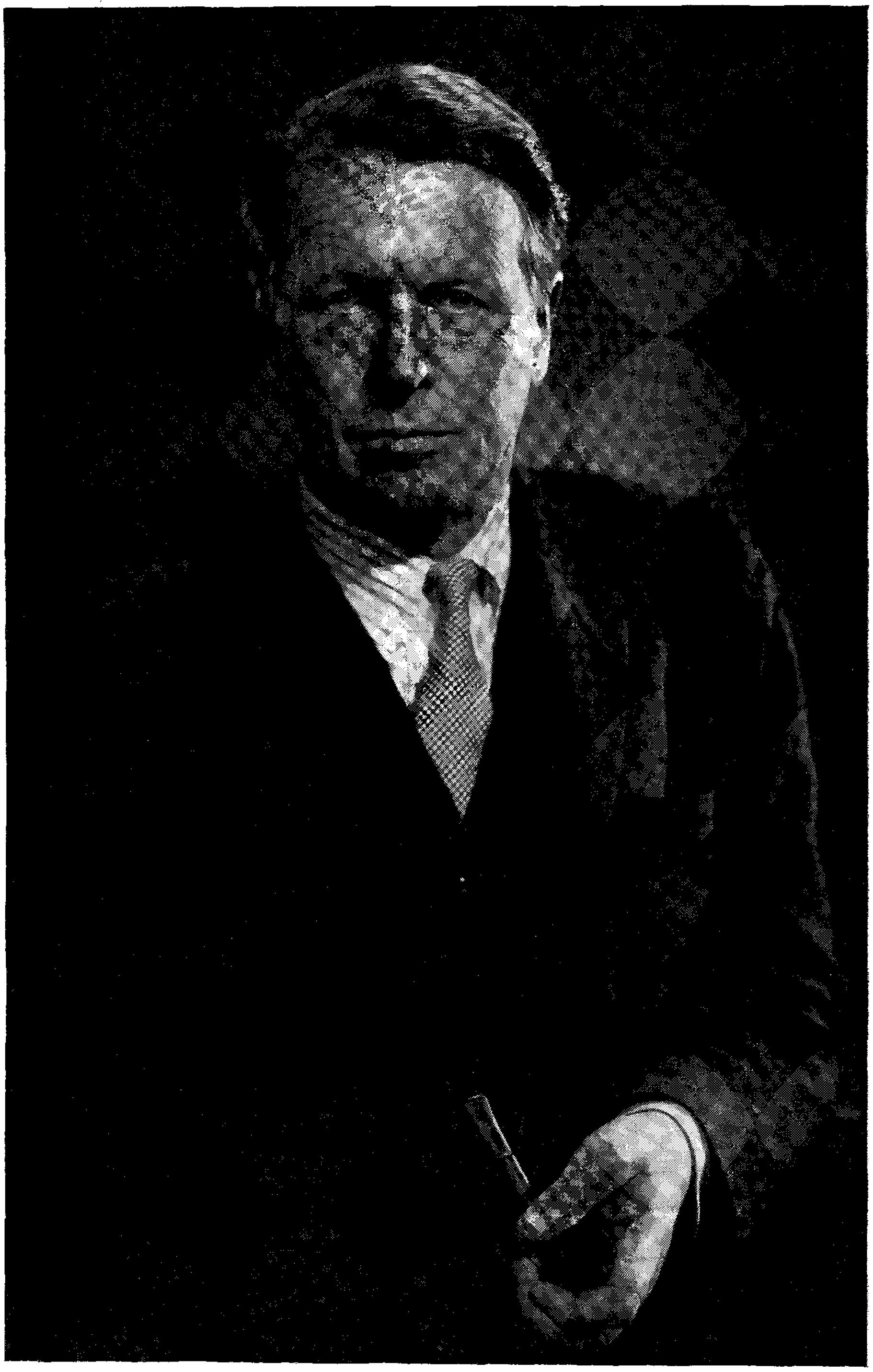
smaller amounts, and, of course, the radioactivity tends continually to decrease by its natural decay."

On the subject of the possible relationship between air pollution and lung cancer, I found the researchers equally cautious, although the majority appeared to be convinced that there was such a relationship. Two of the most prominent men in the lung-cancer field, Dr. Ernest L. Wynder and Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, who were among the first to point out the probable connection between the disease and cigarette smoking, had discussed, in a 1962 article in the magazine *Cancer*, the existence of what they called an "urban factor" in the incidence of lung cancer, which is almost twice as high in cities as in rural areas. They pointed out that various elements in city air—especially elements from automobile exhausts—produce cancer when applied in concentrated form to laboratory animals, and they concluded that general air pollution "increases the risk of developing lung cancer." With true scientific caution, they added, "The increased risk seems to apply mainly to smokers, but this is not certain, due to the scarcity of data on nonsmokers who die of lung cancer."

ONE cold, cloudy day, when my eyes were streaming not only from the sulphur dioxide in the air but from the strain of reading the fine print of technical reports that revealed how little was known about air pollution, I put my books and papers aside and decided that it was time for me to try to find out just what New York City was *doing* about air pollution. First, though, I stopped in at the United States Weather Bureau headquarters in the R.C.A. Building and spoke with some of the people there. I learned that typical air-pollution weather (a low-level temperature inversion coupled with low wind speed) is associated with a condition known as a "stagnating anticyclone," that in this region stagnating anticyclones occur most frequently in the fall, and that if they seem likely to persist for thirty-six hours or more—long enough for air pollution to build over an area covering four degrees of latitude—the United States Public Health Service's air-pollution research headquarters, in Cincinnati, Ohio, orders a teletyped warning to be sent out. When that happens, the Weather Bureau here notifies local health authorities, who in turn consult with the Department of Air Pollution Control as to whether industries that feed man-made pollutants into the at-



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mosphere should be warned to cut down on their release of these substances. Such warnings are issued on an average of twice a year, but since they carry no legal force, and since permissible levels of air pollution have *never been established by anyone*, the industries concerned have not always coöperated, and this has been especially true of those in the most heavily industrialized corner of New Jersey, directly across the Arthur Kill from Staten Island. There have been proposals for a much stronger regional warning system, with legal power to control sources of pollution over the entire urban area (Los Angeles has had such a system since 1954), but so far hereabouts the idea has simply gone up in the air and dispersed.

The New York City Department of Air Pollution Control occupies the fourteenth floor of an old-fashioned gray stone and red brick office building at 15 Park Row, just south of City Hall. The Department's commissioner, Arthur J. Benline, is a big, hearty extrovert, a veteran of the city's Department of Housing and Buildings, who studs his talk with homilies, delivered so forcefully that the listener gets a visual impression of the words printed in capital letters, as in wall placards. In the course of a conversation, he will make one of these capital-letter statements every few sentences: "CLEAN AIR COSTS MONEY, DIRTY AIR COSTS MORE" (the Department's slogan), or "THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A SMALL AMOUNT OF AIR POLLUTION," or "AIR POLLUTION IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," or "CLEAN AIR IS UNOBTAINABLE, BUT CLEANER AIR IS DEFINITELY OBTAINABLE," or "A PIGEON IS A RAT WITH FEATHERS, CARRYING FILTHY DISEASES," or (one of his favorites) "I GOT NEWS FOR PEOPLE WHO WRITE THAT THIS CITY HAS THE WORST AIR POLLUTION. I'VE BEEN IN ALL THE BIG CITIES AND THEY ARE ALL THE SAME."

Commissioner Benline is fond of telling the story of how New York happened to embark upon its formal attack on air pollution, an attack that was initiated by Dr. Newton Saxl, the Commissioner of Housing and Buildings under Mayor William O'Dwyer. Benline's story goes back to the Second World War, when Saxl, a physician who had been serving as a captain in the Navy Medical Corps, came home to New York and, wearing his white uniform, was driving his convertible, with the top down, on the East River Drive. As Benline tells it, "Dr. Saxl passed the Fourteenth Street power station

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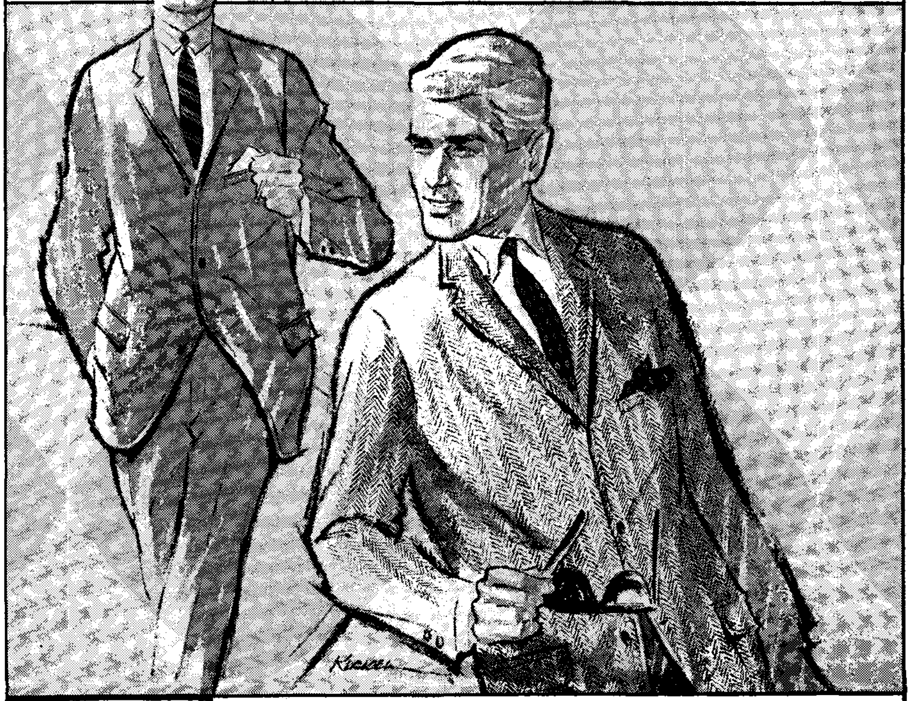

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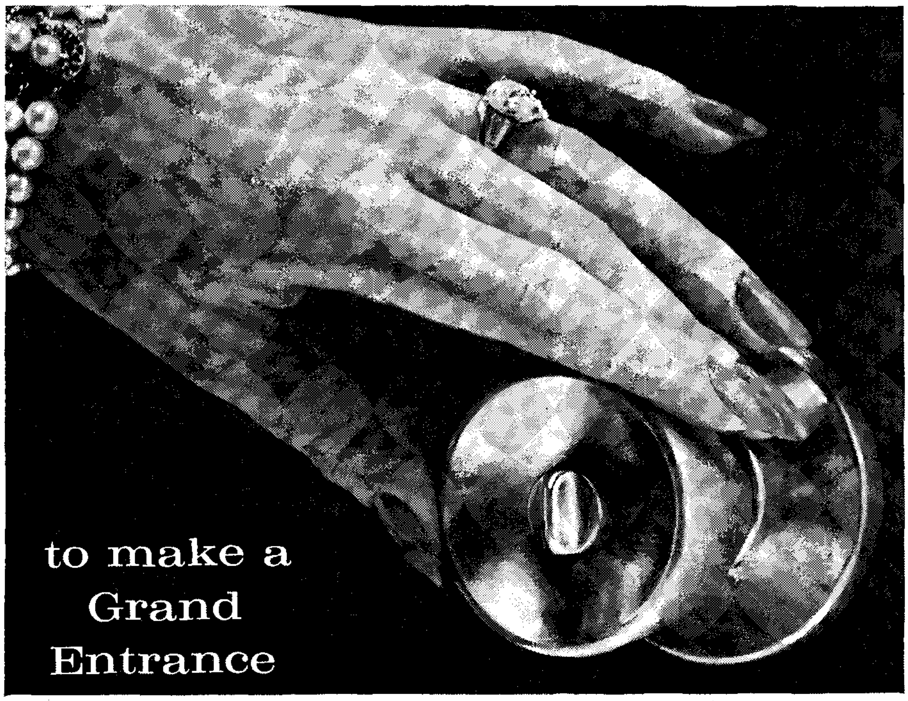

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of Consolidated Edison just as some clouds of thick black smoke poured out of its stacks. His white uniform was saturated with fly ash and soot. He sent the cleaning bill to Con Ed, which ignored it. So Saxl went to some people he knew in city agencies and asked, 'What can you do to those So-and-Sos in that powerhouse?' And the people in the city agencies said, 'In a city, what can you expect?' Well, sir, after the war, Dr. Saxl became Commissioner of Housing and Buildings, and it was he who pressed the idea of a city agency to deal with smoke control."

Commissioner Benline took a deep breath and continued, "As for Con Ed now, I don't believe they've done all they should do, but at least they have a program. We think that it should be stepped up, and that they should spend more on it than they do. Pollution is worse now in summer, when those power plants have to strain every muscle to produce enough electricity for air-conditioning, than it is in winter. The automobile is the other great polluter. Incinerators are important, but there is really no one greatest threat. All incinerators are out of date the day they are built, because they don't produce complete combustion. In this office, we are interested not only in what comes out of the top of the stack but in the equipment below—the boiler, burner, or incinerator—and whether it operates so that it does not produce emissions that pollute the air."

The Commissioner suggested that I observe the work of the three operating bureaus of the Department—Engineering, Inspection, and the Laboratory. I decided to begin with the Laboratory, which is at 170 East 121st Street, in the heart of the Puerto Rican section of Harlem, where it occupies the second floor of a brick Victorian castle, complete with clock turret, that was originally the Harlem Court House. After riding upstairs in a wire-cage elevator, I walked through panelled double doors into a large chamber, with green walls and a thirty-foot arched ceiling, that had obviously been a courtroom. In front of me was what looked like a mad jumble of chemical equipment, humming, sighing, bubbling, hissing, whining, and gurgling. From behind it there emerged a man in a white coat, who introduced himself as Moe Braverman, a chemist and the Laboratory's director. Mr. Braverman took me through the ex-courtroom and into his office, formerly a judge's chamber.

"We have three functions," he said. "They are sampling and analysis of the air, research and development work,

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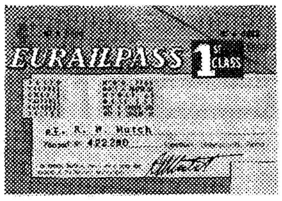

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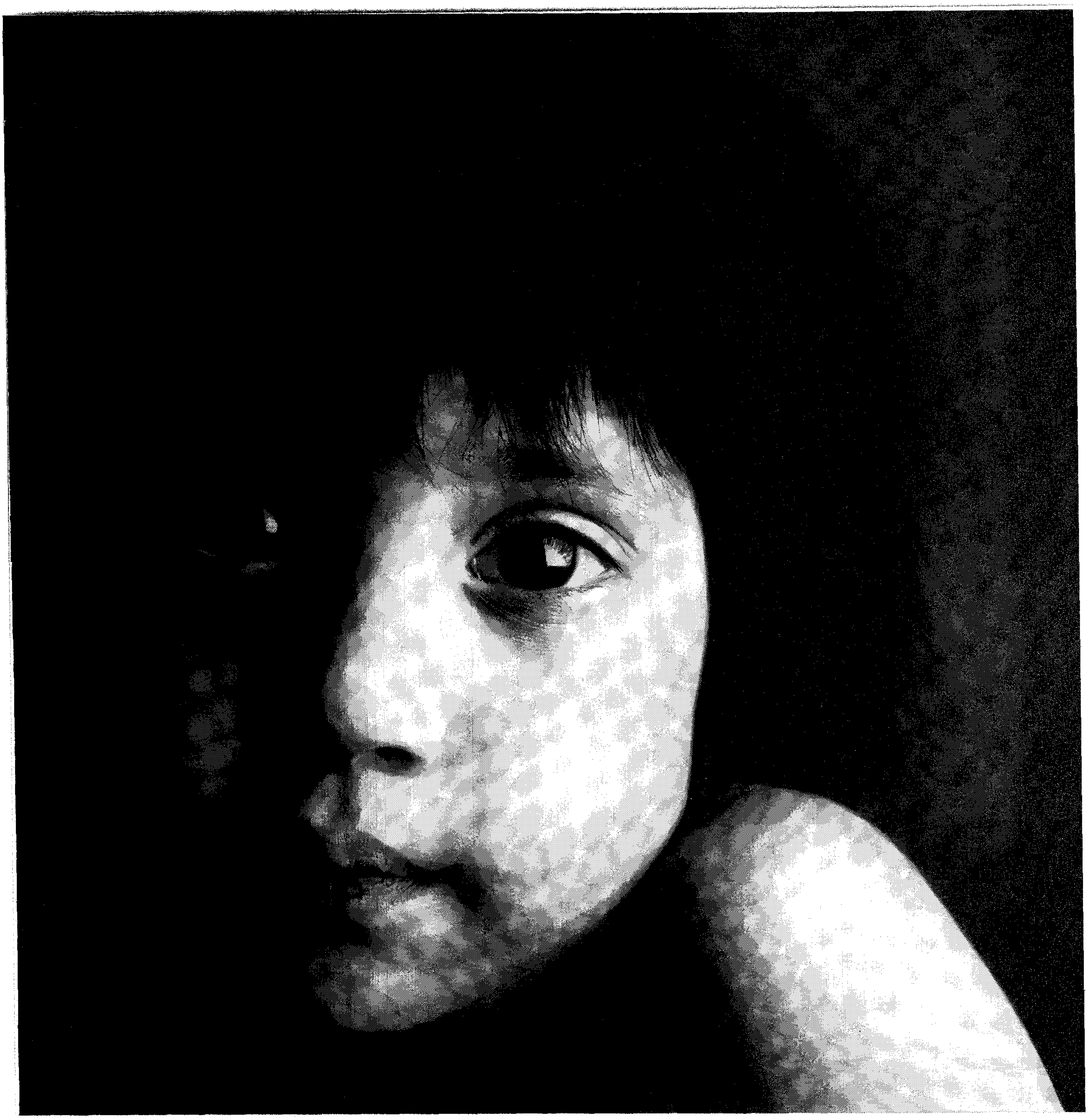
and air-pollution control itself, and all three are carried out in coöperation with other city units. The lab has a staff of thirteen, and we are at work on projects for stopping or reducing toxic emissions from all of the major sources now known. We maintain thirty sootfall stations and eight additional field sampling outposts, and we can tell you what the condition of New York's air was on any day as far back as nine years ago, which is especially valuable to people doing health studies. In addition to gaseous pollution, there are two categories of solid matter: settled particulate matter—that is, soot and dust that settle—and suspended particulate matter, which never settles, and which decreases visibility and endangers health by entering the lungs each time you breathe."

Mr. Braverman now showed me through the lab, stopping first in a square chamber called the Air Sampling Room, where outdoor air was being drawn in through a tube installed in a window. In a rectangular box, the air was being analyzed electrically for its sulphur-dioxide content, and in another machine, which Braverman identified as a smoke shade, it was filtered through white strips of paper, on which it left circles of various shades of gray. Still another machine registered its content of dust particles. Mr. Braverman told me that the lab makes special tests of the air after explosions or serious local fires, to ascertain whether harmful substances have been released. We came next to a photographic darkroom, and he explained that, thanks to spectrographic analysis and microphotography, the general source of a speck of dust from somebody's window sill can be readily determined; a big particle of dust, for example, is ordinarily from a building-demolition job, a medium-sized particle is from an incinerator, and a very small particle is fly ash from a powerhouse. Out in the main lab, where various technicians were at work among the dozens of machines, he pointed out a spectrographic device that establishes the presence of toxic metals, such as lead, vanadium, bismuth, molybdenum, and arsenic; a high-volume sampler for testing radioactivity; and a coffinlike infra-red analyzer for carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons. He asked if I would like to see a sootfall station, and when I said I would, he asked one of his chemists, Mrs. Vera Marsh, if she would take me up on the roof of the building and show me the station there.

I followed Mrs. Marsh into the elevator and up to the third story, and then we climbed over some rafters and into the clock tower. As we crawled up a



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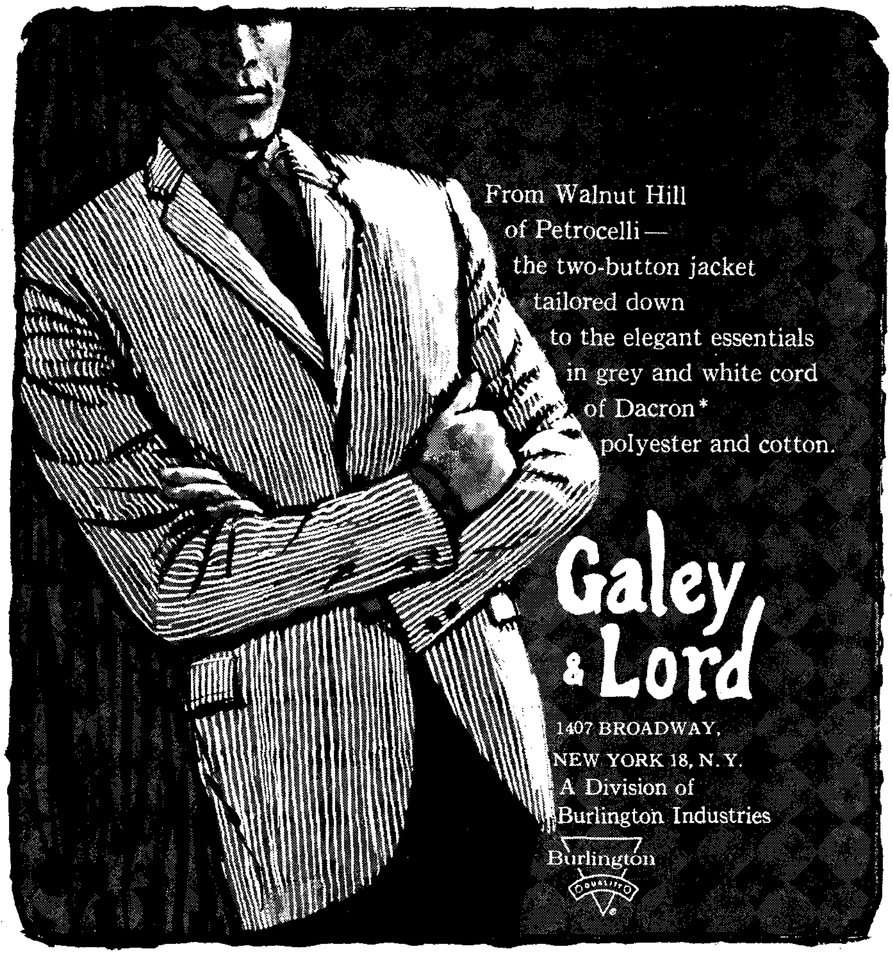

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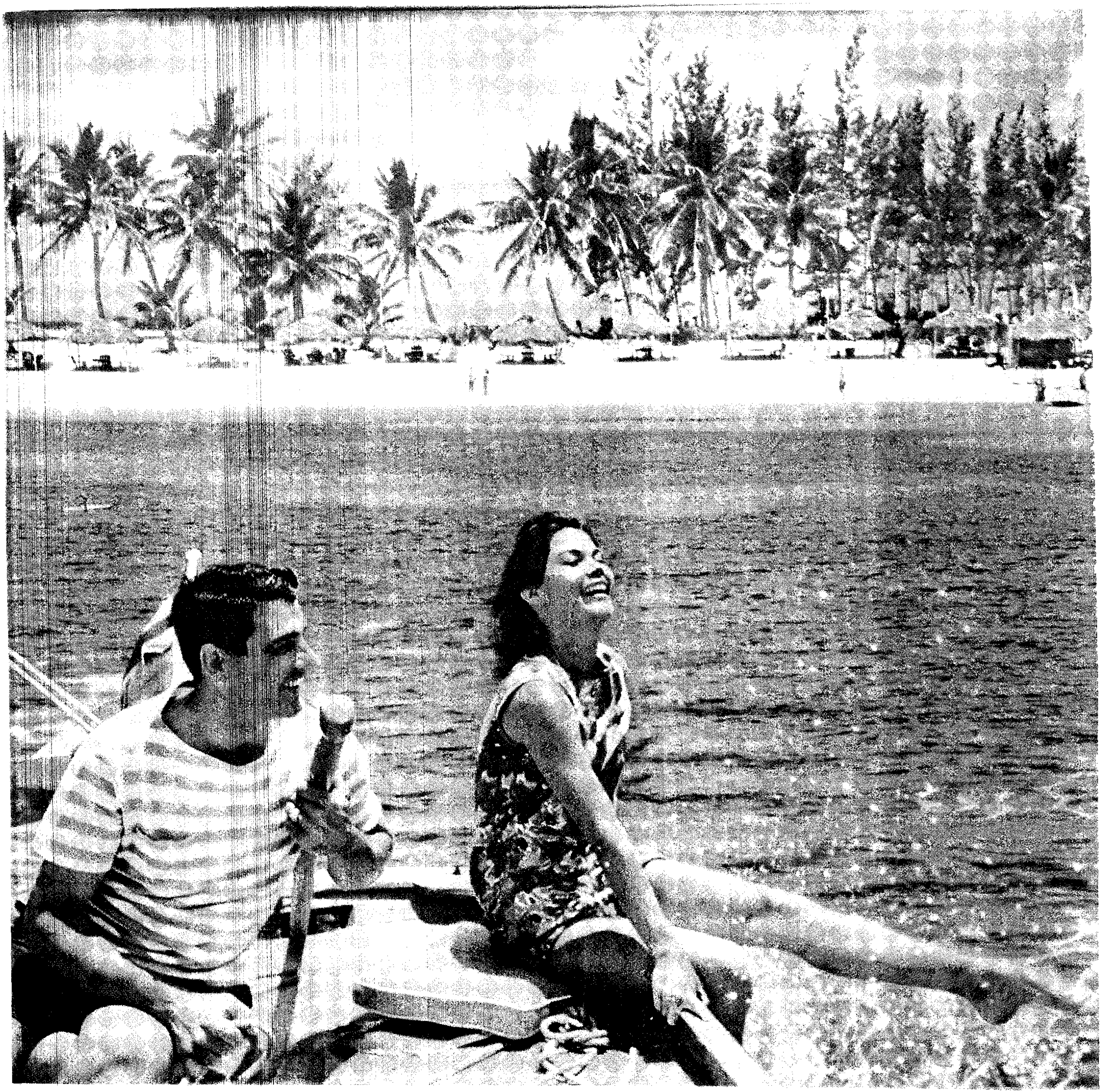
wooden ladder to the roof of the tower, I could hear the echoing ticktock of the clock behind me. On the roof, a terrific wind was blowing, and, in the absence of railings, I clung to various odd-shaped abutments as we crept along. First we came to a square box marked "PROP. U.S. GOVT. PUBL. HEALTH SERV. AIR POLLUTION PROGRAM, CINCINNATI, OHIO." This, Mrs. Marsh explained, was a high-volume sampler, part of the Public Health Service's national air-sampling network, and was used to measure solid particles in the air so small that they never settle. Having edged our way slowly across the roof, we finally reached the sootfall station—a gallon jar, marked "DO NOT DISTURB. $50 FINE," attached to a stand. I looked inside. All I could see was dirty water. Mrs. Marsh explained that the solid contents of the jar, which is replaced once a month, are carefully analyzed for various chemical compounds. On the stand with the jar was a half-inch-wide strip of cracked rubber; Mrs. Marsh said that when the cracks in the rubber were microscopically examined in the laboratory, their size revealed the amount of ozone in the air—a measurement that was important because ozone, primarily derived, through photo-chemical reactions, from automotive exhausts, is exceedingly toxic. There was also a narrow object, which looked like a candle, that Mrs. Marsh said was made of lead peroxide and was used to measure sulphur dioxide. We turned back into the buffeting wind, and Mrs. Marsh slowly led the way down, past the ticking clock, to the elevator.

THE next day, back at 15 Park Row, I went to see the head of the Department's Engineering Bureau, a genial, white-haired man named Leo P. Flood. He told me that, with the help of sixteen assistants, he reviews plans for all the heating, incinerating, and pollution-control units to be installed in new buildings, and is responsible for making sure that existing equipment is in proper shape as well as for improving the standards for the design and operation of such equipment. "You can't stop the life of the city—you have to control it," he said. "Ban Con Ed, the Transit Authority, buses, trucks, automobiles, incinerators, and boilers, and you'd have no air pollution, but neither would you have any city." About seven thousand applications for installations are filed with the bureau each year, and must meet with its approval before work permits are issued. After the installations are made, the bureau's engineers inspect them to make sure



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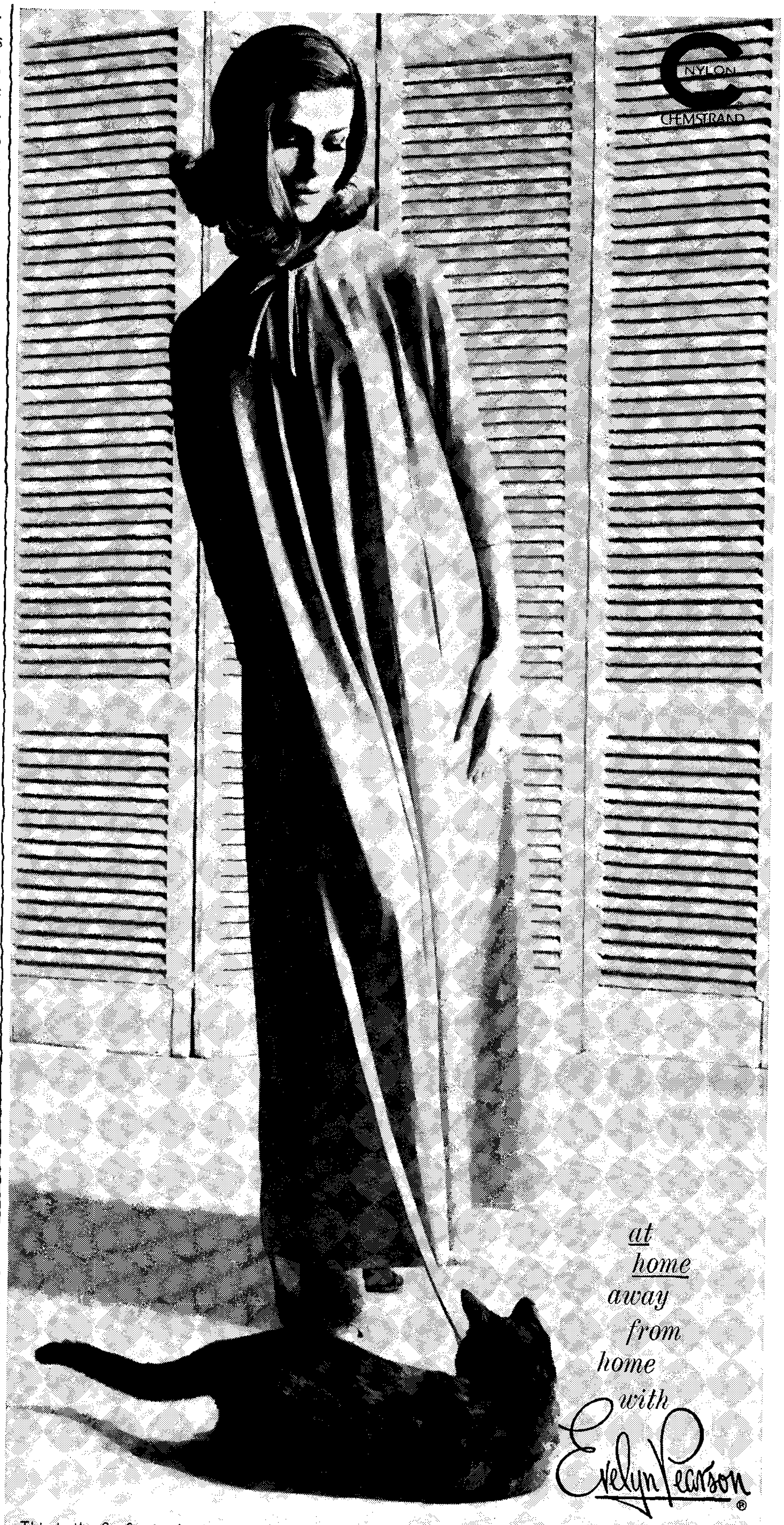
that the specifications have been complied with. If a building owner ignores orders to fix an old or a new installation, the Department's inspectors have the power to hale the offender into Municipal Term Court, where he is liable to a fine. Then, if the violation is still not corrected, an inspector can obtain an order from the Commissioner sealing the installation.

I next visited the Department's Inspection Bureau proper, which consists of forty-five men, thirty-six of whom spend their days investigating complaints of smoke and bad odors and patrolling the city on the lookout for such violations. Its director is Harold Glicksman, a small, neat man with a black mustache, who was smoking a cigarette when I went to see him and who quickly apologized for "producing my own little source of pollution." He went on, "Everyone in our modern civilization contributes to air pollution. Do you own a clothes dryer with a vent? Do you have a private house with its own furnace? Do you sweep your sidewalk and raise dust? Any one item may sound trivial, but when all these minor sources of pollution are combined they add up to a staggering total. There's a limit to how much the atmosphere and nature can handle, and in New York, as in many other places, we are getting near that limit." When I asked Glicksman how his inspectors went about their work, he said, "Ordinarily, each of our men patrols his own district, checking for violations and investigating complaints. We welcome complaints, but time spent on patrol is actually more productive. We get over twenty thousand complaints a year, make over thirty-four thousand investigations, and issue over five thousand violation notices, and last year we issued seven hundred and eighty summonses. We issue a summons when an offender has a previous record of violations. A first offender who is found guilty pays a fine of between twenty-five and a hundred dollars. On subsequent convictions, he is fined from fifty to five hundred dollars. Our biggest problem in New York is smoke resulting from the burning of No. 6 oil, which is used in almost all apartment buildings and industrial and commercial plants. This smoke is especially bad in winter. In warmer weather, when heating plants aren't used as much, we have more open-burning violations—which include, for instance, leaf bonfires, now forbidden in New York City—as well as odor, demolition, and vehicular violations. When one of our inspectors sees a motor vehicle emitting excessive quantities of exhaust



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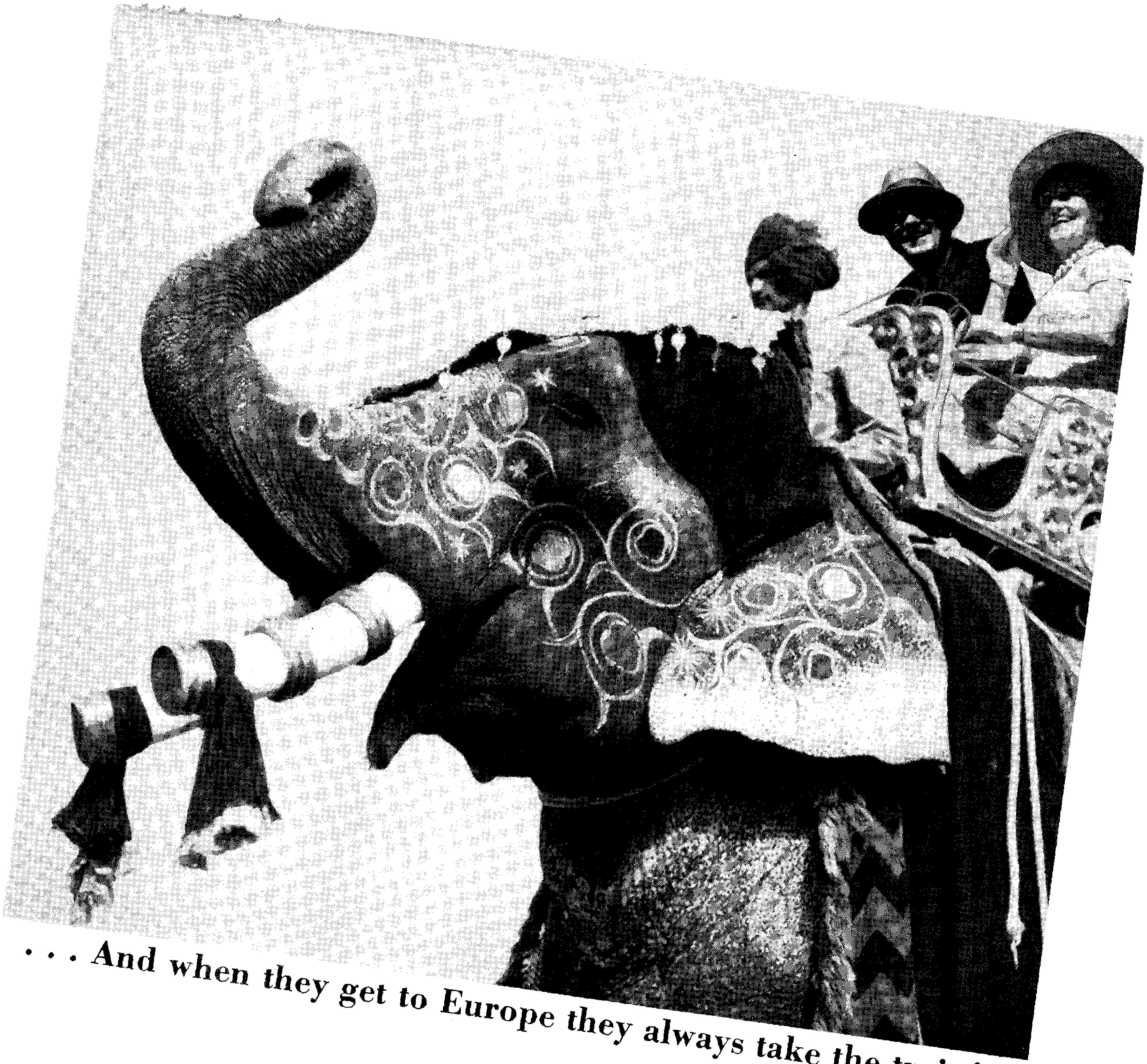
smoke, he tries to catch it, but that isn't always easy. Buses, incidentally, incur a violation if they idle their motors for more than three minutes while stationary at a route terminal."

Glicksman reached into a drawer and pulled out a three-and-a-quarter-by-five-inch card with a half-inch-wide horizontal slot through the center. This, he explained, was a Ringelmann Smoke Chart, issued by the United States Bureau of Mines. All his inspectors are furnished with the charts, he said, and when they spot what looks like an abnormal concentration of smoke coming from a stack in their inspection area, they are supposed to hold the chart at arm's length, view the smoke through the slot, and match it as closely as possible with one of four corresponding squares on the card, which are colored from light to dark gray. "Our rules are that what we call less-than-dense smoke—No. 1 on the chart—is permitted, while No. 2 smoke is allowed for not more than two continuous minutes in one hour," he went on. "No. 3 smoke, which obscures more than forty per cent of the daylight behind it, is not permitted at all, and, of course, neither is No. 4. There is only one exception: during the firing of a cold boiler, four minutes of dense smoke emission are allowed."

I asked Glicksman if I might watch some of his men at work, and it was arranged that during the next few days I would accompany inspectors on their patrols of three very different areas: a ten-square-mile section of Manhattan; the waterfront; and Staten Island. Glicksman had told me that inspectors from the Department, like inspectors from the Department of Health and the Department of Buildings, have the legal right to enter any building in New York at any time, and refusal to allow their entry is itself punishable by a hundred-dollar fine.

The next morning, I met an inspector, whom I shall call Mr. Hosmer, in a midtown cafeteria. He showed me a sheaf of white forms containing citizens' complaints and other orders covering our ten-mile tour of Manhattan. It was a cold, dry, brisk day, and as we got out of Hosmer's car to investigate our first complaint he said, "This is a good day for combustion. It's on a day with high humidity that you see a lot of smoke. And you see a surprising amount of smoke in summer, incidentally—dense puffs of No. 4 smoke—because then cold boilers have to be heated up twice a day to produce hot water."

While Hosmer was talking, his eyes were ranging along the tops of some low tenement buildings ahead of us, and



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I followed his gaze. Now we both saw a heavy puff of smoke coming out of an incinerator chimney. "That's No. 2 smoke," Hosmer said. He pulled out his watch, and when the second hand had circled twice with no abatement of the smoke, he headed for the entrance of the building. "You become very adept at finding the right building," he said, as we climbed the steps of an old gray brick tenement. Hosmer rang a buzzer marked "Superintendent" and called out "City Inspector," and a plump, middle-aged woman in an old blue wrapper appeared on the second-floor landing and asked, "Which department are you?"

"Air Pollution," Hosmer replied. "I want to take a look at your boiler. It's smoking."

The woman scurried down the stairs toward us, saying, "Between you and the Fire Department, I'm kept pretty busy. They say you lose weight going up and down stairs."

Hosmer held out his wallet to show her his Department badge, and as he did so, he sniffed. "Terrible smell of oil here. When was your boiler last inspected?" he said.

The woman answered, "The fellow was here yesterday. Don't yell at me—the boiler has to come all apart. He said so."

As we descended a flight of wooden stairs to the basement and entered the boiler room, Hosmer asked her for the name and phone number of the building agent, and for her own name. He leaned down to inspect the boiler, which was a big, ancient affair, and just then there was a rumble and the oil burner went on. Hosmer turned to me and said, "There's a smoke alarm on the pipe between the boiler and the chimney, which automatically cuts off the fire and rings a bell in the superintendent's apartment when there is too much smoke. Then the super can come right down and adjust it." He asked the woman, "Doesn't your smoke alarm ring? I saw smoke outside."

She shrugged, and replied, "I didn't hear it. My husband cleans the oil strainer on the burner every day, though. When we took this job, the other super had been laid off because of a narcotics charge, and it took us two months to get it really clean again."

Hosmer had been peering into the boiler. He said, "Your husband has set the flame too high. Tell him to reset it. O.K.?"

The lady nodded, and as we left she began to tell us about a house down the street, where she frequently saw smoke.

Hosmer politely cut her short, with

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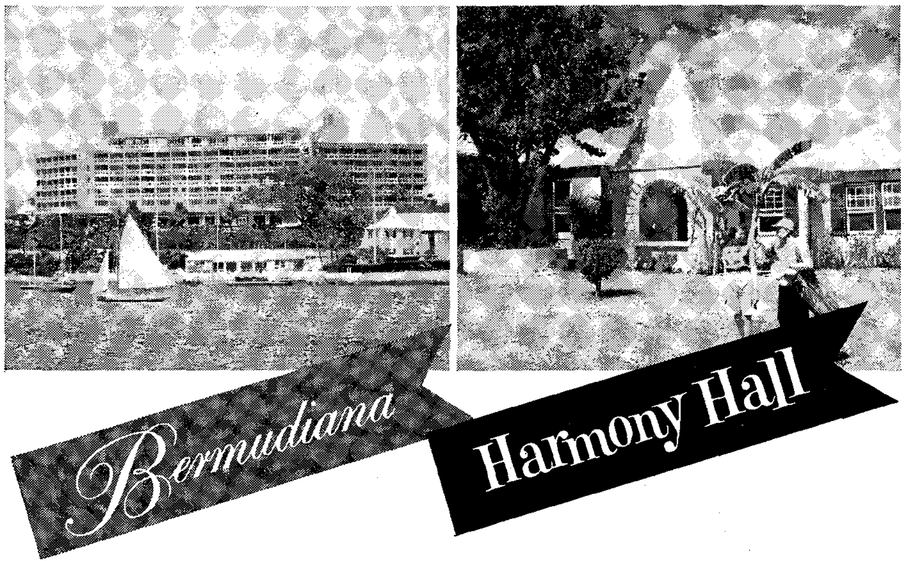

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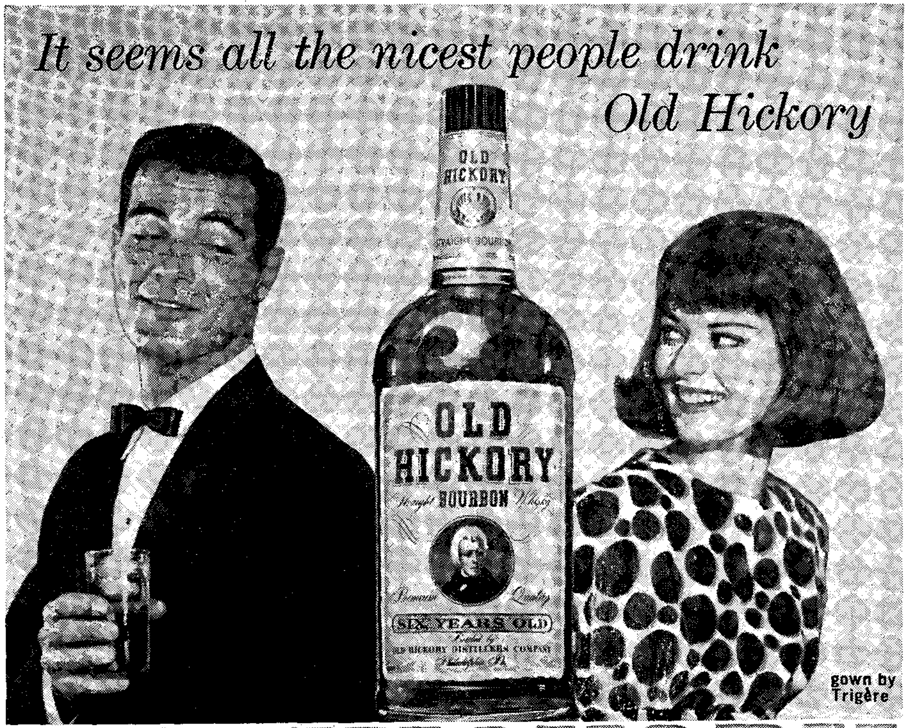
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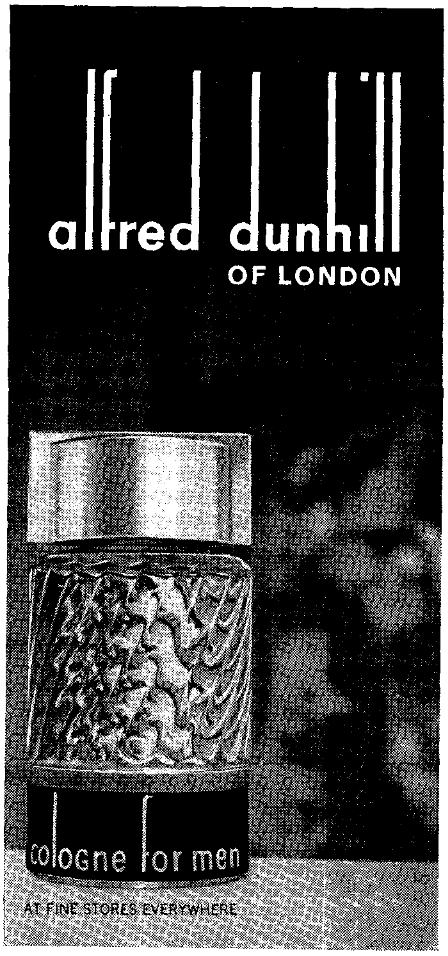
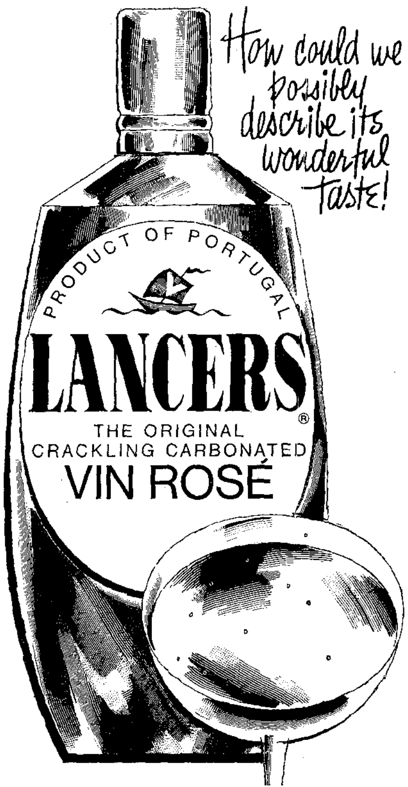
a pleasant nod and "See that you have that boiler overhauled." Out on the street again, he said, "When you get a nice woman like that, you can relax. The inside combustion chamber was excellent, the burner was clean, and the oil was burning at the proper temperature, but the boiler still needs cleaning and overhauling. Right now, it's operating all right, but I can't say what will happen tonight, or an hour from now. The problem is to get away from these people before they talk your ear off. Everybody has to tell you about some other building! I'll be back in a few days to make sure that boiler is overhauled." He added, "We accomplish a lot, but the results are hard to see."

Among Hosmer's other calls that day was one at a furniture-manufacturing company, where he had to check on a dust collector that was being installed on the roof in response to complaints from apartment dwellers nearby that sawdust was blowing into their rooms. The installation was not quite complete, and Hosmer warned the furniture-maker to complete the job immediately. After that, we dropped into a small apartment building where a couple had complained of smelling smoke coming from somewhere next door between four-thirty and five every morning. The complaining couple were not at home, but Hosmer discovered from the superintendent of the building that they were both blind. "It's too early for the super to be up at five in the morning, and there's no one to give exact evidence on the density of the emission, so what do we do?" Hosmer said to me after we had left. "My feeling is that they're probably right, and that if they are, the smoke will be visible at some other time of the day, too, so we'll have to keep a close watch on the place."

Hosmer made another stop, at an apartment house right down the street, where he found a smoke alarm that wasn't working, wrote out a violation notice, and told the superintendent that the owner had ten days in which to fix it. Then, as we headed for a small old house on a side street, he said wearily, "This lady just walks around all day looking for smoke. She's a complainer from way back. Every district has at least one. Now she's written in about chimneys smoking on the church school across the street. I've been here ten times in the last year."

He rang the bell and a white-haired lady with a hearing aid came to the door, holding a Pekinese tenderly in her arms. She ushered us in, gave us her complaints about the church school, and told us her dog was ailing. As Hosmer





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NEW YORK 19

began to edge toward the door, she said, "Well, Mr. Hosmer, I've been reporting in this neighborhood for three years, and you and I have the area pretty well cleaned up, haven't we? Do you remember that junk yard we got after?"

"You've done wonderful, you've done wonderful," Hosmer said soothingly, his hand on the doorknob. "I'll just step across the street, Ma'am, and have a talk with the people at the school."

At the school, he sought out the building superintendent, who rose from an old-fashioned roll-top desk in the basement to escort us down spotless corridors into a large boiler room. "When the boiler's cold, at 4:30 A.M., of course we get smoke," the super said. "It's that woman across the street who's complaining, isn't it?" Hosmer gave no hint as to who had made the complaint, but the super went on, "It's for spite, because we got tired of having her dog dirty our sidewalk and said so."

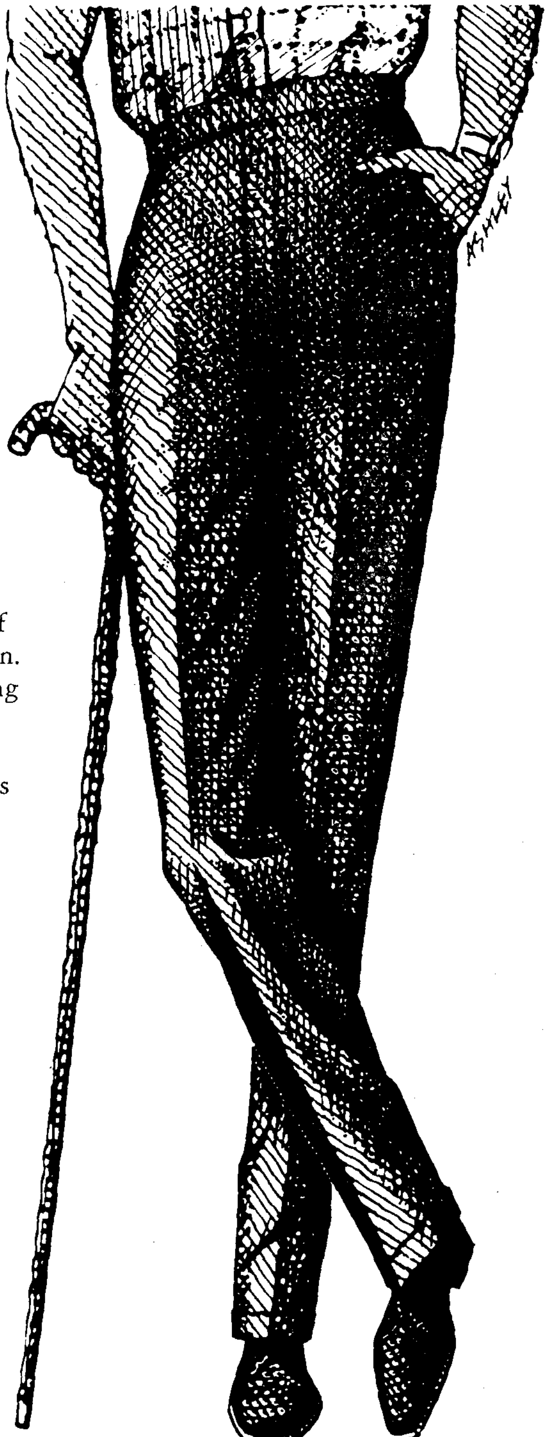
Hosmer sighed, and asked me to look through a peephole at the flames under the boiler. "When you get a nice flame like that, white with a yellow tinge, it means almost perfect combustion," he said. "You don't even have to go outside and look—you know there's no smoke."

He looked helplessly at the super, who threw up his hands and said, "I know it's that woman across the street."

"I'm not allowed to say," Hosmer replied.

We stopped for a late lunch at a Y.M.C.A. lunchroom, and I left Hosmer writing out reports at the counter.

THE next morning, an inspector whom I shall call Mr. Arnaldo picked me up in a bureau automobile at eight o'clock, and we set out for the West Side Highway and the waterfront. "I'm the only inspector whose car has a two-way radio in it, so I go anyplace in town when the office can't reach one of the men patrolling an assigned district," he said. "But on normal duty I spend all my time around ships. Yesterday the Commissioner spotted a passenger vessel smoking in the North River—dense smoke—but by the time he had turned in the complaint, I had seen it and been aboard. Those fellows were cleaning the tubes in one of their boilers by blowing steam through them, which isn't permitted in New York City waters by ocean-going vessels. That should be done out at sea, three miles from shore. The two of us on duty along the waterfront give out more summonses than any other inspectors, because



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usually, instead of acting on the basis of outside complaints, we actually see the violations as they're being commited. By the time one of our cases comes up in court, the vessel involved is likely to be at sea, so we have to get the name of its owner or agent, and he goes to court and pays the fine. Even the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth have each been fined three or four times, by the way."

We were driving along West Street, and Arnaldo suddenly stopped the car at a railroad dock where a fire was burning in a rusty oil drum. Several men were standing around the drum warming themselves. Arnaldo got out of the car, kicked over the drum, pointed out several smoldering rags, and sent a man for water to put out the fire. As we got back in the car, he said, "I should have given out a summons, but they say they didn't start it, and in a case like that it's impossible to find the responsible party."

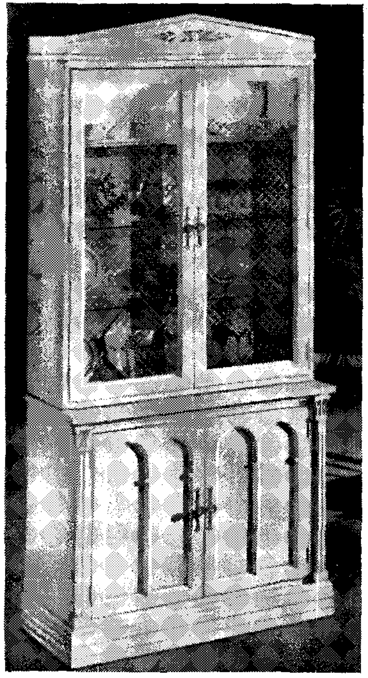
We soon headed east, crossing Brooklyn Bridge into the Red Hook section of Brooklyn and halting at a pier where a freighter was tied up. Dense smoke was pouring from its stack. We climbed a swaying rope gangway, and, once aboard, Arnaldo asked to see the chief engineer. The ship was a new one, and the officers' quarters were modern and comfortable, with soft gray-and-red décor.

The engineer had a ready answer to Arnaldo's complaint. "We would never, never blow our tubes in port," he said. "Our combustion control just went flooey, and you know that in these new ships it's very difficult to operate by hand."

Arnaldo was sympathetic but firm. After inspecting the boiler in question, he wrote out a summons and handed it to the engineer, along with a printed placard that said in big black letters, "PLEASE COOPERATE—WATCH YOUR STACK—SMOKE IS UNLAWFUL." Below, in smaller print, were the rules concerning emissions of smoke and soot as set forth in Chapter 47 of the Administrative Code of New York. "Post this below," Arnaldo said as we left.

Several piers away, we saw smoke coming from a vessel, flying a Greek flag, that was loading grain. Arnaldo got out of the car and made his way toward the ship. No means of boarding her was visible, so he signalled to a crew member that he wanted to come up. The man made off, and returned in a minute with the captain and what looked like the whole crew, who shook their fists and yelled at us in what I took to be Greek. The captain yelled as loudly and shook his fist as fiercely

AEGEAN



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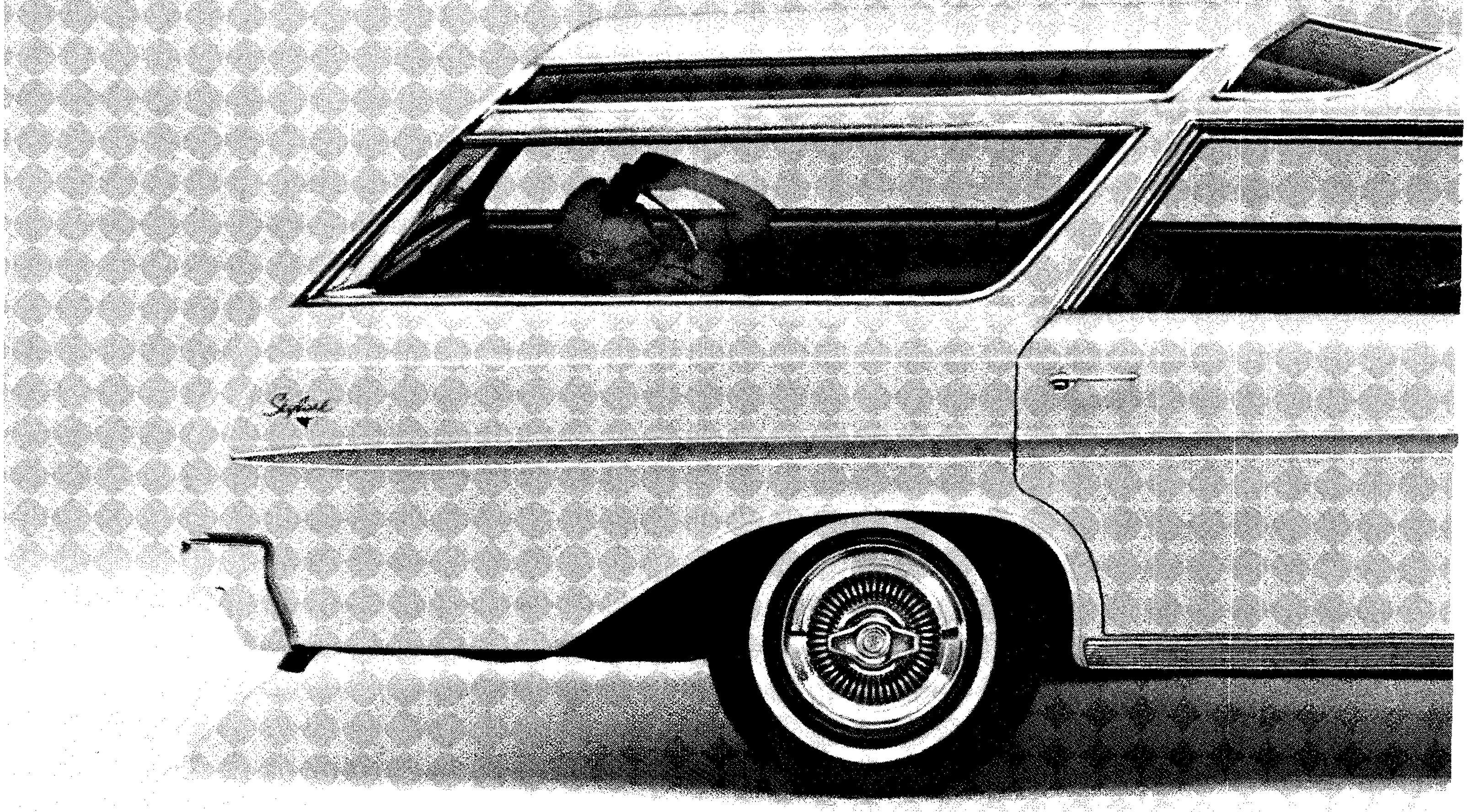

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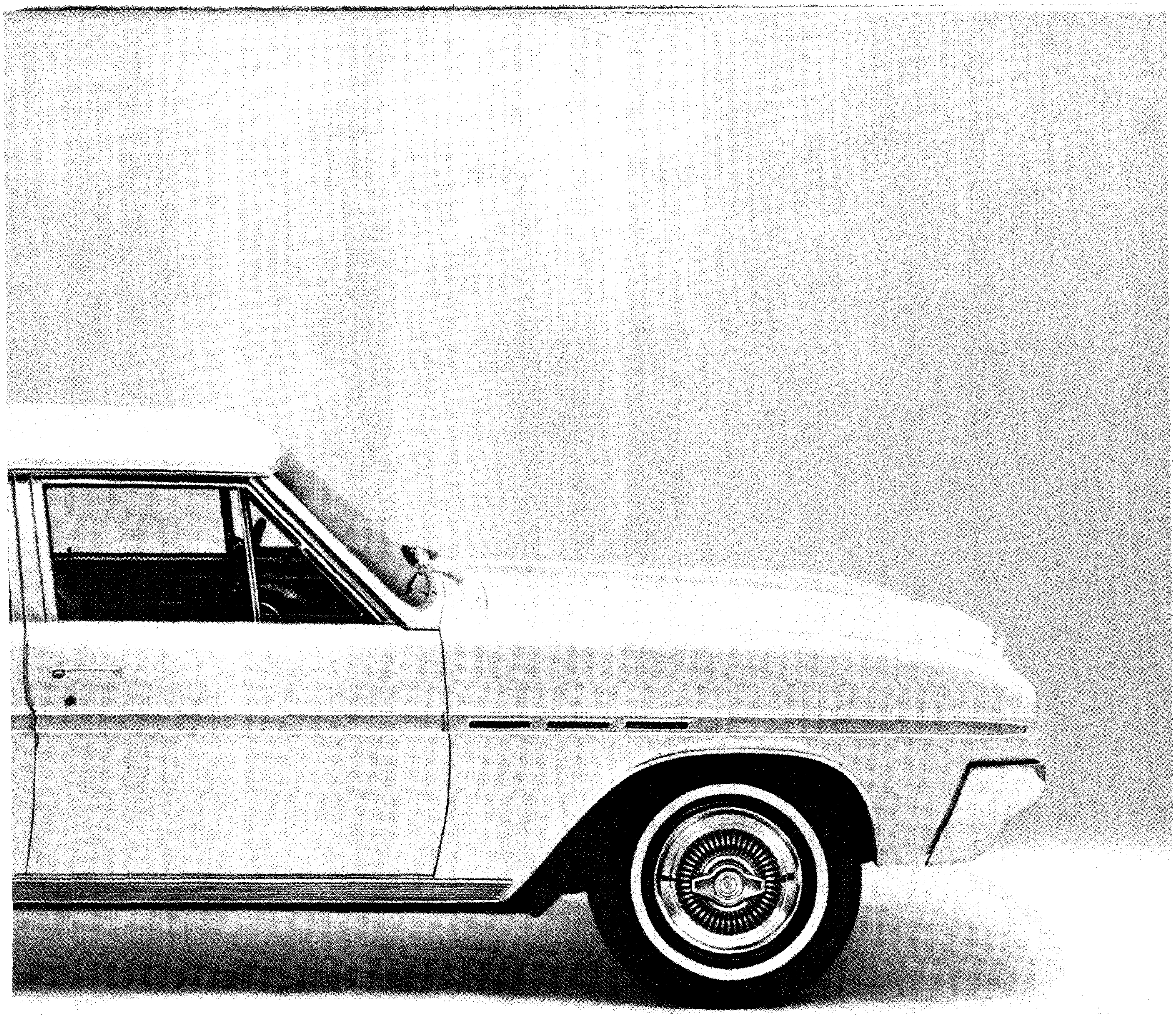

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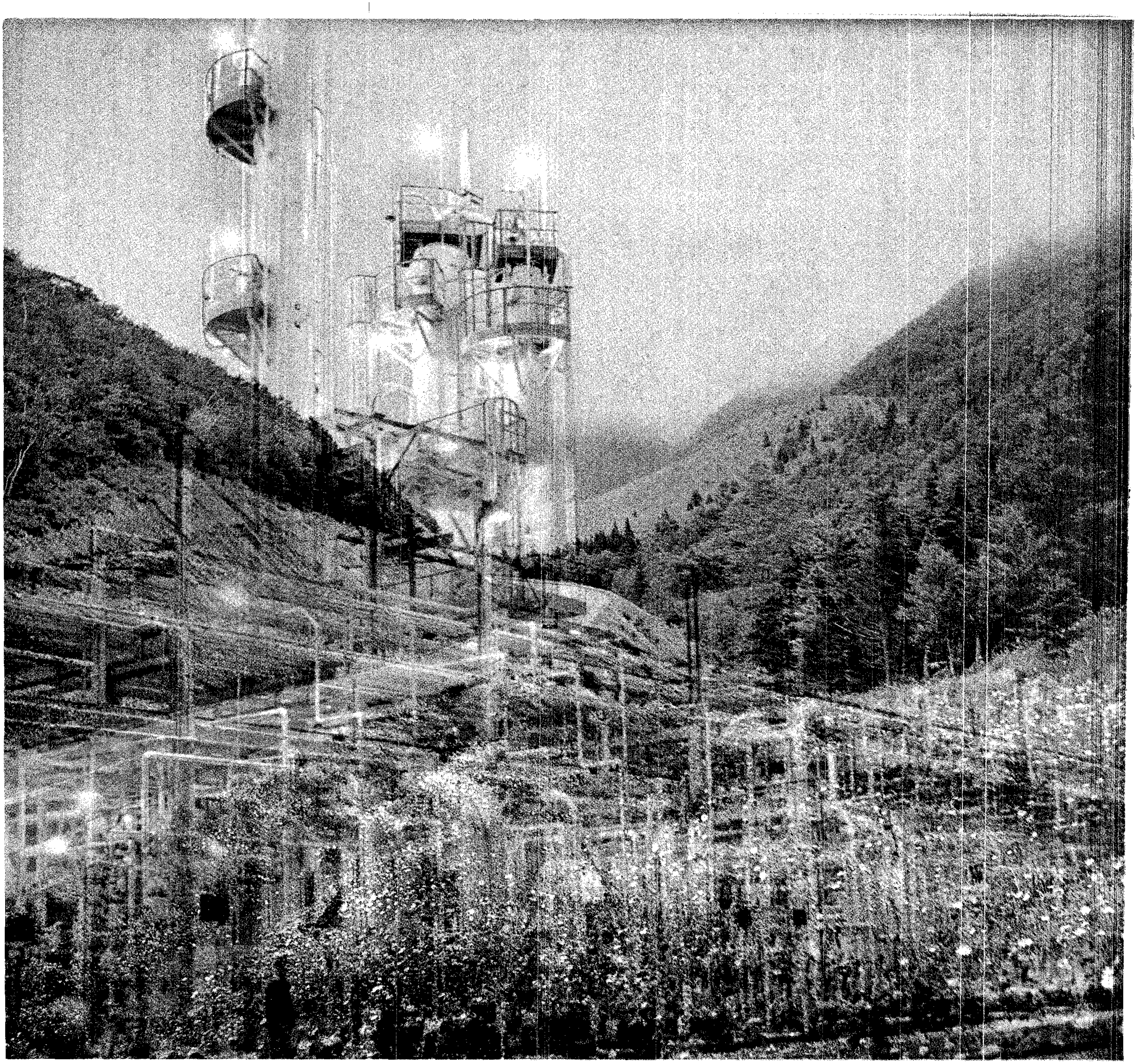

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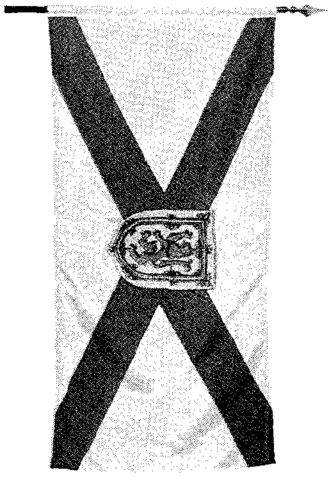

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as the rest. Arnaldo shrugged, pulled out a memo book, and wrote down the name of the vessel, which was Ormos, and we walked across the pier to a small green wooden shack. On its door, two big, ominous "NO ADMITTANCE" signs were tacked below the name of a stevedoring corporation. Arnaldo pushed the door open, and as we went in, half a dozen men lounging in chairs sat up and stared. Nobody spoke. In the rear of the shack, a man was seated at a desk, and after producing his identification card Arnaldo asked him for the name of the agent of the Greek ship. The man examined the card, looked at a sheet on the desk, gave him the name of the ship's agent, and then turned his back, as if we had already gone. When we were in the car once more, Arnaldo said, "This is old Anastasia territory. Very tough."

Next, our tour led us through the Brooklyn Army Base, where huge crates of chocolate bars, shortening, diapers, and soap were being loaded on Army transports. "We have no authority to inspect federal ships, but we can ask their coöperation," Arnaldo said. "Whatever ship we find committing a violation, and wherever it is, we get just about the same response. 'There's smoke everywhere,' they say. 'Why pick on us?' And they'll very likely point to one of the Con Edison plants belching smoke and say, 'What about that?' It's very embarrassing. I have only one reply. I say, 'My concern is with what's happening here.' "

We had been driving along the Brooklyn side of the Narrows, and now Arnaldo stopped the car on the Staten Island Ferry's Sixty-ninth Street pier, which looks out over the Lower Bay anchorage. Among a number of freighters at anchor there, one was belching black smoke. Arnaldo took a pair of binoculars from the glove compartment of the car and hopped out onto the pier. "Dense smoke, No. 3," he said, and spelled out the name of the ship: "L-o-u-r-o-s. I'll get in touch with Customs to find out the name of the owner or agent, and write out a summons. They are unquestionably cleaning their boiler. At sea, it's done twice a day. Most ships that try to do it in port do it at two or three in the morning, when nobody can see them." He trained his binoculars on a spot near Staten Island where thick, jet-black smoke was pouring from the stack of a slim vessel at anchor, then he hurried back to the car. A ferry had docked a moment earlier, and we drove onto it. "We'd better go over, because I can't make out the name of that second ship from here,"

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Arnaldo said. I felt as if we were playing cops-and-robbers as we made our way through the streets of Staten Island to the waterfront overlooking the Narrows. Arnaldo took out his binoculars again, peered at the ship's bow, and made out the name Marivenus. We later learned that she was a Liberian tanker with a Greek crew. Afterward, I checked up on the outcome of the cases against the various ships. The agents for the Marivenus told the judge that the smoke was caused by some inferior oil that the vessel had taken on, and since the ship had no prior air-pollution record, they were fined the minimum of twenty-five dollars. The agents for the Louros and for the Ormos both pleaded guilty, and they, like the agents for the Queen Frederica, the Greek passenger ship whose smoke the Commissioner had sighted at the pier in the North River, paid twenty-five-dollar fines.

I WAS pleased to learn that on my final inspection trip, which would take me back to Staten Island, I would be escorted again by Mr. Hosmer, who lives on the Island, and who had been assigned to check some complaints there that day. He met me at the ferry slip in St. George, and we set off toward Hylan Boulevard in a Department car. The previous week, he told me, over a three day period there had been six complaints about something that, it seemed, could be generally described as "skunk odor" but that was actually both more complex and more powerful.

On our way to talk with the first complainant, Hosmer sighted a large rubbish bonfire at a construction site. He stopped the car, got out, and showed his badge to a workman. "You know that burning debris is a violation," he said.

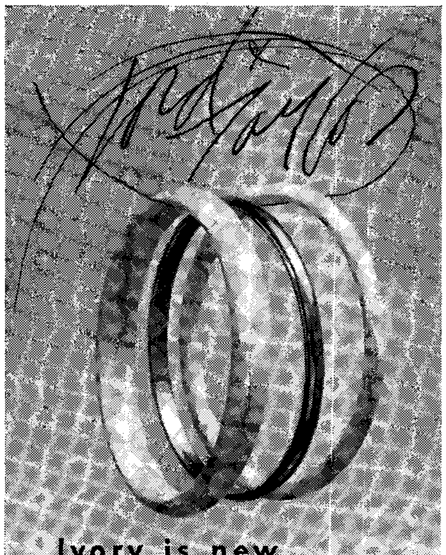
The man replied, "Gee, I didn't know I was starting a fire," and called to his boss, who was on a scaffold nearby.

The boss pretended not to see us, and after waiting silently for nearly ten minutes Hosmer wrote out a summons, climbed the scaffold, and handed it to him. The man looked at the summons, and then looked at Hosmer for the first time. "What's the fine?" he asked.

"Twenty-five-dollar minimum," Hosmer said. "Open fires are banned. You should take that rubbish to the city dump."

Back in the car, Hosmer told me, "Relations are very strained when you're giving a summons. Sometimes people wave their arms and stamp their feet. This one wasn't too bad."

As we drove along, Hosmer let me read some of the complaints that had



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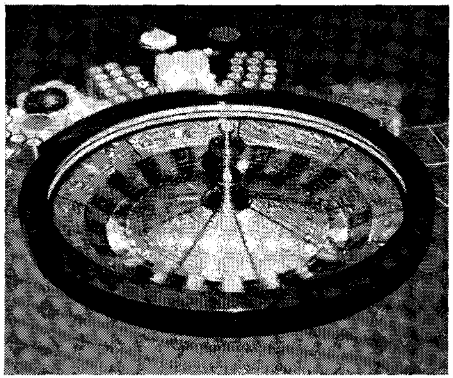
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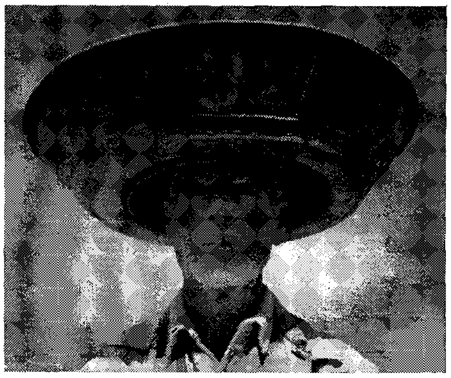
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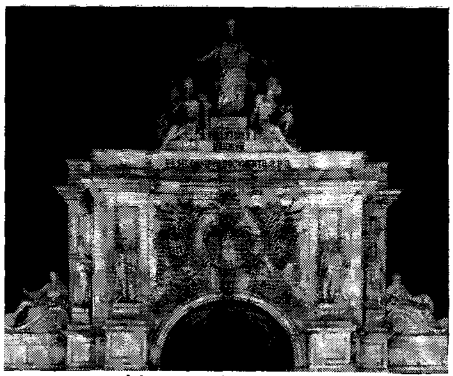
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been received about the odor. People described it as "skunky," "like rotten eggs," and "sickening," and they all seemed to think that it came from New Jersey. We stopped first at a small bungalow, where a tall, homely woman wearing glasses answered the bell. When Hosmer told her who he was, she burst into a cascade of words. "Can't you do something? I can't even open my windows! We can't even send our children into the back yard! This is our own country, not Russia!"

"There is no doubt something is wrong," Hosmer said soothingly. "Most people think the odor comes from New Jersey, and, as you know, that's outside our jurisdiction. This week, the authorities in Jersey are checking up on some of the companies that they know are causing odors."

The woman was not soothed. "What can we do? Shall I tell my neighbors to call and complain? We've lived here two and a half years, and it's been going on at least that long."

Hosmer said, "Every complaint serves as ammunition, and in the last two years we have received many complaints about this condition." As he tipped his hat in farewell, he said, "We want you to know that your city government is interested, and that we're in constant touch with Jersey."

At another stop, the door was answered by a tall woman with prominent teeth, who was wearing slacks and had her hair in rollers. She exclaimed, "Oh, why did *you* come again! I just call in to be tabulated. You know it's the same old complaint—that dirty, rotten, stinking air! I have respiratory trouble, and if it continues we'll have to move. I hope the rich people in Todt Hill get that smell, too. Maybe they'll do something about it. As for the people over there in Jersey, they'd rather make a fast buck and pay off their own citizens."

When we got back in the car, Hosmer said, "Phew! I didn't remember her until she began to talk!"

We stopped at several more houses and heard equally vehement complaints, and then, as we were turning a corner, Hosmer slowed down and sniffed. "Ugh! That's it right now," he said. "The wind is coming from the southwest, and sometimes you can smell the odor at one spot and not at another."

Once sniffed, the smell was not easily forgotten; it was skunk, rotten eggs, sulphur, and heaven knows what else, all rolled into one. In talking with Hosmer that day, and, after he and I had completed our tour, in talking with officials back at the Department, I

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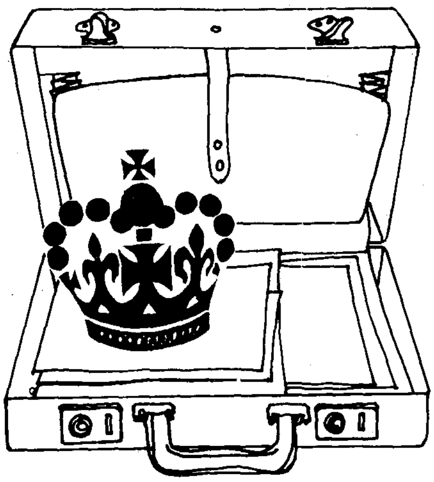

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learned something about this particular stench, and about air pollution from New Jersey in general. New Jersey is the leading chemical-manufacturing state in the country, and the heaviest concentration of sources of air pollution are in the area that includes Bayonne, Carteret, Linden, Elizabeth, and Perth Amboy, directly across the narrow Arthur Kill from Staten Island. Pollution from Jersey is not confined to odors. On the Jersey side of the Arthur Kill are petroleum refineries, insecticide and fertilizer manufacturers, and metal refineries, among them Esso, American Cyanamid, du Pont, and U.S. Metals, which collects second-hand metals and re-refines them. "U.S. Metals has a big copper refinery in Carteret," a New York City Health Department official told me. "It emits so much sulphur dioxide that nobody in Carteret has a lawn. That's the saddest community you ever saw. At first, the company compensated farmers on Staten Island for damage to their crops. The farmers called this 'chemical farming,' and stopped trying to grow anything. Later, the company built its stack to a height of nearly five hundred feet, but the people of Staten Island still complained so bitterly of air pollution that the company decided to send a truck over with testing equipment to check for sulphur dioxide, so that when the concentration was too heavy they could curtail operations or close down the plant. The people on Staten Island aren't impressed by the way that's worked out. The trouble is that those Jersey communities across the Arthur Kill exist because one or two industries pay most of the taxes and employ most of the people. There may be no grass and no chance of growing any, but if anyone raises too much of a fuss the industry threatens to pull out, and then, of course, the whole town might go hungry."

Another official, who had been listening, said, "Yes, but while the big industries will threaten to move, the fact is that they can't just pick up and go as easily as they can afford a two-million-dollar investment, say, to get rid of air pollution. The bigger the company, the more likely it is to take action. Esso, in Linden, for example, has done an outstanding job. It takes pains to burn both its waste gases and its solid wastes, such as oil-soaked rags and used catalytic chemicals. It has spent half a million dollars on reducing air pollution."

Everyone I talked with at the Department of Air Pollution Control agreed that the most annoying, if not necessarily the most toxic, of all the pollutants from New Jersey was the

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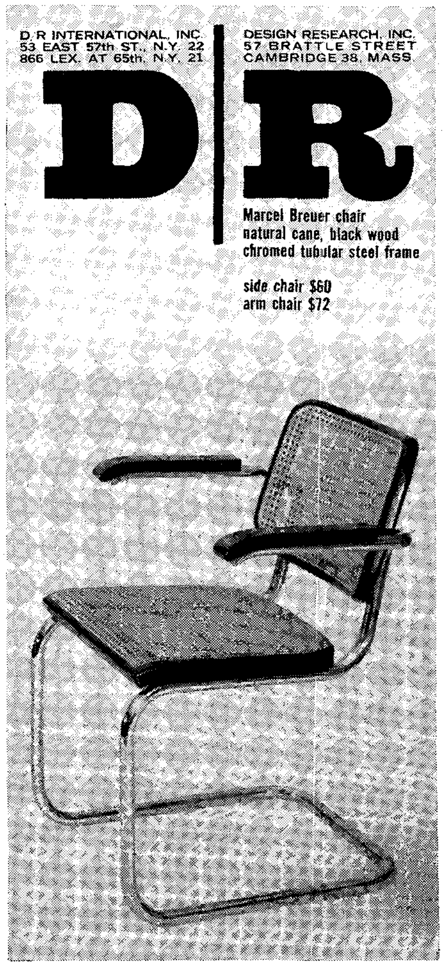
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chemical that gave off the skunky, rotten-egg odor. It had been identified as ethyl mercaptan, which is produced in the manufacture of insecticides, and extremely minute quantities of it emit a very powerful stench, capable of travelling great distances. The odor is so powerful, in fact, that one part of ethyl mercaptan in four billion parts of air is readily detectable, and a few drops could be smelled all over an area as large as Madison Square Garden. On perhaps a dozen occasions in recent years, the odor has not only hit Staten Island but travelled with the winds across lower Manhattan and into Nassau County. When this has happened, the Air Pollution Control Department's switchboard has become jammed, and the Inspection Bureau has been able to trace the path of the odor by plotting the sources of the calls and correlating them with reports on wind direction. In such cases, of course, New York is obliged to rely on the New Jersey authorities to take action. In most instances, New Jersey officials "have confined themselves to acting hurt," according to one of my New York informants, who went on to explain, "Nine New Jersey governors have told me that the westerly winds that blow from New Jersey to New York are not from the west." As for the ethyl mercaptan, however, since my trip to Staten Island its producers have taken steps that they say will remove the nuisance.

A more general move to alleviate Staten Island's troubles has now been made through the Interstate Sanitation Commission, a New York-New Jersey organization that had previously concerned itself almost exclusively with water pollution. The two states have granted it the small sum of sixteen thousand dollars each for research on air pollution, and a major study area is that along the Arthur Kill. Under the direction of my friend Dr. Jacobs, a mobile laboratory is currently gathering data on both sides of the channel. As for the broader efforts to combat air pollution, there is cause for hope in the passage by Congress last December of the Clean Air Act, which authorizes the Public Health Service to expand its air-pollution research and for the first time gives the federal government enforcement powers in this field. To consider the best ways of using these powers, Senator Edmund Muskie, of Maine, chairman of a special subcommittee on air and water pollution, held hearings last month at City Hall in New York. Among others, Mayor Wagner, Commissioner Benline, Dr. Jacobs, Mr. Minasian, and various New Jersey officials testified, all

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agreeing on the seriousness of the problem, if not on the exact roles the federal and local governments should play.

DURING my trip to Staten Island with Mr. Hosmer, he had suggested that I might later want to talk with Mrs. Charles Crookall, who is President of the Staten Island Taxpayers Association, lives in Rossville, on the banks of the Arthur Kill, and has been in the thick of the fight against air pollution. I subsequently called on Mrs. Crookall at her home, a small frame house, built in 1757, that stands close to the road in an area that retains some hint of an earlier rural loveliness. She is a handsome, vigorous woman, who was born in Belgium and came to Staten Island to live, with her husband and son, in 1946. As soon as I arrived, she took me out to her back yard, which faces across the water toward the enormous five-hundred-foot smokestack of U.S. Metals. Beyond the stack stretches the vast smoky compound of industrial New Jersey. Mrs. Crookall told me that she could not look at that U.S. Metals stack without becoming enraged. "When I came to Staten Island, I had the cutest little bird—a Mexican parrot that flew around freely," she said. "One day, a man who was working for me said, 'The smog is coming in. Put your bird in its cage and take it away from this air.' But it was too late. The bird fell dead on the floor. It's a thick, thick sulphur smog. It grabs you, and your heart starts to pound. We over here protested bitterly, and U.S. Metals built that big chimney. The smog persisted, though, so we went over and tried to see the company officials, but they wouldn't let us in. We could see the workers wearing masks, and nothing grows in Carteret. How people live there, I don't know. U.S. Metals put a big truck on our roads over here to check on the pollution, but, as luck would have it, the truck never seemed to be where the real smog was, so, whatever we said, we would be contradicted."

She showed me a small, half-brown pine tree. "Isn't that sad?" she said. "It's so moth-eaten. I had a blue spruce, but it lived only a year. You can't grow roses. If you water your lawn, it burns from the chemicals that blow over here. In 1959, while I was setting out plants in my garden, I got water blisters on my hands, which bothered me so much that I went to the doctor. He told me I had zinc poisoning."

Mrs. Crookall suggested that we drive over to see one of the few farmers remaining in the area, a man named Herbert Gericke, who lives several miles

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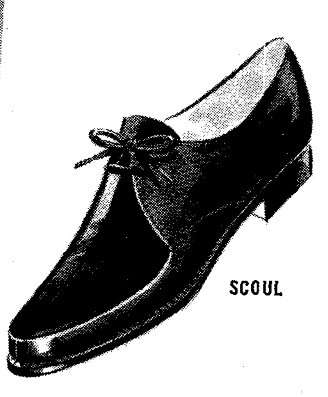

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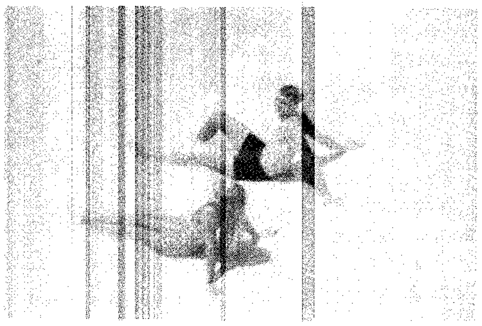

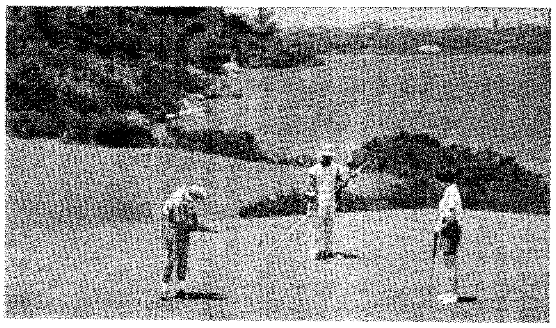

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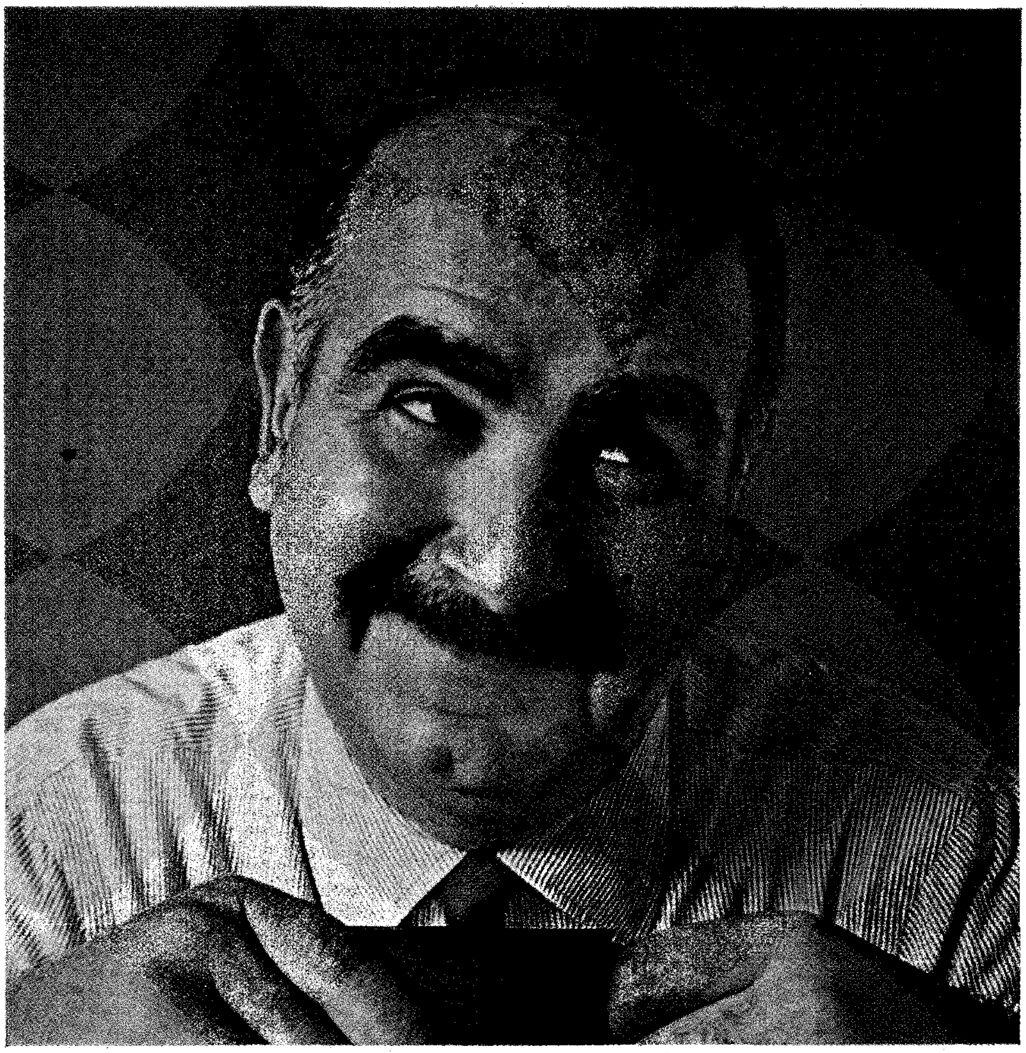
A. Lean over suddenly and rumple his hair. Tell him what a thrill it is to live with such a tiger.



B. Whisper in his ear that you've cancelled the new outfit you ordered. Tell him you have so much to be grateful for, you don't need anything else.

C. Look deep into his eyes and sigh. Say you're so glad the children have his eyes. They'll be dynamite when they grow up.

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COFFEE OF BRAZIL

If you'd like a free booklet, "How To Make Better Coffee," write Dept. F. Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall St., New York City 5 down the road to the east. On the way, she remarked that, not long before, there had been a terrible accident on the New Jersey Turnpike, near Carteret. "Twelve cars piled up on each other, and just at that time the smog was so thick here I couldn't sleep," she said. "I often wonder about those so-called 'fogs' that are said to cause accidents on the turnpikes and at airports around here. Are they fog, smog, or are they from air pollution?"

She turned the car into a dirt driveway and honked. A tall, grizzled man in blue overalls, with piercing eyes, a full mustache, and a pointed beard, came out of a barn, and Mrs. Crookall introduced him as Mr. Gericke. When I asked him about the air pollution around his farm, Mr. Gericke pulled at his beard and scowled. "I'm an organic farmer, and I have twelve acres," he said. "I grow all kinds of vegetables, but when you put out early crops, you might as well kiss them goodbye if they get a good dose of sulphur dioxide. It's like putting a blowtorch to them. The leafy crops, like chard and spinach, are burned, and plant growth is generally retarded. I first came here in 1902 from Brooklyn, when Staten Island was a garden spot. Now the only things we get here are garbage dumps, hospitals, and air pollution. The pollution affects anything living, but principally people. Do you think you are breathing fresh air now?"

I drew a deep breath. The air had an ugly, musty smell. I shook my head.

Mr. Gericke pointed to a mist that was creeping around some trees across the road. "Look at that. You aren't permitted to breathe fresh air. But nobody does anything about it." He started to walk away. "I'm thoroughly disgusted," he said. "You might as well take poison and pass out quickly. What do people have to do to get things improved—fall over dead?"

—EDITH IGLAUER

◆

ONWARD AND UPWARD ON THE OLD MAIN LINE

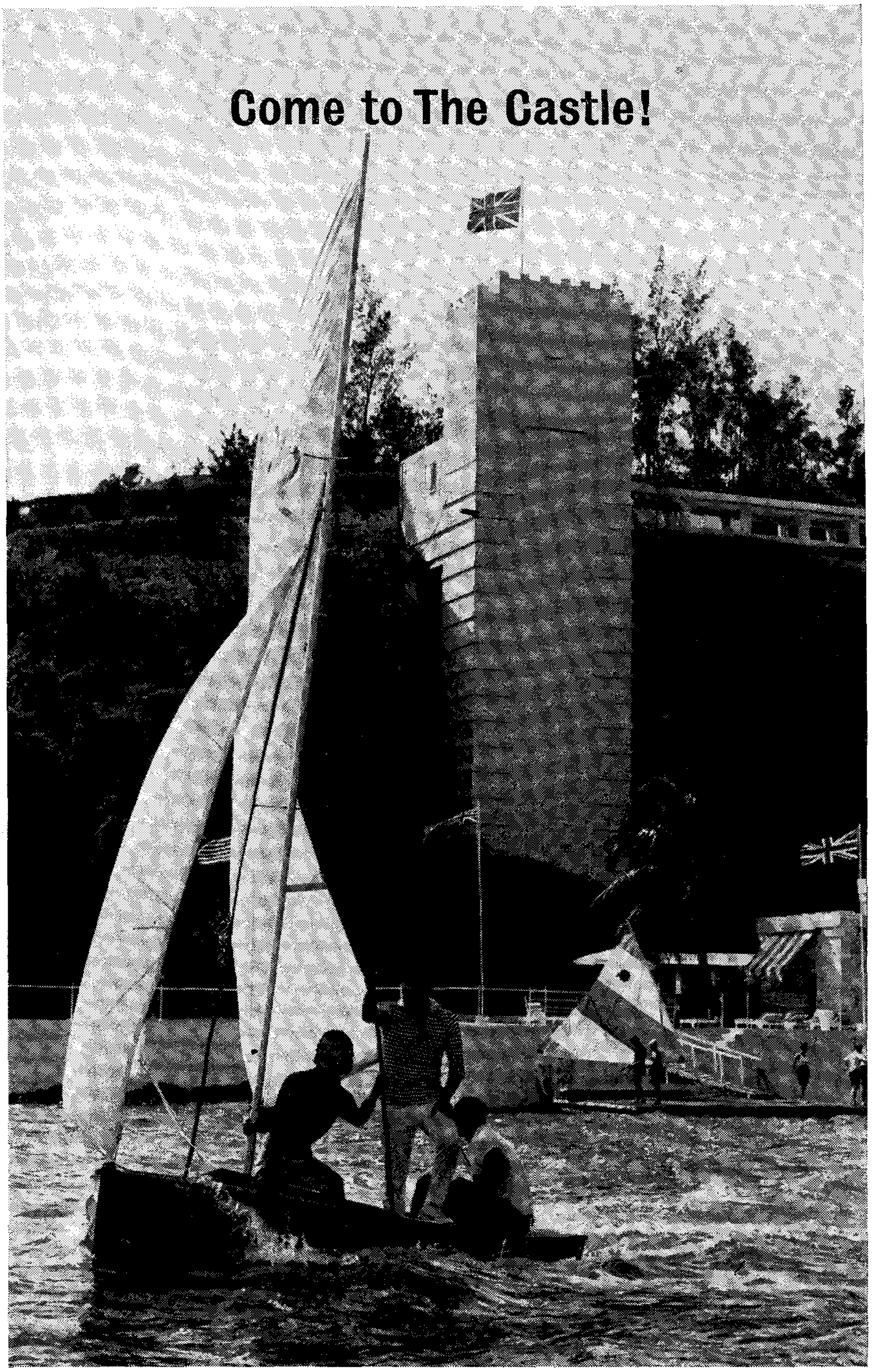
[*From the World-Telegram & Sun*]

HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M is mapping its third re-make of "The Philadelphia Story." Jim Hutton will play Jimmy Stewart's old part. The script will be updated by spotting Hutton as a beachboy who spends most of his time surfing.

◆

A 17-century painting by the Dutch artist Grisaille, valued at £1,000, was stolen at the week-end from the Royal Maritime Museum, Greenwich.—*London Daily Mail.*

Grisaille was a contemporary of the Frenchman Trompe-l'Oeil.



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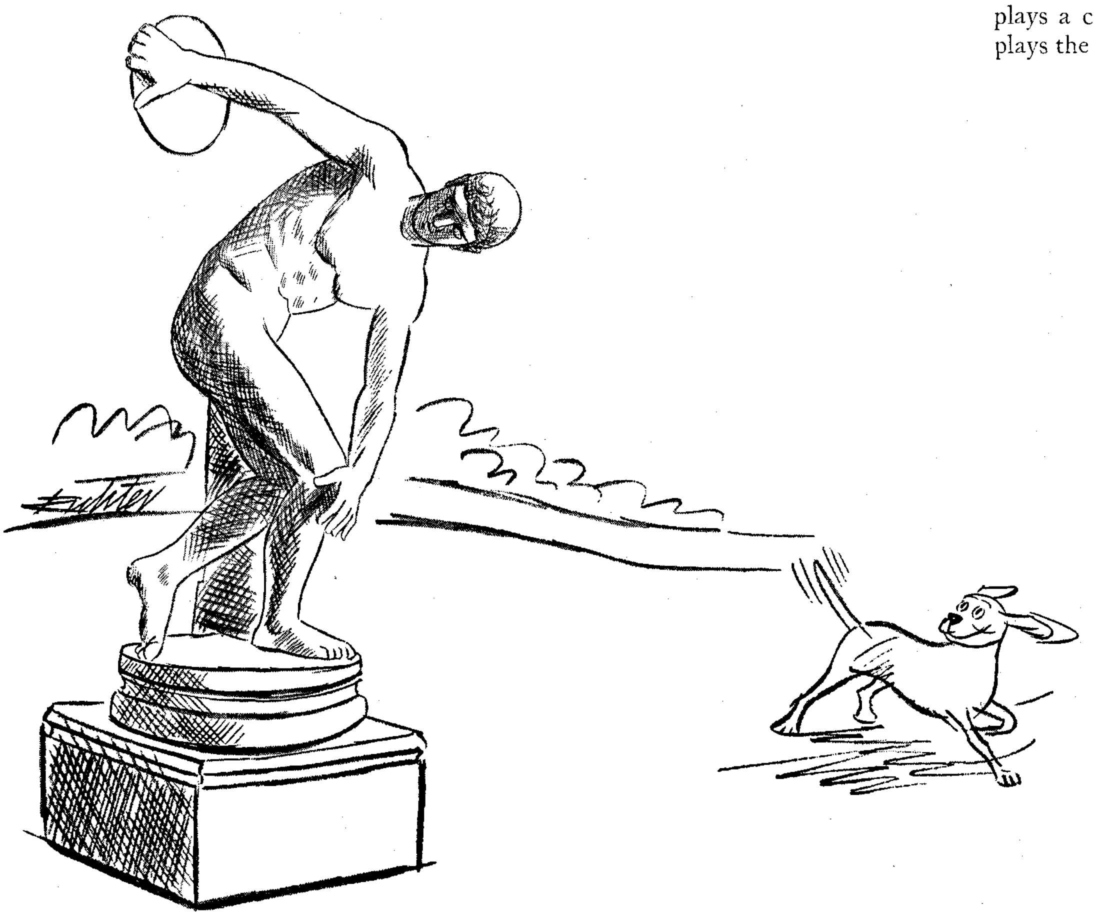
THE THEATRE

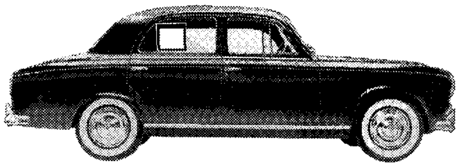
THE GREAT SILENCE

"THE DEPUTY," at the Brooks Atkinson, is the celebrated play by Rolf Hochhuth that has been causing such an uproar all over Europe. In this version—an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg—it has been cut down from five acts to two, and the running time from over six hours to about two hours and a half. The work is somewhat old-fashioned in its style, but its content is contemporary and explosive. It is Mr. Hochhuth's contention that Pope Pius XII revealed himself as all too fallible when he failed to speak out against the senseless slaughter of six million Jews at the order of the madman Hitler, having apparently been guided by political rather than moral considerations in adopting a neutral attitude toward the Nazi tyranny. (He is presumed to have regarded the Germans as a lesser evil than the Russians and to have been all in favor of the former in the struggle on the eastern front.) Whatever the merits of this argument may be, Mr. Hochhuth deserves credit for reminding us forcefully that it is the duty of all of us to succor the oppressed. "The Deputy" has been condemned in some quarters as an anti-Catholic enterprise, but I didn't find it so. If, on the one hand, it is something less than charitable in its presentation of Pius XII, it offers, on the other hand, a self-sacrificing young Jesuit, Father Riccardo Fontana, as a hero whose convictions are similar to those of the great Protestant divine John Donne, which he spelled out so nobly in a passage that is always worth quoting: "No man is an *Iland* entire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine:* if a *Clod* bee washed away by the *Sea*, *Europe* is the lesse, as well as *if a Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine owne* were; any man's *death* diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankinde;* And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls. It tolls for *Thee*." These are sentiments that Mr. Hochhuth would have us believe were not prevalent in the Vatican in 1942 and 1943, but they are sentiments that his Father Fontana, a papal diplomat, has the courage to adhere to. "The Deputy" is discursive, didactic, and occasionally ponderous, and in abbreviating it Mr. Rothenberg has, of necessity, left a few loose ends lying around. Just the same, it packs a lot of excitement into its eight scenes, and as it parades before us its priests of high and low rank, its S.S. men and their victims—the play has a cast of around forty—it frequently comes very much alive. The plot revolves around the efforts of Father Fontana to persuade the Roman Catholic hierarchy—and, in particular, Pius XII—to express dismay at Nazi outrages. But there are various departures from this central theme, in the course of which we meet, among others, an enigmatic S.S. man called Gerstein—an engineer and physician—whom the Nazis have selected to speed up the killings in the gas chambers but who is implacably opposed to the regime; the Papal Nuncio in Berlin, who doesn't believe in giving differences between the Curia and the Third Reich a prominent place on his agenda; and a mysterious doctor who bears a close resemblance to the Devil himself.

As Father Fontana, Jeremy Brett gives a performance that improves as it goes along, and when, at the climax of the play, he takes his place with the Jews going to their death in the gas chambers of Auschwitz, he has earned our complete sympathy. Others who deserve commendation are Fred Stewart, who plays a cardinal; James Mitchell, who plays the demonic doctor; Philip Bruns, who plays Gerstein; Ian Wolfe, who plays the Father General; and Carl Low, who plays Father Fontana's father. In a brief appearance as Pius XII, Emlyn Williams bears an uncanny resemblance to the Pope he is portraying, but I'm afraid that the role, as written, comes dangerously close to caricature.



THE heel who passes for a hero—or non-hero, if you will—in "What Makes Sammy Run?," at the Fifty-fourth Street, is a pretty tiresome fellow to have around for long, and the musical itself isn't very notable. It was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, who based their work upon Budd Schulberg's novel of the same name, and it has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake. The piece, as you probably know, deals with the



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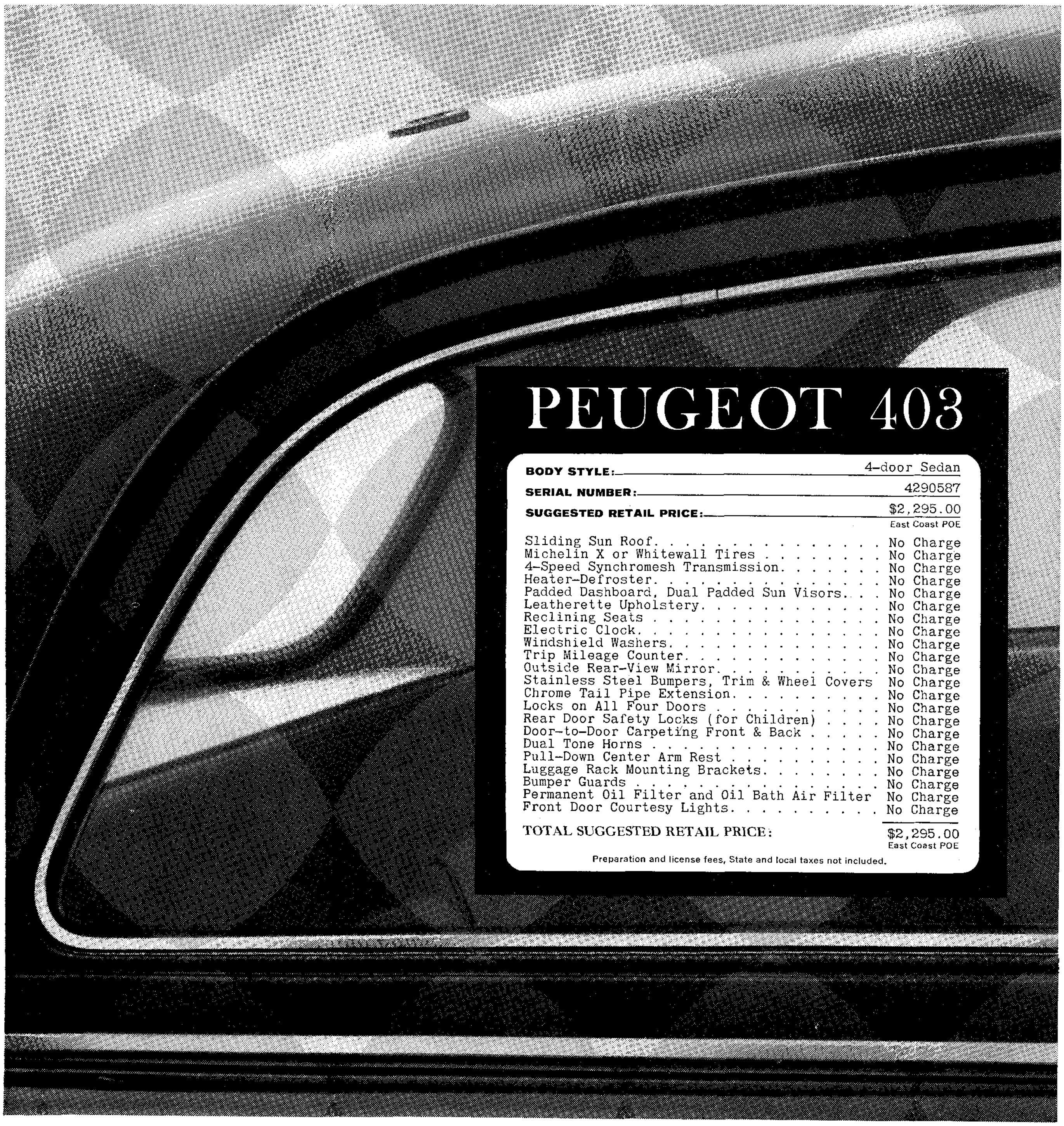

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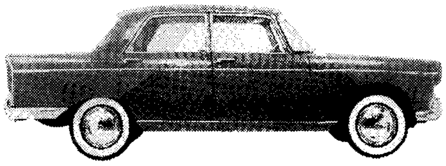

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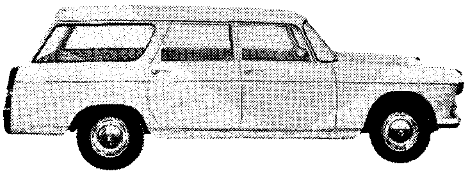

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progress of a horrible and ambitious twerp from the city room of a New York newspaper, where he is a copy boy, to Hollywood, where he becomes as mighty as Zanuck. The Schulbergs get a bit of mileage out of spoofing Hollywood, but they're up against the fact that jokes about the place are becoming old hat. The play was directed by Abe Burrows, who certainly had his work cut out for him, and its cast is headed by Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Vive la Compagnie

FOR the first three evenings of its brief season at the City Center, the Théâtre de France—the Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault company—presented Beaumarchais's "Le Mariage de Figaro," directed by M. Barrault. Mme. Renaud appeared as the Countess, and M. Barrault as the Count; the Figaro was Jean Desailly. My French is awfully sketchy, but the simultaneous translation that was available over tiny transistor radios with ear buttons was more nuisance than help, interfering with the voices of the actors, so I decided to let it go and rely on my memory of the opera. The jokes flatten out in translation anyway. Here, then, is a report on the production based principally, but not entirely, on the behavior and voices of the actors, rather than on their interpretation of the lines. The expertly modulated ensemble playing, with its great firmness and delicacy, must be every other director's dream of heaven. There was not one unclear or awkward moment, and all the richness of this thick-skinned, thin-skinned eighteenth-century play was there. As for the individual performances, I'd say that the women's were far stronger than the men's. Mme. Renaud, without Mozart's music to help her, suggested the deep sadness of the neglected and deceived Countess, and never for an instant overstepped the bounds of comedy or of the play's decorum. As Genêt pointed out in these pages a couple of weeks ago, Mme. Renaud is not, strictly speaking, a pretty woman, but in costume and white wig she looked like a cameo. Simone Valère, who *is* a pretty woman, made a bright and acceptable Suzanne, and Dominique Arden was properly ingenuous as the gardener's daughter. But M. Barrault, though he was always fascinating to watch and was unmistakably aristocratic in manner, came nowhere near the full-blooded, philandering Count. It was hard to believe

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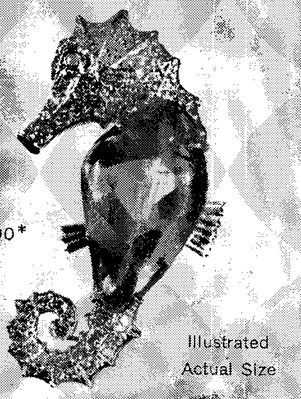

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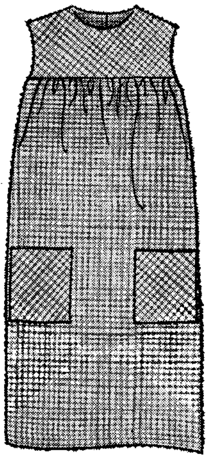

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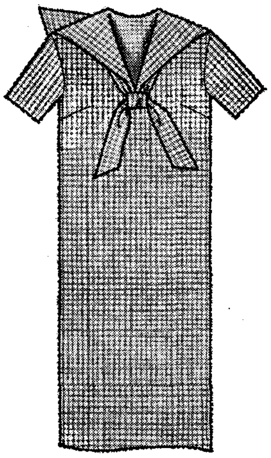

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that he was any more than miffed at all the plots and counterplots to deprive him of his *droit du seigneur* with Suzanne. The performance of the rather plump M. Desailly had some variety and humor, but the spirit and banked fire of Figaro—damned if he'll be made a cuckold!—just weren't there. Bernard Laik's Chérubin, while not especially ardent, was engagingly young and shy, and the scene in which Suzanne persuades him to sing his love song to the Countess (to the tune of "*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*") was one of the most charming of a whole cluster of charming scenes.

Visually, "Le Mariage de Figaro" was flawless. The costumes, by Yves Saint-Laurent, were beautiful, and Pierre Delbée's lighting and décor of beiges and creams and grays and black and white and gold were so sublime that they seemed to extend beyond the stage itself, transforming the dear, funny-looking City Center into a quite grand theatre.

KEITH WATERHOUSE, who wrote the novel "Billy Liar" and collaborated on the play and the movie that were made from it, is a very funny writer, but this would be hard to tell from "Squat Betty" and "The Sponge Room," a couple of one-act plays he wrote with Willis Hall, which have already been done in London, and which opened last week at the East End. Although both have comic lines, original, quirky nonsense, and amusing characters (three apiece), neither is nearly as funny in performance as it ought to be. Perhaps the plays just didn't travel well, but I doubt it. It is more likely that two of the three actors who appear in them—and possibly the director, too—never hit the right note. I don't see how the third actor, Leslie Redford, could be better; the lower-middle-class-on-its-way-up accent he uses and the eagerness and innocence he shows are exactly right for both his parts. In "Squat Betty"—which is named for a mountain right outside the window of the hostel in Cumberland where the action takes place—Mr. Redford appears, in kilt and knapsack, as a holiday mountain climber and the unwilling apex of an uncomfortable triangle. He is there to discourage the hostelkeeper's wife from leaving her husband and joining him in London, where he works most enthusiastically as a public-relations man. The hostelkeeper is threatening suicide—either by hanging, from a noose suspended from the ceiling, or by an overdose of sleeping pills, which he carries around with him

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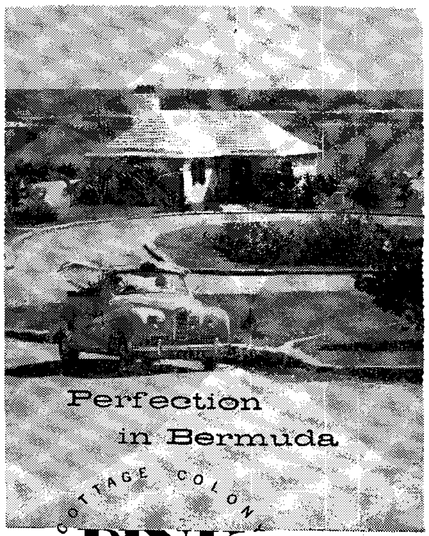

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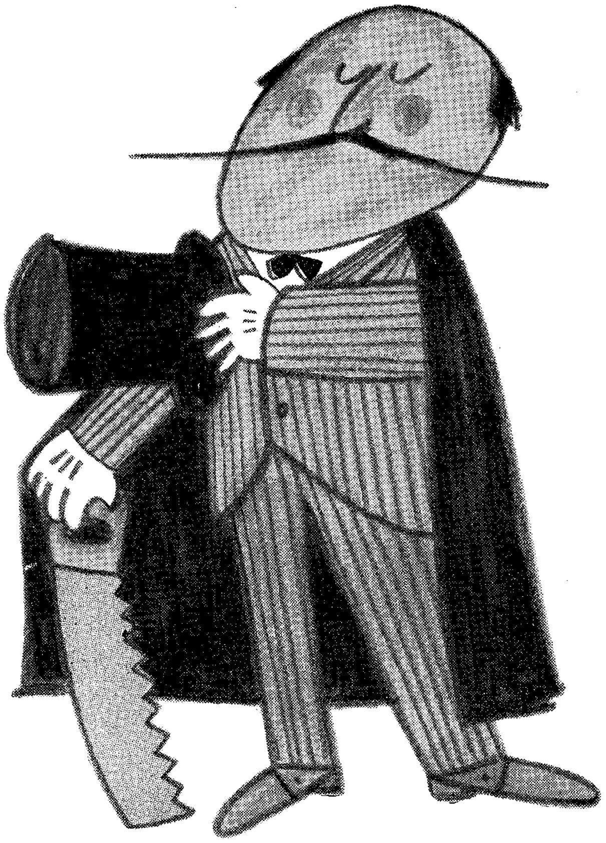

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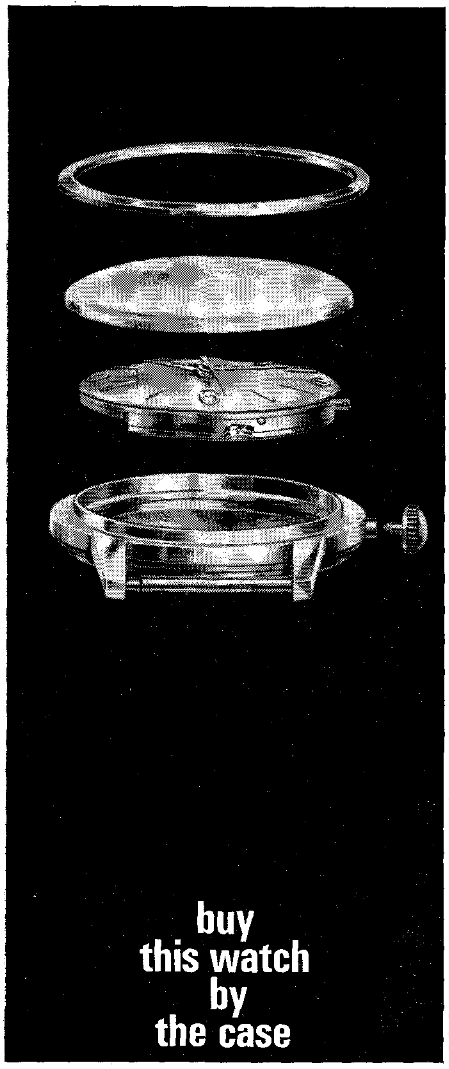

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in a stud box and, at one point, munches away at as the lovers ignore him for topics of their own. When the lovers are in difficulties, he cheerfully works at his inventory, so that everything will be in order for the next hostelkeeper.

"The Sponge Room" is set in the sponge room of the Natural History Museum in London, where a young clerk from the Air Ministry (Mr. Redford) and a salesgirl meet, as they have met in many other rooms in many other museums—chiefly, it turns out, to deplore their hard luck in not being able to find a room of their own for their twice-a-week assignations. The third character is a uniformed attendant—a stuffed-bird lover, who offers them *his* room if they will smuggle out a stuffed bird for him. The offer comes to nothing, for reasons that are made clear by the time the play is over.

On opening night, "Squat Betty," which is the more obvious and farcical of the two, went better than "The Sponge Room," but I think "The Sponge Room" is a better and more revealing play, for all its nuttiness. James Coco doubles as the hostelkeeper and the museum guard. In each instance, his eccentric behavior would be more amusing if he could manage to be a little less whimsical during his non-eccentric moments. Joan Darling appears as both women. Although she is an attractive girl, with presence and intelligence, she doesn't seem to be either of the girls that the playwrights had in mind. —EDITH OLIVER

•

GENTLEMEN:

This is to notify you of an error on our part regarding the January issue of the *Louisiana Tech Engineer.* Our cover stock was printed with February on the front before we discovered the error. Then we changed the entire magazine to February, although we now believe this might have been an even greater error.

In any event, we wanted you to know that our February issue is really our January issue and has been distributed in January.

Sincerely yours,
RAY NORRE,
Associate Editor

—*Letter received by a firm in St. Louis.*

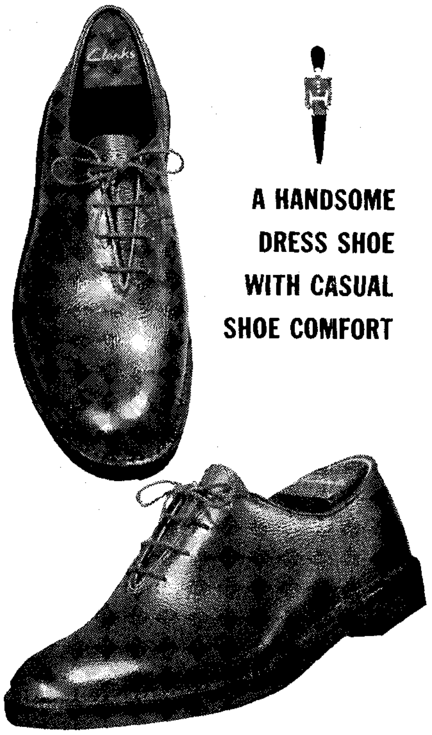
Watch for our sensational *next* issue! You won't believe your eyes.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From Marie McNair's column in the Washington Post*]

Not even a blizzard prevented friends of former Ambassador and Mrs. Myron Cowen from missing their cocktail party yesterday in honor of a former Washingtonian, Lady Jamieson, here from London for a holiday visit.



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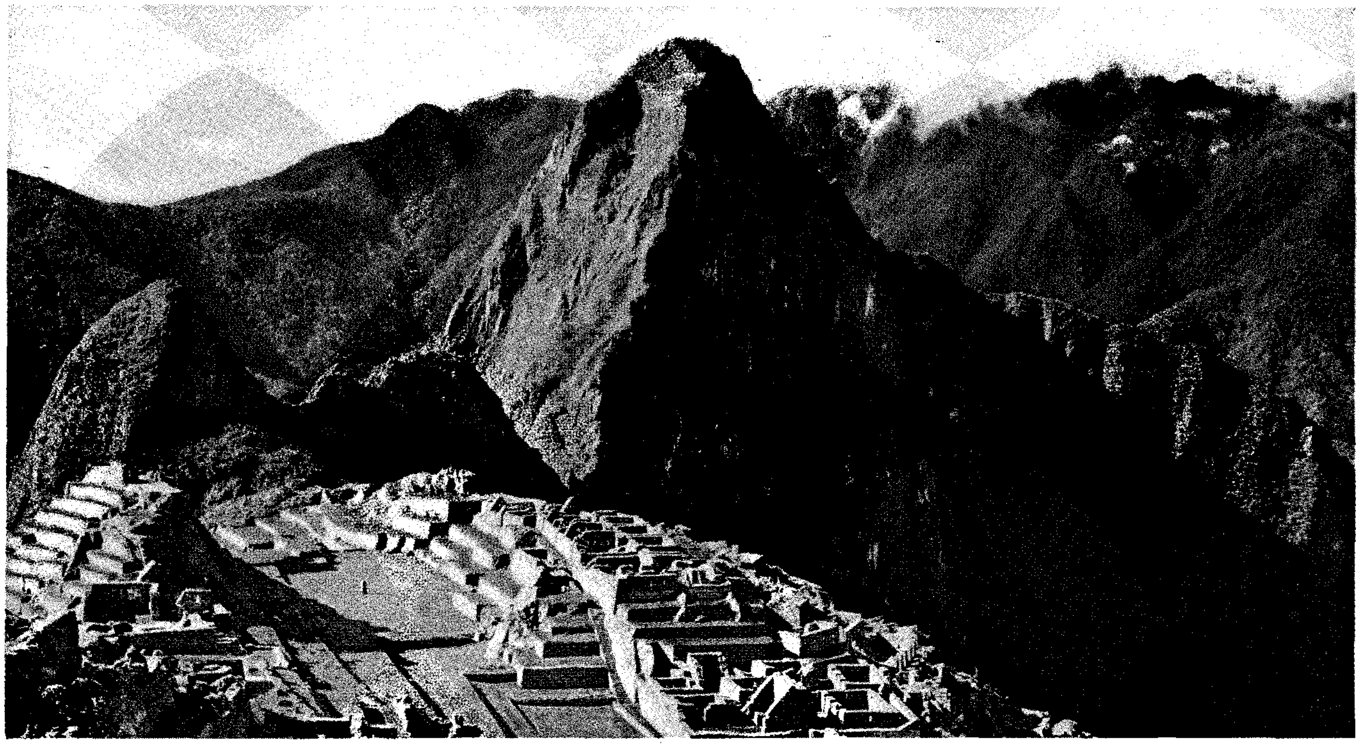

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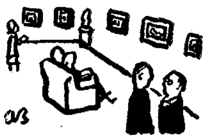
THE ART GALLERIES

Morality in Montmartre



I AM constantly being impressed by the degree to which one's concept of an artist's work can be affected, for good or ill, by the selection of what goes into a show, particularly if the affair is a large one. The event that prompts this rumination at the moment is the big loan exhibition of paintings and other works by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec now on at the Wildenstein, for the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York. It's a sizable exhibit, with some hundred and seventy items, and it is also a centennial, for Lautrec was born in 1864, as was his lifelong friend Maurice Joyant, who figures in a number of the paintings and drawings on view. What troubles me about this showing is that in a subtle, hard-to-put-your-finger-on, but still perceptible way, Lautrec has been bowdlerized. I can guess that a lot of this may have been done unconsciously by the selections committee; the event is a benefit for a child-care organization, and that might have had a tiny bit to do with the motivation. To be sure, the committee makes a point of protesting that it has no intention of blinking the facts about the artist. "It is well known," the catalogue introduction states, it seems to me a trifle prissily, "that Lautrec lived in houses of ill repute, was often seen in low bars, drank too much, and chafed under the burden of his humiliating physical handicap." But much of this side of his life is soft-pedalled, and a disservice has been done him in the process. For the great artist must, by definition, be a strongly moral man, and his morality must be based on the code of his place and period, though frequently he may override it. He may be pagan, Oriental, or modern Abstractionist, yet he *must* pass judgment, if only—in case he belongs in the last category—by the kind and degree of order he may bring to his design. I am speaking, naturally, of his work as an artist. In private life he may be a scoundrel, but he has a ready explanation for this. From Villon, and his hardhearted Catherine de Vaucelles, on down, life has made him what he is, he keeps implying, and Lautrec is a prime example. He appears to have been a pretty rough character, rude, arrogant, given to sudden, inexplicable bursts of temper and to equally

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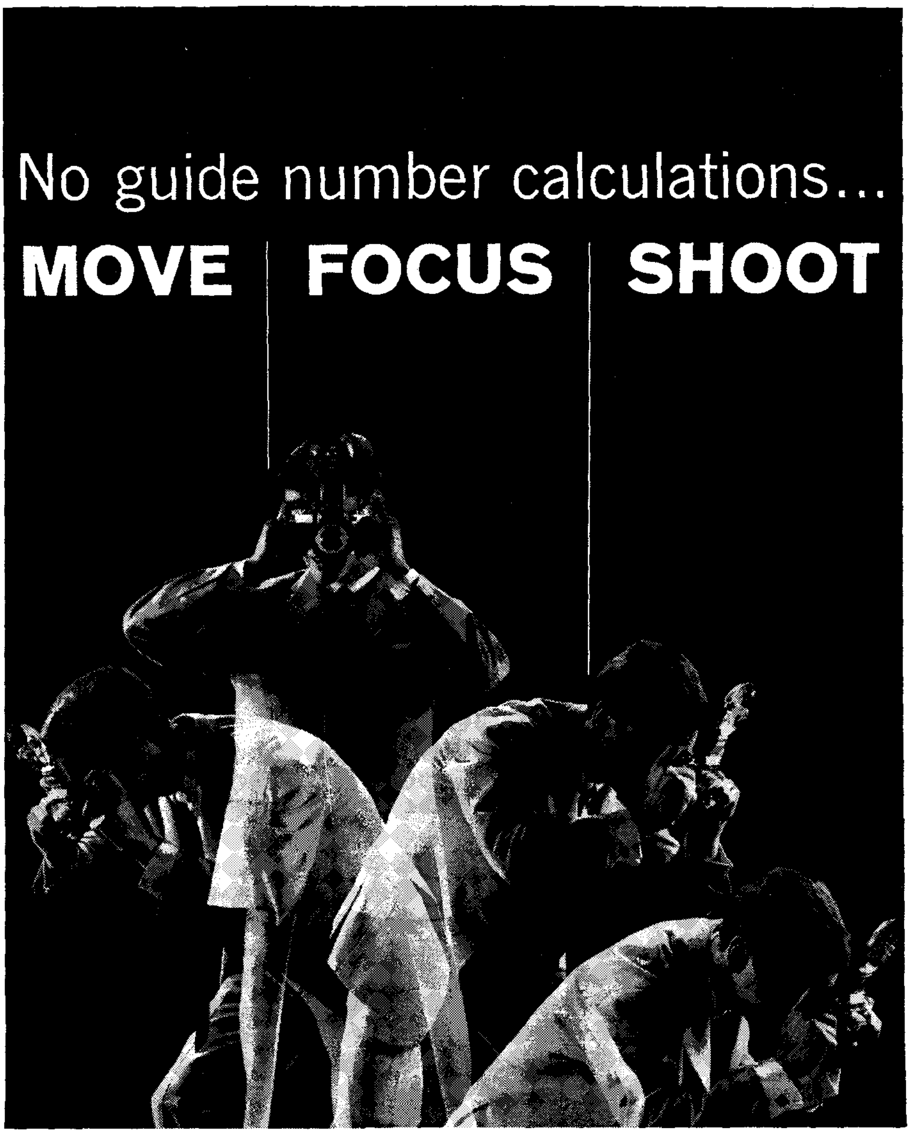

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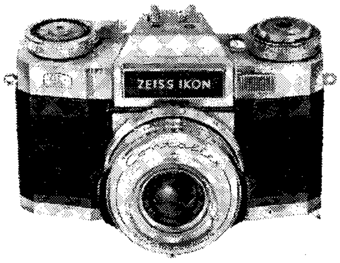

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sudden, and inexplicable, displays of good nature. His crippled carriage explains a good part of this, and it probably also explains his enormous pride in his prowess as a lecher. He had also a great capacity for making, and keeping, friends in all classes of society, and the girls in the brothels on the Rue d'Amboise, the Rue des Moulins, and so on, down along the Butte, seem to have adored him. But there will always to me be something grotesque and disagreeable in the concept of him sitting sketching in a corner of the salon of a brothel while the girls sat about, drank, played cards, or—when a customer arrived—rushed to put on the ritual "parade."

Yet it was in this field that he did some of his finest and most truly *moral* work, for he was an incredibly exact and intelligent observer and, as time went on, a more and more penetrating one. There are a few examples in the collection at the Wildenstein to show his depth and acuity. One is an ink-and-crayon drawing, "The Laundress," of a young girl crossing a street with a loaded basket on her arm—gaunt-cheeked, harried, and with eyes that have a haunted look that is unforgettable. Then there are a couple of paintings, both called "The Sofa" and dated 1893—one of three and the other of two girls, all lounging about untidily in frumpish disarray—which show how next to intolerable the boredom must be in the off hours in a house of prostitution. There is the famous painting of "La Goulue at the Moulin Rouge," cold-eyed and imperious, sweeping toward the viewer with such hauteur that it's obvious she is going to run him down if he doesn't move, and fast. And in "Nude Before a Mirror," done in 1897, just before his breakdown began, four years before his death, he produced what is surely the most deeply moral painting in the show. I think it far outdoes Rouault's paintings of prostitutes, for Rouault, with his Old Testament approach, was savagely, and hence melodramatically, condemnatory. Lautrec's view is quieter and more sympathetic, and therefore much more moving. What we see is a girl with her shift off but still holding it drooping in one hand, inspecting herself before a mirror. She is still young, but already sagging physically and coarsening, and from the way she holds herself erect and with her shoulders squared it is clear that this is a real inspection. She is not sorry for herself, and certainly she is not admiring. Instead, it's a real sizing up of herself, cool and calculating: How do I really look, anyway, and what can I do

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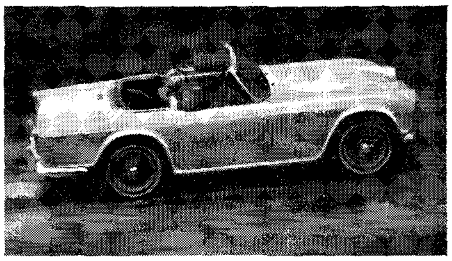

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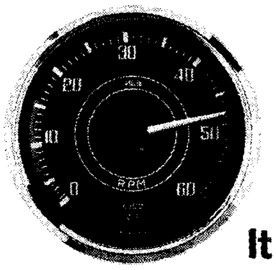

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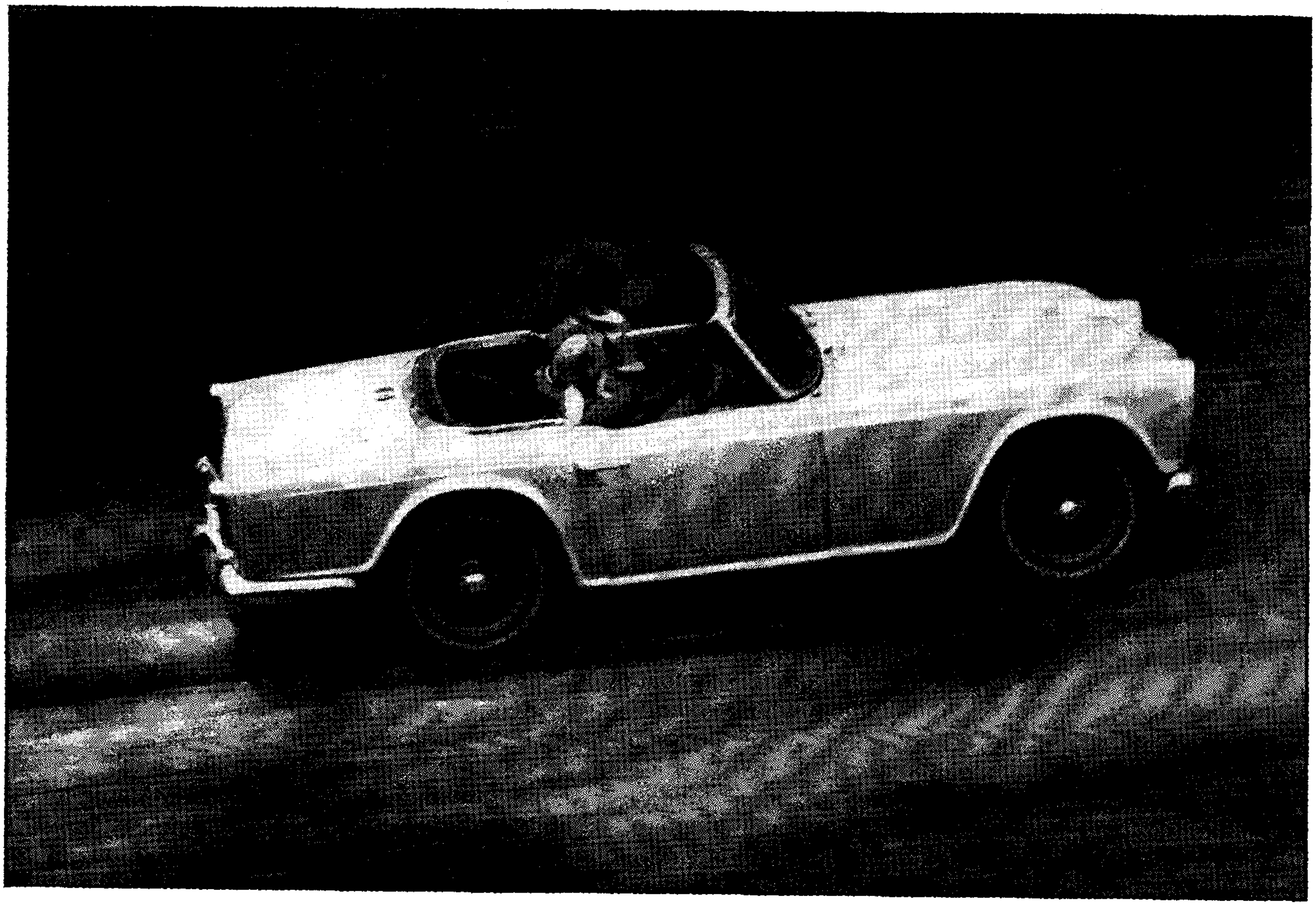

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about it; above all, how long can I last?

These are all excellent paintings, but there are too few of them, and this puts the show out of balance. We have La Goulue, and some, but not all, of the other members of Lautrec's Montmartrois cast of characters—among them the immortal Valentin le Désossé, doing an 1890 version of the Charleston, and May Milton, Jane Avril, May Belfort, Berthe la Sourde, Grille d'Egoût, and Footit and Chocolat (the two clowns who used to show up at the Moulin after their turn at the Nouveau Cirque and start dancing)—and any such bowdlerizing of his production must inevitably deprive it of some of its force.

Otherwise, it's an excellent exhibition, painstakingly selected and with loans from about all the principal repositories, from the Musée d'Albi and the Metropolitan to the Museo de Arte in São Paulo, and any number of private collections here and abroad. The range is from a group of oils done in the beginning years of the eighteen-eighties—"A Kitten," "A Cuirassier" (plowing on horseback through snow), "Man with a Beard," and so on, and though these are nearly all "school" paintings, they show marked competence for a young man still only sixteen or seventeen. A year or two later, Lautrec went up from his native Albi to Paris, and there he gradually changed his style as he came under contemporary influences, and, discovering Montmartre, changed his way of life as well.

Stylistically, he seems at first to have wavered between true Impressionism (see his "Lady in Red," with its delicate modelling of facial contours, and the sunlit "Woman with Gloves," both fairly early) and an offshoot of his own, which combined a more linear structure with more or less plain washes of color. But he seems always to have been remarkably free of influences. Only Degas influenced him, briefly, and for the most part in the choice of subject matter, particularly race-track scenes; and the style that he settled on, and that carried him through the rest of his short life (he died in 1901, at the age of thirty-six), was an extension and refinement of that swift, linear manner he had early developed as an alternative to what he must have regarded as the "pickiness" of Impressionism. I liked especially the rather sombre "La Buveuse d'Absinthe," the "Portrait of Monsieur Fourcade" (impeccable in *grande tenue*), and, among the drawings, "Jockey on Horseback," "At the Saint-Lazare Prison," and the more elaborately treated "Study for a Portrait of Berthe Bady."

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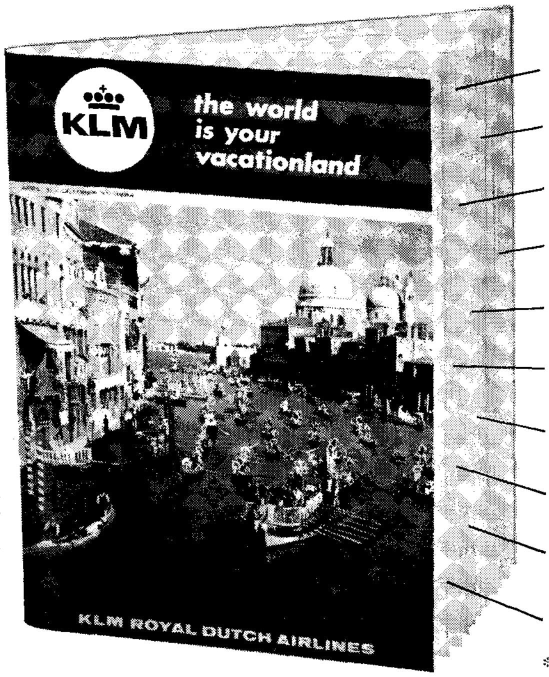

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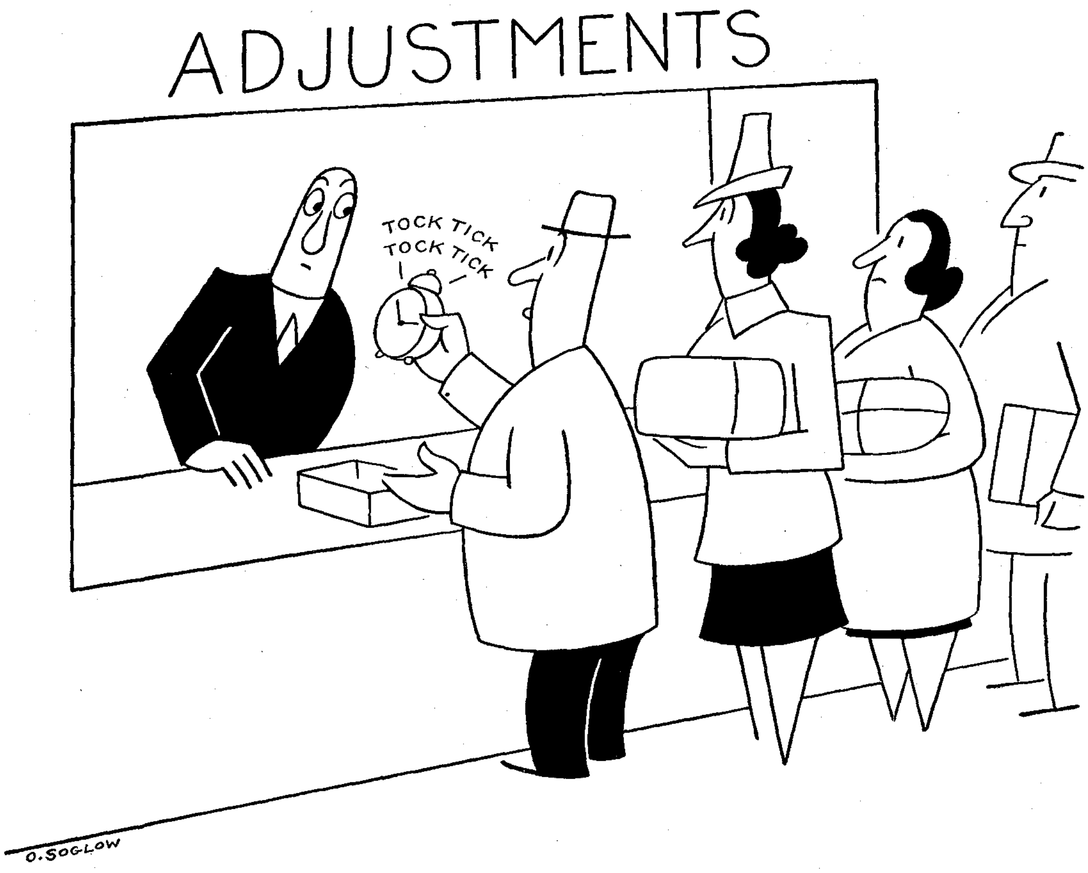
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

Unless I've been going to the wrong restaurants lately for lunch, there are fewer uncrowned heads than there have been for years, and a fine sight it is to anyone as fond of hats as I am. The long civil war between hairdressers and milliners (I've had occasion to comment on this before) had its comic aspects: to justify those inflated prices, coiffures became so bulbous and overblown that few hats could be contrived that didn't crush them; milliners hysterically went so far in rebuttal that what they turned out didn't bother to be any sort of a frame for the face but became Production Numbers, either impossibly small and insane and totally unrelated to the contours of the head, or else smothering the wearer—face, hairdo, and all. The current truce is this: Hair much sleeker and closer to the head for daytime (you can pin on hairpieces to create fantastic effects at night, of which more anon), and hats again with a greater respect for the conformation of the skull, even though they may have brims or ornaments that perform in eccentric ways.

All this brings us by a reasonably easy transition to the custom works of Emme and her co-worker Anello, a spanking pair. I was talking last week about pure Shape. The Emme-Anello favorite hat starts with a round, snug crown and a deep brim that turns up sharply at the back and the sides but then shoots out in front, where it is squared off over the brows in scuttle-brim fashion. Sometimes this prow comes as much as four inches out from the crown, and sometimes it's much smaller. The whole job is lovely in pink bali or stitched-all-over silk, or in white straw fabric. A second type of effort that bends the knee to Shape is particularly nice in profile; there's a good deal of the English bobby about it, and even a touch of Sherlock. It starts with a deep crown. The brim, narrow at the sides, dips both forward and in back, where it's frequently a bit longer than it is in front. The thing is piquant (yes, that's the word) in front; from the side, one views a charming arch all the way from the eyebrows to the nape. Variations come in stitched silk, flat straws, or a crunchy straw that looks crocheted. This last is used for a small, soft version with wide folds of matching chiffon around the crown and streamers down the back. The current commandment requires that straws, no matter how bulky, be really lightweight, so here we have a cellophane straw that looks for all the world like a mass of lacquered wood chips—taffy-colored chips interlaced with bits of black horsehair, and the likes of that. This makes straight sailors with velvet bands, mushroom-brimmed cloches in every size, and the facing on big-brimmed balis. More ingénue is the Emme-Anello treatment of the kerchief on a hat of white organza with plain folds going around the hairline and buttoning in back. The attached flower-covered triangle ends in a loose V down the back. I particularly coveted the example with carnation-type blossoms in two shades of pink. If you're on the prowl for evening décor, do look at something that has dark-green satin ribbon around the head and red poppies rising up in front and then sliding down the back of the head like an uncertain coxcomb. But it's not just hats that get the attention of the Emme-Anello combine. Hats *and* blouses are also on their mind, and white surah with minute polka dots in red, royal, and black, or in Shocking, cranberry, and black, or in emerald, royal, and black (all of them very bright), is the stuff in question. All kinds of hats, but especially those forward-jutting hussy ones, are the result. The blouses, which have wide, curving necks and elbow-length sleeves, tie on the hip-bones.



Mr. John, who has always put his hats in great Shape (an idea everyone has been discovering lately), this year is staying almost entirely away from customary color; instead, he's in favor of natural and neutral shades. Crowns that are very deep, and often wide to boot, are still pets of his. For women who can provide a hunk of their suit tweeds, he'll use that natural sennet straw Maurice Chevalier's chapeau is made of. One hat of it has a crown of tweed and a straw brim that hints at a Breton; a sailor of black-and-white checked cotton (likewise prepared to match a costume) is likewise big-crowned; the small brim is faced with sennet. More sailors appear in a brilliant red silk Paisley or in plain red surah, De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

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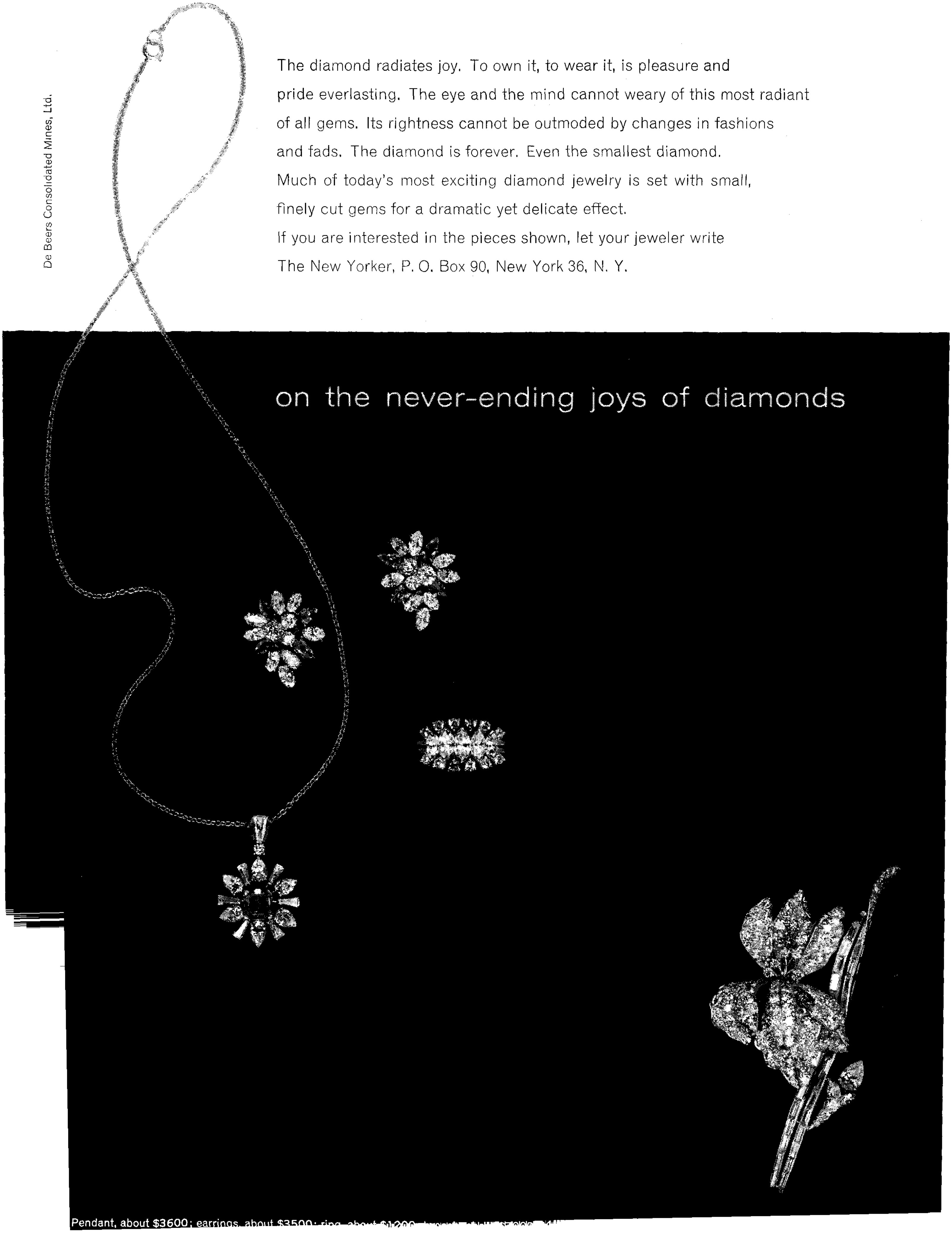

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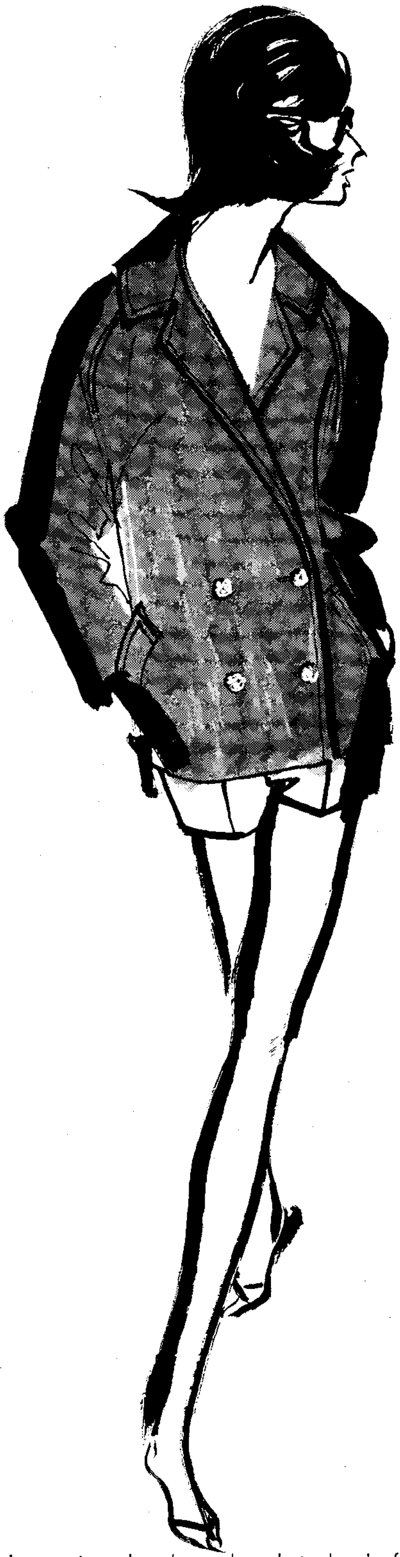

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mainly with soft crowns and medium rolled-back brims. Sennet straw shows up again, practically by itself, in a hat with a clown cone for a crown and a curled-up brim, four inches wide, and shows up once again in a slightly curled-up saucer that is trimmed under the edge of the brim with a thin band of black grosgrain. Mr. John's Tuscan Travelers are of a tan or white panama-type straw. One has a tall crown on which a layer of net rises to make it softer and even taller; the downward-curving brim is four inches wide, and an old-school-tie grosgrain band finishes the thing off. The same straw, in white, is the substance of a Breton with dots (they're really minute punctures) around the crown and a wide band of Paisley cotton on the brim, right next to the face. The attitude at Mr. John's is schizoid; he appeals to romantics, too, and without resorting to folderol in the form of flowers and lace. This brings about floppy big hats of woven tan straw, curving way up in front and way down in back before flipping out at the sides (for the White House rose garden, I guess). One has, as its sole decoration, a band of red grosgrain three and a half inches deep. Mr. J. has lots of leghorns as well, one of them with an uncharacteristically shallow crown and a big brim that has a bit of a profile tilt. Primavera-pink leghorn makes another curvy-brimmed hat, this with a plump embroidered edge. For occasions when covering all the hair is a good idea, Mr. John employs pleated peau (or gingham, silk, cotton, lace, or whatever) for a headband that wraps and then comes forward to knot; riding atop it is a big balloon in your choice of fabric, all in up-and-down pleats. A rare burst of color (Mr. J. loves Paisleys, too, as I have already pointed out) is the brilliantly printed surah of a puffball hat, to be pulled any which way, and a big kerchief to match. In the same vein is a headband of black taffeta surmounted by a giant wind sock that can drape in a hundred and seven different ways, or maybe it's a hundred and eight. And there are other frivolities, such as a deep, deep cap of organza with wispy ostrich all over the sheer high top and the turned-back cuff edge.

THE delight of being female in a triumphant instead of an earthy way used to be a near-monopoly of the French, but that was long ago. The hatlessness that prevails at Maxim's during lunch has destroyed my girlish illusions of Gay Paree, but lots of the works proffered by the great French milliners explain all those naked heads. Too many are frantic rather than

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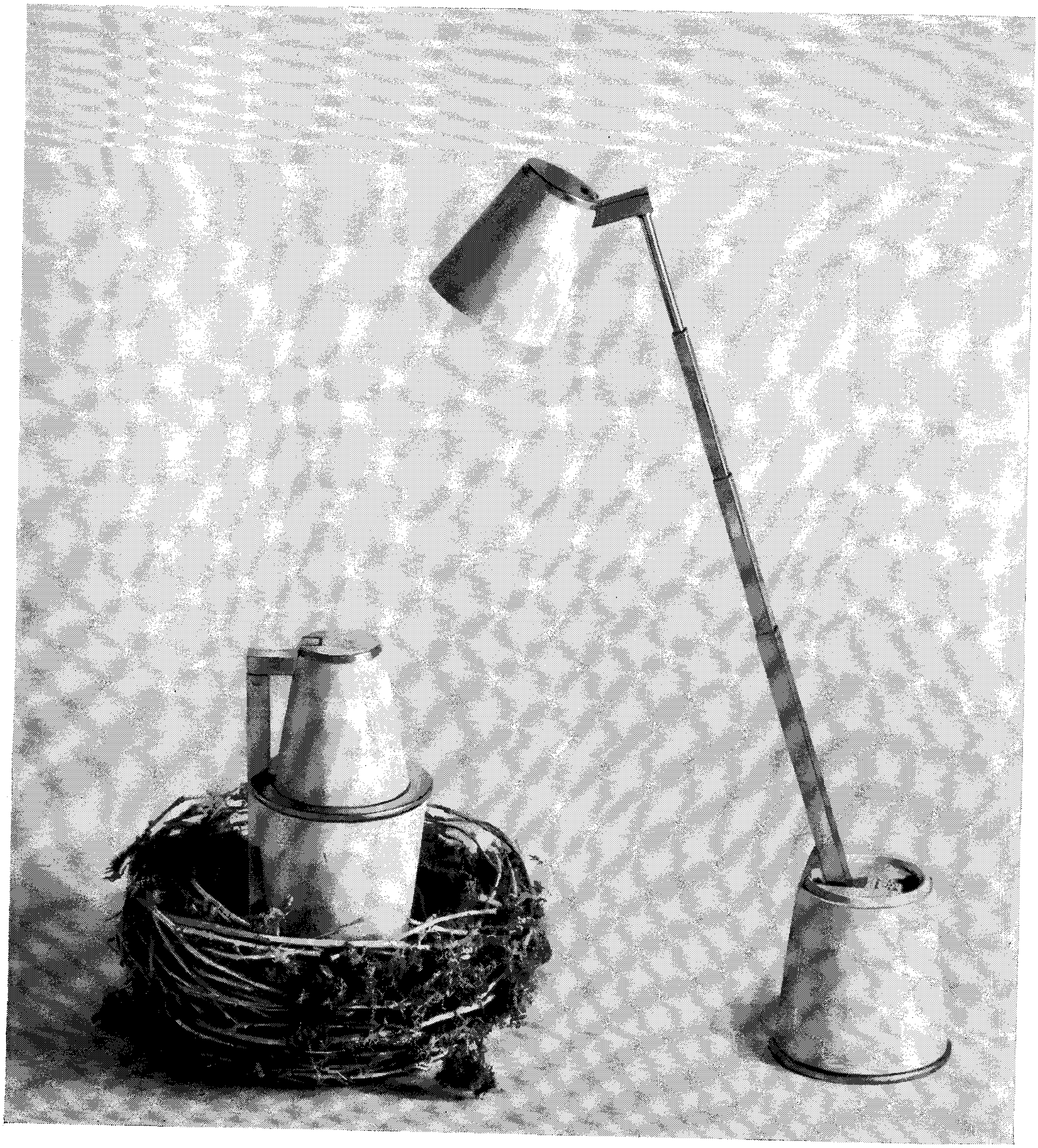
serendipity 3



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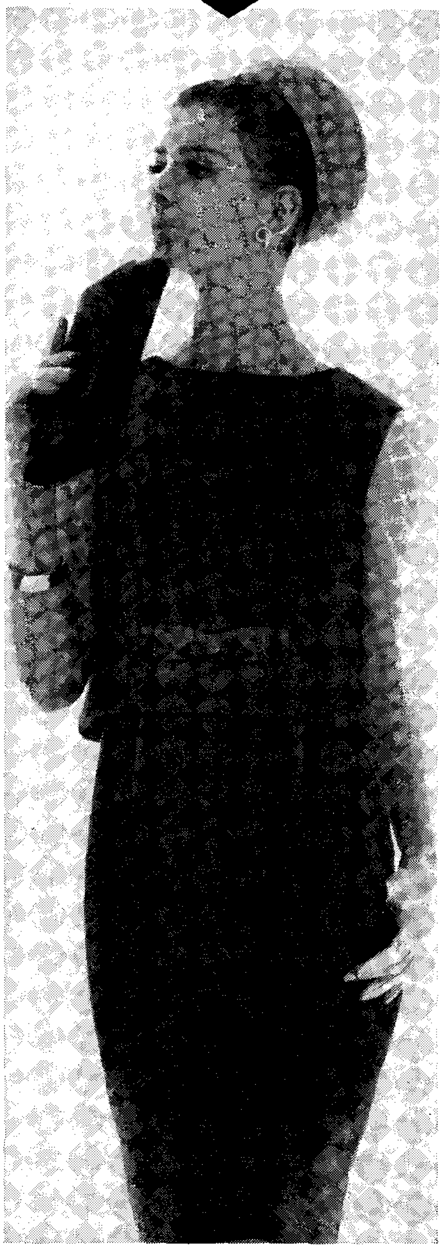

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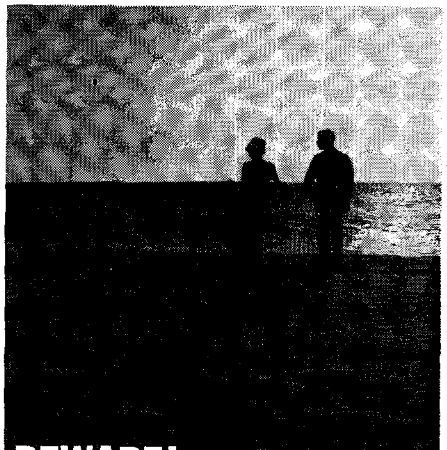
poised. It doesn't take a woman of the world to wear them—just a woman with gall. On these shores, contrarily, the old Continental coquetry survives here and there, as a glance through the designs of the three milliners to follow should indicate.

"*J'ai deux amours—mon pays et Leelee*" is my theme song when I enter the premises of Lilly Daché, for everything there is always in the mood for love, whether her hats are so severe that the face beneath has to be more winsome just by contrast or whether they deal in out-and-out, outrageous femininity. In the collection of big black beauties are several severe types, one of them a sailor done in black patent leather. The crown is Puritan. Another instance of severity is of black milan, the brim square across the front but sweeping below the shoulders in back, where a big triangle cut out of the hat makes not only the nape but the sides of the neck visible. Sheer fabrics have their chance, too, as when straw mesh makes a hat with a black satin band, a flaring bow in back, and a brim that has fluffy petals of black silk along it both above and below the edge. And as when black horsehair is used for hats that arch a trifle in front and that have tiny black velvet roses and such bobbing all over them. There are quantities of small sailors, one of which is shown in a very pale tweedlike linen (it looks nice in shantung, too) with a band of pink grosgrain. The brim of this (unusual for a sailor) is turned up a bit in back. Some of these sailors have low crowns and, often, thick cushion brims to soften the sharpness of their lines. The brim of one is edged by a roll of matching ribbed straw. Hats of printed surah or organza get variations of this edge. Mme. Daché loves ciré chiffon, which is shiny and cloudlike all at once, and she makes of it things like a brown turban of Creole ancestry. (Need I remind anyone that she is just champion in the matter of turbans?) A big roll goes up the front, and handkerchief ends knot low in back. The same chiffon does a beret, all diagonal pinwheel folds, as well as a mob-cap atop a bandeau. Daché's solution of the cover-all-hair problems when you head for *her* hairdressing salon is a turban-and-snood, flat across the top but endowed with considerable folds, which are drawn into an open sewing circle at the nape. This one is very wide and it comes well down at the sides. I saw it in pink strawcloth.

MARIA PIA, recently from Italy and more recently a milliner, has now made another move, but just to the



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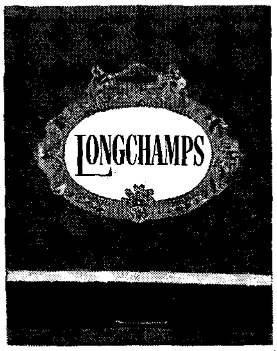

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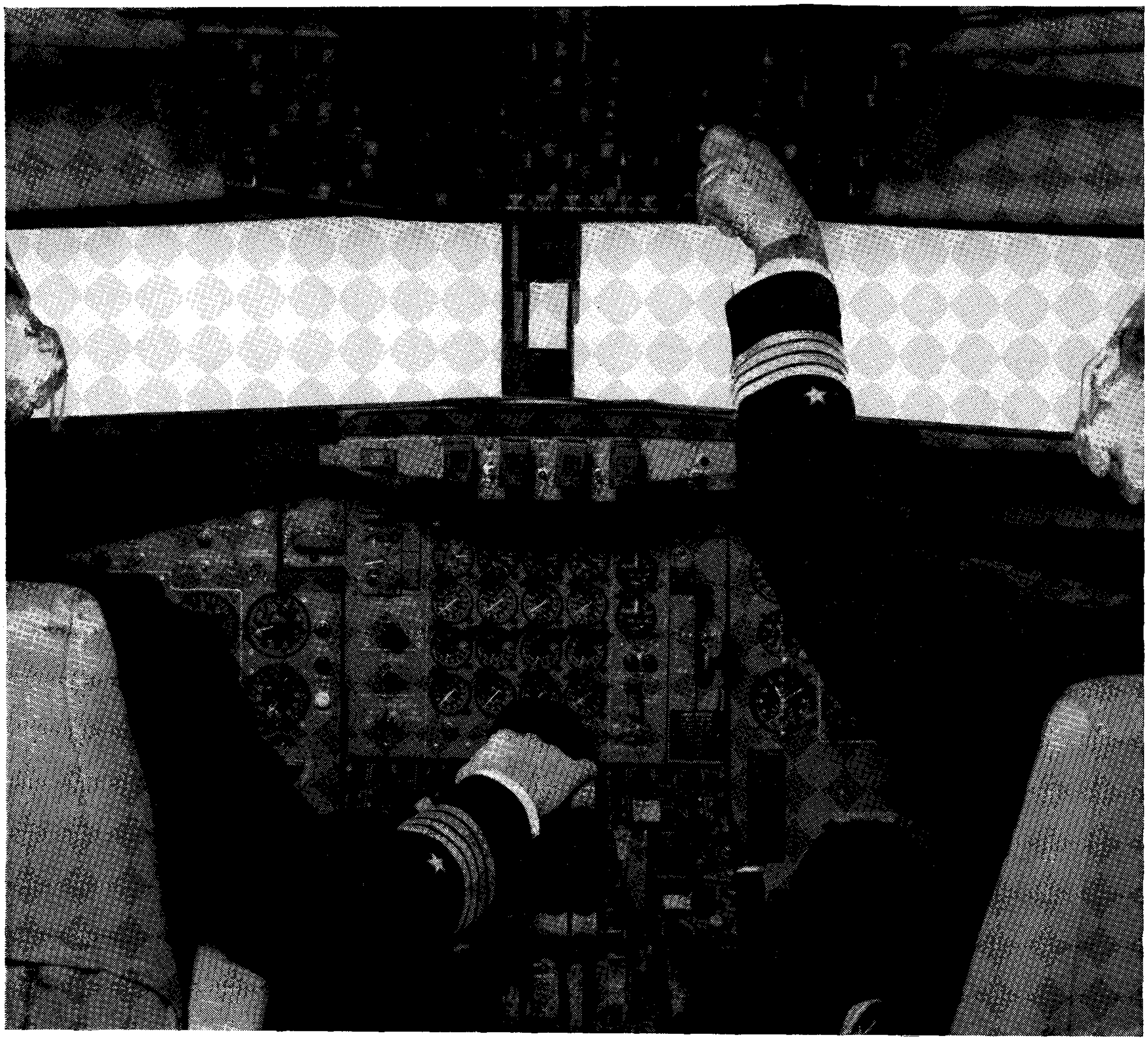

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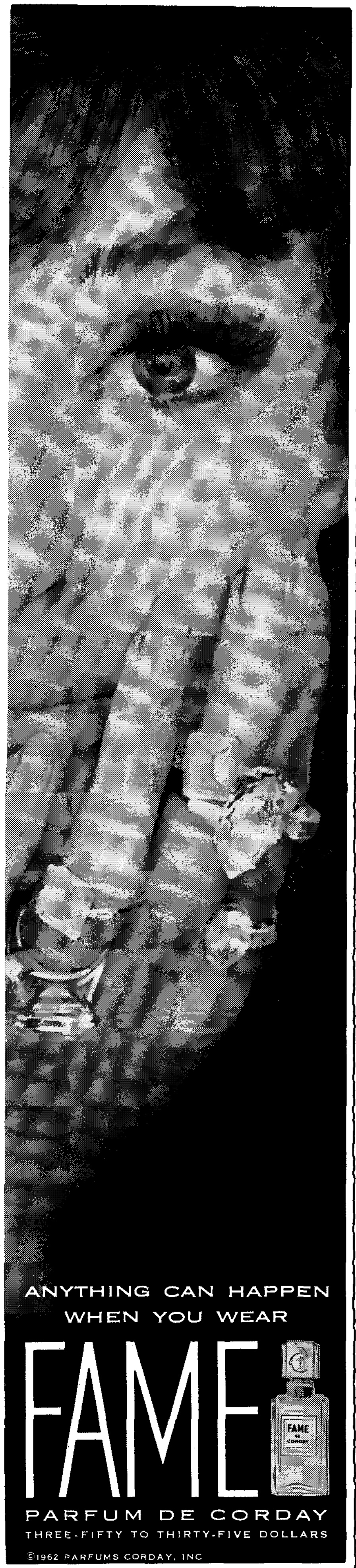
fifth floor of 20 East 56th Street. Arch (both literally and figuratively) is the word for all-out feminine headgear that is more for the cocktail and theatre hours than for brisk daytime. Most of her creations curve upward above the hairline and come down onto one or both ears. She's a great one for using loops of ribbon (usually satin) to make puffy or spiky detail all over deep caps, and her use of veiling and tulle and other gossamer is as far from Levittown as you can get. And she is right in stride with the times in her espousal of kerchiefs. A big equilateral tulle triangle printed with tiny monotone flowers has a loose V in back and a sharp flare high and wide at each side. Another kerchief, of black straw that simulates a reptilian skin, manages to rise above the face and come down flat in back in two Vs. Like so: VV. One more, of black organza, is shirred into what looks like a center part in the hair, and its long ends can wrap and tie in front or in back. A fabric I've never seen before is shiny white ribbed straw that resembles sugar candy. It goes into a cap with wide vertical loops of ribbon around the base. This straw can be shredded into fringe, and so there are erratic two-inch fringed projections all over a half hat that comes down on the ears. It's nice in alternating black and white fringe, too. Among the huge golliwog wigs in evidence is one that I saw in (1) flaring black tulle with black satin bows embedded at regular intervals, and in (2) green veiling with a red rose over the forehead. Another delight is a tall turban of an organza that would look to me like crinkly romaine leaves if I hadn't seen it in red. The leaves swirl across the front and down over the right ear, then shoot up and down in back. Another delight, with a Watteau tilt, is a circlet of red straw that has three six-inch roses piled on top toward the back. You can't git a man with a gun, but just try Maria Pia.

TATIANA, of Saks Fifth Avenue, is another European who admires transparencies, but she wants them to have Body. She is using a sheer black net with little, darker squares all over it to make a simple Gallic beret, held in place by a small band of black velvet; she makes mushroom sailors of horsehair; she makes medium-brimmed Bretons, worn off the face, of two layers of veiling. These last have a rose and velvet streamers at the nape. The rose is removable, like all Tatiana's single-flower trimmings, and it may be pinned on a lapel or just left at home. Transparent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edges on opaque hats are another Tatiana craving. Regard, I pray you, a black cloche with a velvet crown and a horsehair brim, or a cloche of white organdie, arched in front and curled up at the sides, with a green faille band and a flaring *suivez-moi* bow placed low in back. Miniature fruits and vegetables are Tatiana's way of getting away from flowers. A high pillbox of green leaves on net is dotted with cherries in every cherry color (there *are* several); strawberries and red and black currants mingle with black veiling on another small dish; tiny carrots and tomatoes cover a suit hat that is paved with salad-green leaves. For the breezy open-top life, Tatiana's solution, shown in tan organza printed in a zebra pattern, is a huge beret-and-snood with deep gathers above the medium band, which has an elastic in back.

WELL, that's it; the evidence on behalf of the thesis that hats are becoming to women is, at least for this season, all in. (Come to think of it, *I'm* all in, too.) And so, relying upon womanhood's saving sense of poetic justice (plus a craving for that knight on the white charger), the defense rests.

AND now for a few random tidbits to make one glow below those chapeaux. (How's *that* for poetic license?) Most of our best hairdressers will make up switches (that's what women *used* to call them) and other appendages to match your hair and to add temporary glory to the coiffure. But Lilly Daché, always thorough as well as adventurous, would prefer to have you start a complete wardrobe (or headrobe?)—bicycle clips with bangs attached or with poufs atop them, *postiches*, foller-me-lads curls, ponytails, and the like. In her Wig Whimsey studios, which are in her salon and also in the Americana Hotel, there are practitioners who can coördinate partly artificial hairdos (made of real hand-knotted hair, though) with one's facial contours so as to improve or enhance them, just as hats are supposed to do. Mme. Daché swears that small hairdos can be made up in a day, full wigs in two or three days. (And I'm not sure I believe a word of *that*.)

Estée Lauder's glorious Re-Nutriv lipsticks now appear in cases that are half brushed silver and half brushed gilt, and in sixteen new colors, for painstaking women who insist on matching to perfection the odd color of a dress. There are Tropic Tangerine and Spanish Melon, Desert Coral and Swiss Straw-

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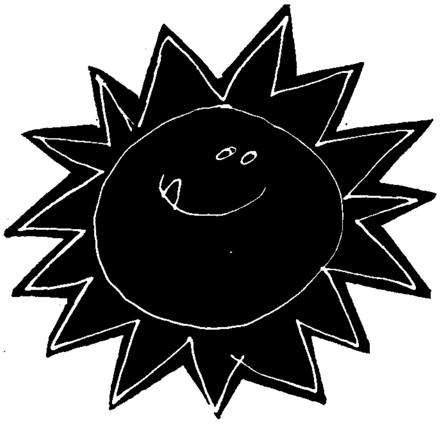

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berry, and lots of others; what is more important, the lipstick is glossy but adherent. It's $3.50 at Saks Fifth Avenue, for one.

Those who have not yet found the ideal foundation (so many foundations cake under repowdering) should be reminded about the Countess Isserlyn light liquid foundation, which arrives in several skin shades. It's $20 an ounce, but an ounce of it goes a long, long way. A new entry is Number 0 (that's right), for those who want a pale, even ghostly evening makeup. (It's advisable to get home before dawn, though.) Dead white is what it is. This, as well as healthier-looking hues, is on the counters at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bonwit Teller, and probably more.

The minute I begin to see sprightly spring suits I begin to crave sprightly colognes, many of them purportedly only for men. (But I know better.) Like the Vetiver of Guerlain and Carven, for instance. A rather new one, called Aramis, by Estée Lauder, has an exceptionally rich tang because of the herbs and spices involved. And it's really not just a cologne, either; the flavor also goes into soap, shower oil, a skin conditioner, and such. More feminine, and saucy as a Zuckerman suit, is Hermès' Calèche, which contains more than a hint of patchouli as well as a bit of carnation, and which in a way reminds one of the great Ma Griffe, invented by Carven. In perfume and cologne versions, it's on hand at Bergdorf and Lord & Taylor, to name two. —Lois Long

•

ANTHILL IN WINTER

I knocked with my hard heel
on their hard roof
but got no answer—black
panic or red reproof.
I could almost feel,

like Roland at his Dark
Tower, the knock go down
through vaults and galleries
where all had turned to stone,
and where a distant arch-

eological tap-tap
would no more be heard
than in Herculaneum
the hammers of Charles Third
upon ages of pumiced sleep.

What trumpet will sound when
that brittle, basalt-hewn
queen and her catafalques—
sure as the crack of June—
melt into mortals again?

—Peter Kane Dufault

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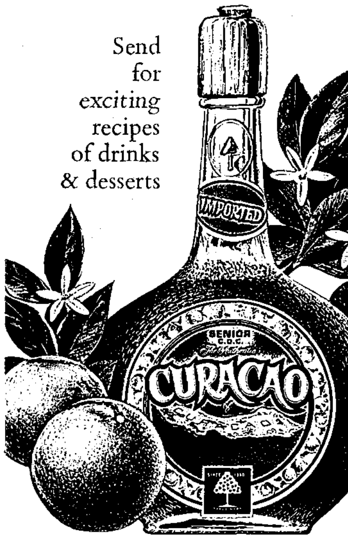

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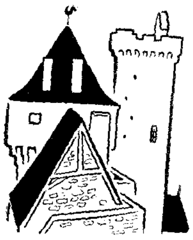
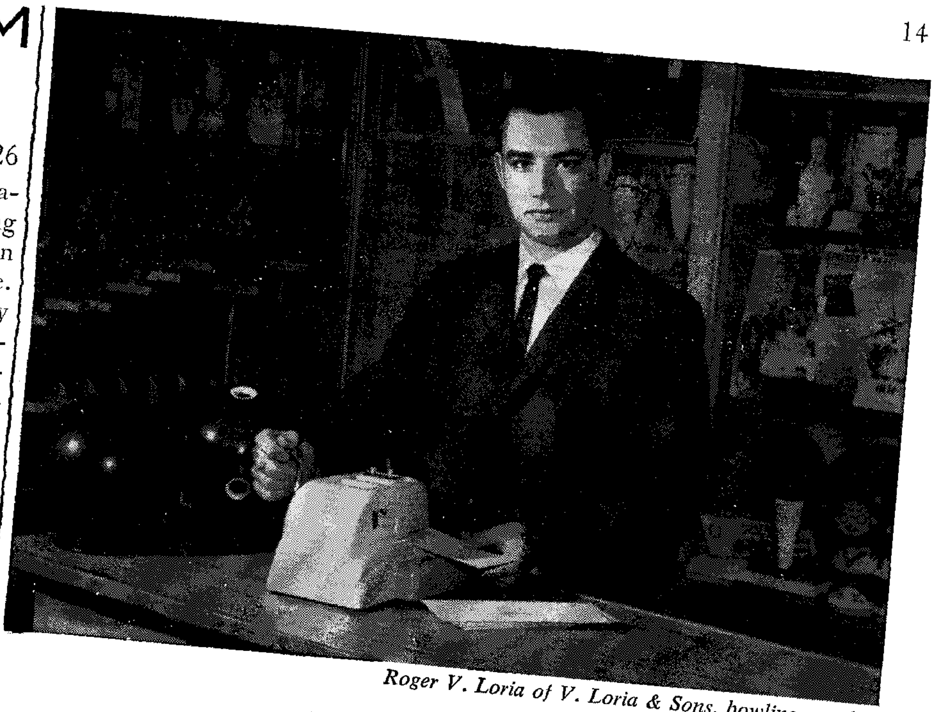
LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 26



CHERBOURG is famous for being the most rained-on city of all France. A curious and oddly enchanting new color film, "Les Parapluies de Cherbourg," which has just won the Prix Delluc, the Goncourt of the French movies, uses the bad climate of Cherbourg as the realistic basis of its modest melodrama, which centers on an umbrella shop in the town. But everything else of consequence in this offbeat film springs from its imaginative and novel style; for instance, though it is certainly not an operetta, the prosaic dialogue is sung, rather than spoken, as the means of relating its story, which begins with the commonplace miracle of young love. It is a film that, by its oddities, risked failure in several ways, but thanks to the intelligence and taste of its handling, and to its careful simplicity, it has encountered immediate popularity here with the vast public that is always instinctively drawn to the authentic sound of heartbeats. The first few minutes of "Les Parapluies" are a jolting experience. Guy, the young man of the story, is a Cherbourg garage mechanic, so his opening dialogue is with somebody who wants the oil changed in a car. Then there is a love scene, in his room, with his shy-looking but passionate blond sweetheart, Geneviève, and the next morning there are painful farewells at the railway station as he departs for the Algerian war. Later, in her husky soprano, Geneviève is forced to announce to her mother, the owner of the umbrella shop, "*Maman, je suis enceinte.*" Pushed by maternal advice, she marries a well-off Parisian suitor. At the end of the Algerian war, Guy returns, wounded and bitter, to find Geneviève and the umbrella shop both gone, so he marries a brunette from next door, and prospers. In the final scene, the now very Parisian-looking Geneviève, *en voyage*, by chance drives up to his garage for gasoline. With her is their small daughter, whom, like a man lost in a dream, he refuses to look at. As Geneviève drives away, Guy sees from a distance his wife walking toward him, accompanied by their rollicking little son.

All the leading Paris cinema critics are men. Almost all declared in their



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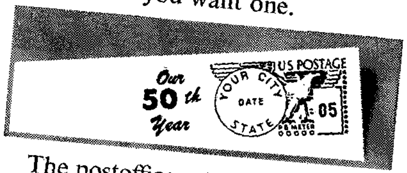

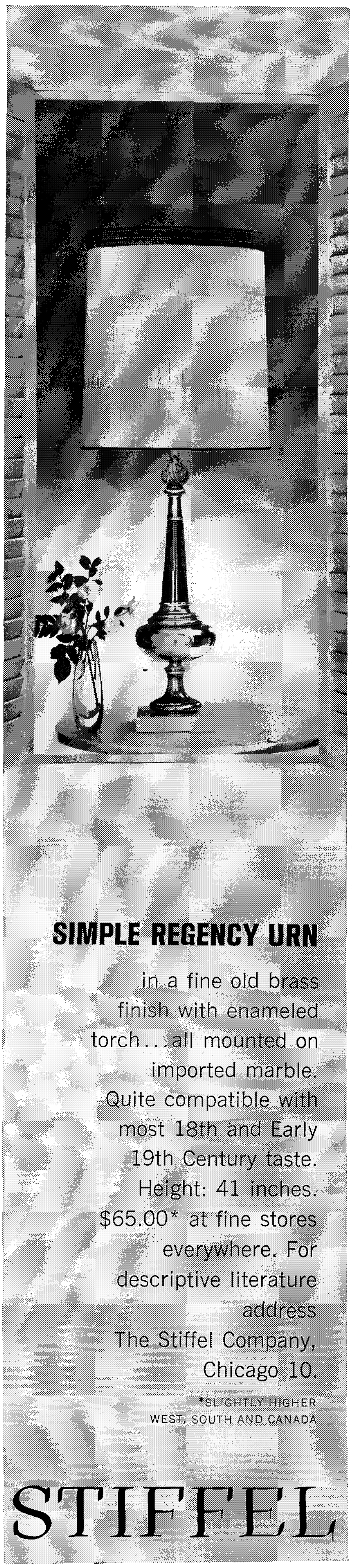

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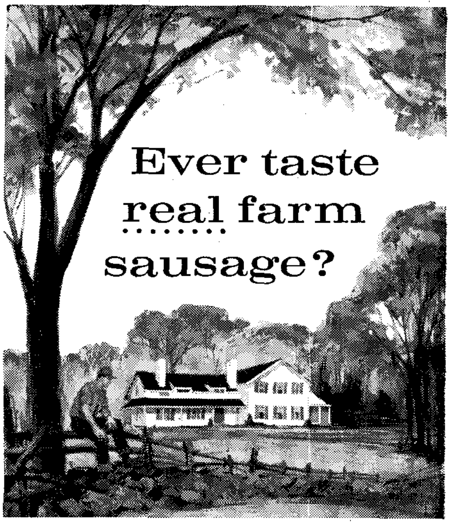
reviews that the film had moved them to tears, and gave various reasons, among them its sense of the presence of love, in which the singing speech seemed like the very breath of sentiment. The singing is in no way dramatic. Instead of saying what they have to say—and never have characters in a film been less loquacious—the members of the cast sing it, with modest vocal equipment and not much tune, melody being vaguely supplied, along with one insistent love motif, by a pianissimo orchestral background composed by Michel Legrand. The lightly serious modernist music is what makes the film a real creation here—apparently the first original sung movie the French have ever ventured to produce—and it is now endlessly analyzed in the local literary weeklies and critics' columns. Among the antecedents for it that have been mentioned are "Alexander Nevsky" (music by Prokofieff and film by Eisenstein); more obviously, Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera;" also, quite erroneously, Leonard Bernstein's "West Side Story," which is now playing here in its third year in film form; and, as a classic example of sung narrative, even "Pelléas et Mélisande"—though it would seem that in its quotidian quality Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Medium" furnished the perfect prototype. The creator and director of "Les Parapluies" is Jacques Demy, who is to be recalled for his *nouvelle-vague* film "Lola." The final rarity in "Les Parapluies" is ocular—the exquisite palette of colors with which Demy has given drab Cherbourg a *maquillage* of scarlet-and-yellow street posters, of flashing rain that looks like silver as it falls, and, whenever a splash of marine blue is needed, of French sailors on a sidewalk, headed for a port bar. It is a superior atmospheric French film, not to be missed when it comes your way.

THE Paris theatre season often takes on new stature at this time of year—a propensity of which we have just had a major example, connected with the worldwide Shakespeare celebration. It is the Bard's rarely produced "Troilus and Cressida," played in French, at the Théâtre de France, by young Roger Planchon's well-known avant-garde troupe from his theatre in the industrial center of Villeurbanne, which is outside the silk city of Lyon. The curtain is up when the audience arrives, and reveals a cluttered stage. A thick partition shortly opens to become the white walls of Troy, reddened with spattered blood; then swings



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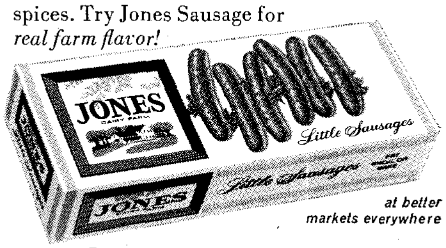

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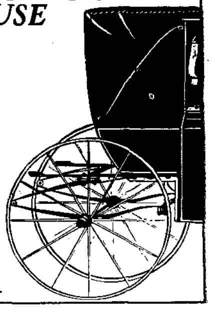

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about on pivots to become a Greek or Trojan encampment; and in the battles is opened to allow pursuits or retreats, complete with clanging shields, noisy short swords, and shouting warriors. The performance, in its hearty vigor, is a most English one, though given by Frenchmen. Planchon was formerly a follower of Bertolt Brecht's Hegelian theatre doctrines. Now, he says, he has adopted Aristotle as a guide, with his classic presentation of uninterpreted facts and human acts. That approach has given a certain urgency to this fascinating unresolved drama about the seventh tiresome year of the Trojan War. It is a dull piece only if it is played seriously. Under Planchon's direction, it is played to the hilt, and the characters are broadly incised with plenty of Shakespearean humor. Ajax is a towering fool, always flexing his muscles; Agamemnon is a laughing, urbane sportsman; Cressida is archly perfidious; and Troilus is torn between his lover's belief in faith and what his cynical eyes see. Gérard Guillaumat, who plays Thersites, the Greek jester, does the best acting in the troupe, which lacks the chief essential—a handsome young leading man.

THE American Club of Paris, an organization of male American residents here, has just held its ritual George Washington Birthday Dinner—its most important annual function, to which a distinguished Frenchman is often invited as the guest of honor and after-dinner speaker. Last week's choice was Premier Georges Pompidou, who, according to reports, was listened to with transfixed attention, and no wonder. He began by recalling to the Americans of Paris the important role they have to play in the maintenance of good Franco-American relations, by making their compatriots back home understand that certain "surface divergences between the two countries are merely questions of differing methods, apart from which the two countries are basically in profound agreement"—which is, of course, a very great deal to write home, especially if you are not sure you can make it stick. Then he got down to brass tacks. "There is a tendency to suppose," said Pompidou, "that the nuances that divide the two policies, which for some time have been apparent, can be ascribed to the French government, and especially to the President of the French Republic. I would like to make it understood that the changes that have arisen since the war have necessitated a rethinking about the relations between Europe and the United States, between

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France and the United States, and, in a general manner, world policy." After that, he went into the most entertaining, significant, and subtle part of his discourse: "Is independence incompatible with an alliance, with friendship? For my part, I should be very astonished if this were so—above all, in relation to the America of George Washington and the France of General de Gaulle. Of aristocratic origin, he won the people's confidence, he restored peace, he made himself illustrious in the struggle against foreign domination, he symbolized the resistance and the liberation. Then he became the champion of national unity . . . expressing friendship and sincere gratitude to his allies, and at the same time expressing his total liberty of thought and a jealous wish for independence. Do not think, Messieurs, that I am speaking of de Gaulle. I am speaking of George Washington." From there, the Premier was able to proceed more rapidly, like someone who, under a brilliant disguise, has safely crept over the hump of a hill and can now coast down for all to see. He pointed out how Washington had not hesitated to sign a separate peace treaty with England (perhaps as an analogy to France's recent separate recognition of Peking). He told how, once Washington had become President, he "reminded the French Minister, Comte de Moustier, that neither the services that France had rendered nor her power entitled her to set herself up as the protectress of the United States, a free and sovereign state." Pompidou asked hypothetically, "Was the French government of that epoch delighted with all this?" and went on, "I am not at all sure. But France put up with it, and in the end everything turned out all right." He added that if "the proud and noble policies of George Washington" had not ruined Franco-American relations, those of Charles de Gaulle would not today. "And so, if it is your wish," he concluded, "in all confidence I raise my glass to the friendship of France and the United States."

Probably the toast was drunk by all, standing, and in good champagne.

WHEN President Antonio Segni, of Italy, was here on his recent official visit to General de Gaulle, it was planned that the visitor, who is a distinguished former professor, would visit the Sorbonne and be welcomed by its students. They, on their side, planned to greet him with the cry "Monsieur le Président, behold our university in ruins!"—referring to the dilapidation and crowded classrooms of their august

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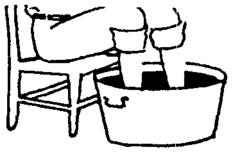

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institution of learning, which was founded in 1256. So the university authorities ordered a one-day lockout, and last Friday, when Segni called, all the Sorbonne's buildings were closed against its scholars and the students retaliated with a one-day strike—their customary retort to official pressure in their running quarrel with the state and municipal authorities. Yesterday there was a monster protest meeting of students in the court of the Sorbonne, and today the government's Conseil des Ministres took up consideration of the long-awaited plan for a general bureaucratic overhauling of French national education proposed by the unpopular Ministre de l'Education, Christian Fouchet. It certainly seems inappropriate that in a country haughtily proud of its cultural superiorities and tradition the normal relation under the Fifth Republic between the scholars and the state whose colleges furnish the means of culture should be that of a perpetual cat-and-dog fight. Students old enough to vote, and their parents, have been waiting to see whether Gaston Defferre, the Socialist candidate for President in next year's elections, would include in his platform, criticizing the de Gaulle policies, a plank that would deal with the Sorbonne scandal and offer a way out of the impasse.

As a matter of fact, Defferre, except through provincial newspaper reports of his speeches in the southern country towns where he has been stumping, is not having an easy time letting the French people know what any plank in his platform will be like. In Trèbes, near Carcassonne, on Sunday, at a Socialist Party luncheon attended by twelve hundred members, he declared that the government had given orders to both state-run radio and television to boycott his meetings and speeches. Spotting two TV cameras aimed at him, as if in rebuttal, he called out, "They're not French! One is for a German news program, the other is English!" He also made a speech at Narbonne, but citizens who were listening to the radio never found out what he said in it, for that was not put on the air, only the fact that he spoke at all being considered unavoidably newsworthy. Ever since French radio and, especially, television began expanding in political and newscasting importance, as a result of the brilliant use that de Gaulle made of them, French citizens have become increasingly conscious that these not only constitute the most powerful government monopoly of mass media but also are controlled—meaning censored. The sudden national political existence of Defferre as a candidate who

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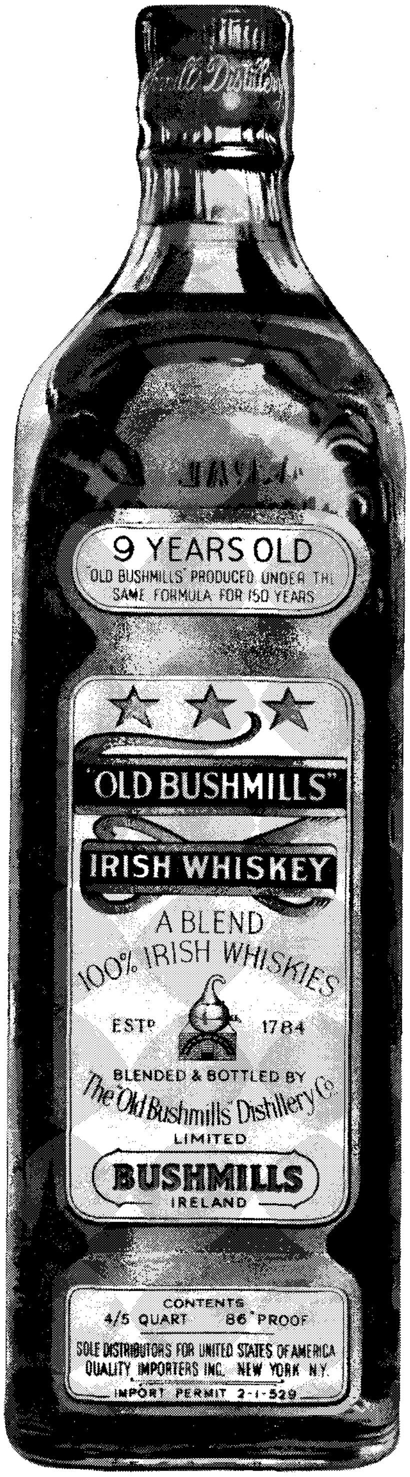
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is criticizing the President's policies in his speeches has subjected the whole situation to heated controversy. It was noted that when he announced his candidacy, a month ago, and said that the French, aside from the citizens of Marseille, where he is mayor, did not even know what he looked like, the state television showed only a most fleeting glimpse of his face, as a national introduction, and finished its camera shots of him from behind his back. Criticism of the party uses that the state television and radio are put to here is, naturally, not new. When Guy Mollet, a Socialist, was Premier, during the Fourth Republic, the tomatoes thrown at him in Algiers by the angry Algerian French were reported on fully in the French newspapers and pictured there, too, but certainly were not featured on radio or TV. The heated discussion right now about unfair radio and TV coverage for Defferre is probably overhasty, especially since it has already been announced that the 1965 campaign will officially last only two weeks, with each candidate being given two hours' radio and television time, to be spread over the fourteen days. De Gaulle, of course, can always procure the lion's share by, in addition, giving one of his twenty-minute TV talks to the nation, as the incumbent President.

Actually, the government broadcasting monopoly is by no means ironclad as far as listening is concerned. It has lively competition from Radio Luxembourg; from Europe No. 1, whose station is in the Saar; and from Radio Monte Carlo—not to speak of the B.B.C., which ever since the war days has been the French favorite for honest news. But there is no kind of TV here except the Fifth Republic's TV. There are now five million television sets in use here, and the number is constantly increasing, which means that more than half the French can be reached visually on the screen—and influenced. However, even this absolute monopoly, sinister as it is in principle in a republic, has its comic side here in France. Government officials privately insist that the state control of television only evens things up for the regime; because the majority of the newspapers are against the regime, monopoly TV is the only chance it has of giving itself a fair show.

—GENÊT

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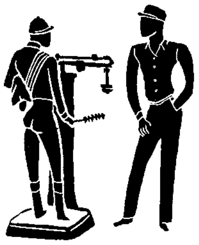

SO I'm wrong again. Recently, it was submitted in these captious reports that California did not have another Swaps or Candy Spots among its three-year-olds this season. Just for that, along comes a California colt who, to all appearances, is well worth cheering about. He is, of course, Hill Rise, who won the Santa Anita Derby last Saturday by half a dozen lengths. Earlier in the meeting, he won a division of the California Breeders' Champion Stakes and the San Felipe Handicap. In the Derby, he simply smothered his opposition, running alongside Real Good Deal to the turn for home, where, given his head, he left the eight other colts as if they were standing still. In the stretch, Knightly Manner came up to take second money, and Wil Rad, Real Good Deal, and The Scoundrel were close behind. The time—1:47⅖ for the mile and a furlong—was the fastest on record for the race. It was Hill Rise's sixth victory in a row, and now his stable plans to run him in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on April 4th. After that, he'll go to Lexington for the Blue Grass Stakes, and then on to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby. Hill Rise, a bay colt by Hillary out of Red Curtain (her family has a California background dating back to the eighties), is owned by George A. Pope, Jr., a San Francisco shipping man, who won the Kentucky Derby with Decidedly two years ago.

With Mongo off to Maryland and safely out of the way, last weekend's Hialeah Turf Handicap was up for grabs. Thirteen animals ran for it, and the winner turned up in Carteret, a French-bred member of the Hasty House Farm string, who finished with an astonishing burst of speed (he'd been last for most of the mile and a half), passing the post nearly four lengths ahead of Royal Ascot. Hot Dust was third. Parka, the favorite, was nowhere. As I watched the race on TV, it reminded me of the ones you see in France. (Whether the distance is five furlongs or two miles, the less fancied runners set the pace until the real contenders come up in the last quarter for a sprint to the wire.) In the circumstances, Carteret must have felt quite at home. Earlier in the week, Hialeah of-

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fered another lively affair—the Black Helen Handicap, for fillies and mares. There were nine runners, and it was nip and tuck for the mile and a furlong, with Princess Arle winning by a length from Patrol Woman. Tona was third, and Smart Deb, the favorite, was fourth. It was the first stake race Calumet Farm had won at Hialeah in two years. Also, it was the fourth time Calumet had won the Black Helen; Bewitch took it in 1950, Amoret in 1957, and Rosewood in 1959. Those were the days for Calumet.

THERE will be big-money events again this weekend—the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie and the San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita, each with a purse of more than a hundred thousand, and the New Orleans Handicap at the Fair Grounds, with a purse of about half that. Mongo may not have the cakewalk at Bowie that his stable expects. The Gedney Farm's racer Gun Bow, on his way from Santa Anita to New York, stopped off at the track in the pines for a go at the Campbell, and horsemen say he may be hard to beat. All the same, Mongo is on his home ground. He won the Bowie Handicap a year ago—remember? I wonder if Bonny Johnny, winner of this year's Bowie, last Saturday, will try his luck against the big boys. If anyone cares, Mr. Consistency is my fancy for the San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita, since it is run over the turf course, and I expect that if Admiral Vic runs in the New Orleans Handicap, he'll rise to the occasion. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Your bed is probably warm because your hostess has spent hours arranging and rearranging all the bedding around various fires and in the airing cupboard. Also there is bound to be a hot water bottle—possibly a genuine stone bottle, probably a rubber one. Electric blankets are used more for warming beds than for sleeping under. The British haven't the variety of complicated controlled models available in the States, but I consider that the weight of all-wool blankets and an eiderdown would be more satisfying thruout the night in unheated houses. Fires and electrocutions by electric blankets are fairly frequent. We made one for ourselves eight years ago, which works just fine, but we're not interested in anything more elaborate.—*Letter from Britain in the Flemington (N.J.) Democrat.*

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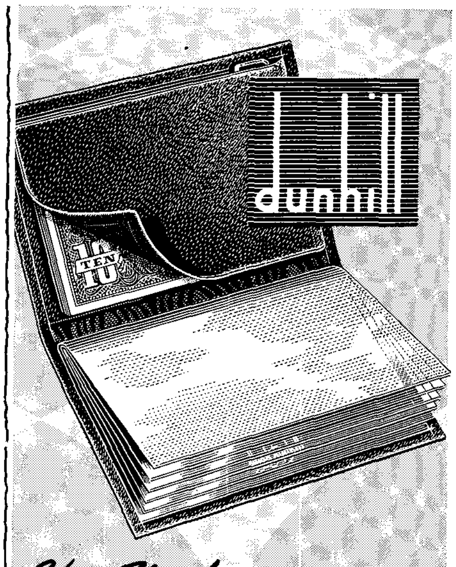

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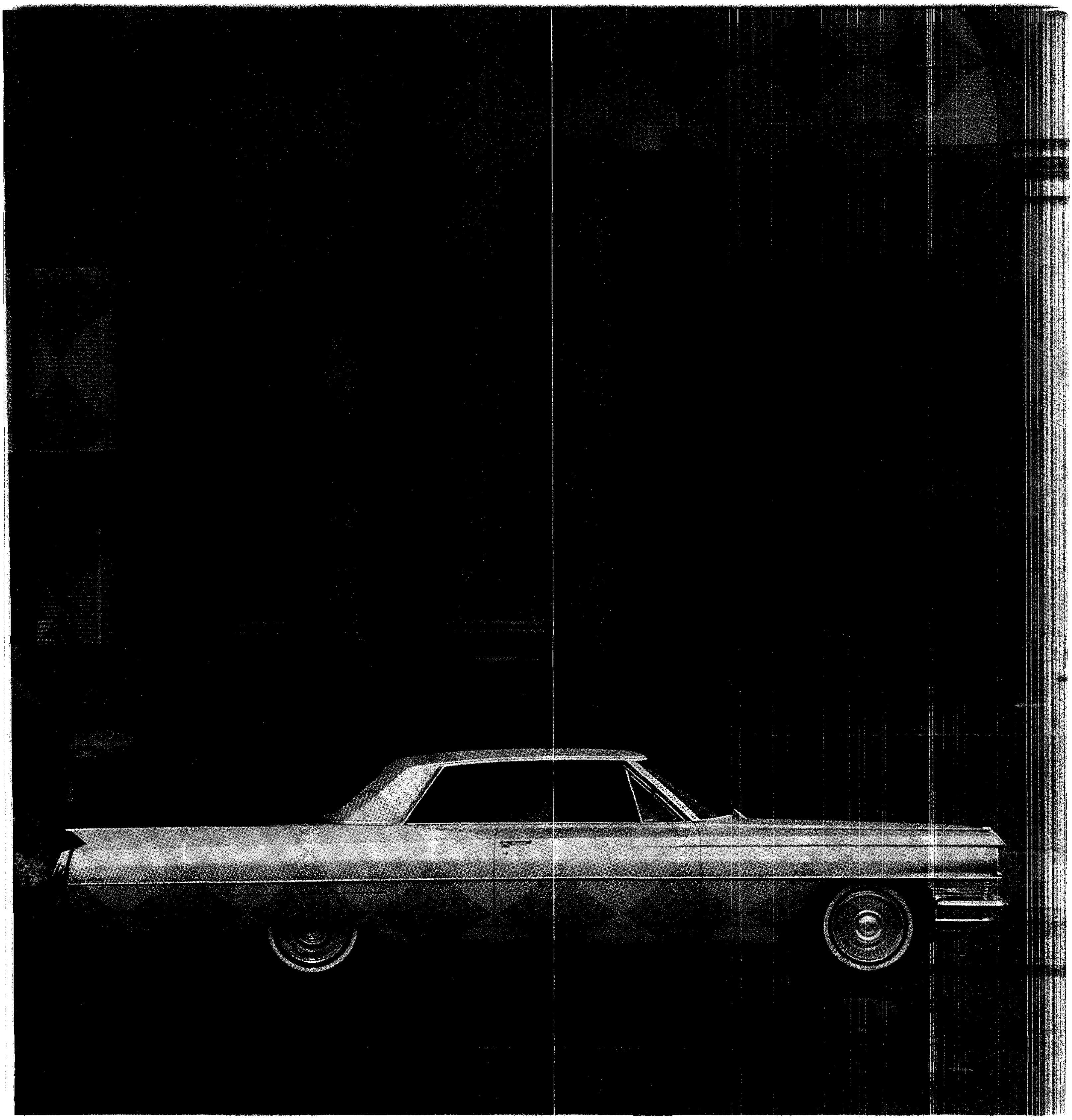

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THE RED BICYCLE

We were living in Mattersburg at the time of the Anschluss—my wife, Maria; Peter, our six-year-old son; and I. In the days that followed, the doors and windows of the fourteenth-century synagogue were smashed, homes were looted, and the Jewish male population was herded into the county jail. I, the town doctor, was not spared. But through some unaccountable oversight, Peter's bicycle was not confiscated, as all the other Jewish property was.

Peter had received his bicycle only a few months before, on his birthday. I had bought the smallest one available in a Vienna department store, but even it had proved too big for Peter's short legs. Somehow, though, he had learned to turn the pedals and maneuver while sitting directly on the bar of the frame. It was sensational for a little boy to have a bicycle in Mattersburg, and he would be watched by scores of children as he rode around Main Square.

Peter's friends took part in the proceedings that followed the Anschluss. They paraded, sang the "Horst Wessel Lied," and smashed Jewish windows. But then they tired of playing with their elders and returned to their own games. Those were balmy, sunny days—the warmest spring in history. The ground was dry, ideal for bicycle riding. Only once did a little girl—blond, freckle-faced Mitzi—ask whether a Jewish boy could still own a bicycle. The other children told her it was all right; the announcement said that Jewish children were not permitted to enter parks and/or sit on benches (the park of Mattersburg had only one bench, anyhow), but there was nothing in it about bicycles. So Peter visited me often in jail, wheeling his bicycle right into the courtyard. That bicycle was the source of our unwarranted optimism about the intentions of the Nazis toward the Jews.

Granatocrinus norwoodi

One day, I was released from jail on condition that I leave Nazi territory within two weeks. We moved hurriedly to Vienna, and the bicycle went along. In Vienna, I succeeded in getting visas for the three of us to go to France. We were permitted to take only twenty marks out of the country. Since everything we possessed had been confiscated, there was not much more we could have taken even if it had been permitted. I sold the bicycle for thirty marks and with that money bought three pairs of shoes—a pair apiece. Peter was not happy about the transaction, but I promised him that one day he would own another bicycle.

We did not remain long in France. Almost at once, I received an appointment as a colonial physician on the Ivory Coast, and I served there for a year, until a mild attack of tuberculosis made it necessary for me to return to Europe. We went to Paris. It was impossible to get a license to practice in France, so I did all kinds of odd jobs. Somehow we survived. Then the war broke out. We did not feel its effect at first, but in May, 1940, the Germans smashed through Belgium into France, and one day airplanes with swastikas on their wings flew over the roofs of the city. Despite official assurances that the Germans would never appear, we decided to take no chances. On the tenth of July, early in the morning, we left our apartment on the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir, near the Place de la Bastille, with only as many of our belongings as we could pack into Peter's rucksack and carrying his pet parrot in a cage. The Métro was no longer running, and no taxis were available. We walked all the way to the Gare d'Orléans, the point of departure for the southwest.

Beyond Pont Solférino, we found the streets leading to the station clogged with people—everyone laden with suitcases, packages, bundles of food, pots and pans, even mattresses. Before we knew it, we were caught in the stamping, jostling mass, which seemed to be moving steadily but getting nowhere. Hours passed, and we made hardly any progress toward the station entrance. It was a terribly hot day, and there was, of course, no water available. Peter's parrot became agitated, and its cries mingled with the complaints of the children. Many people had given up the idea of getting into the station, but it was impossible to get free of the crowd. Suddenly there was a surge forward, and we found ourselves in the station. I can't explain how it happened, but there we were; we could breathe once more, and we were practically alone. There weren't more than half a dozen people in that large place. From outside came shouts of "No trains! No trains are running!" And

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then another stroke of luck—a train. Cars rolled past, paused, jolted, started ahead again, and stopped.

We scrambled aboard, into an empty compartment. No one else followed. We had no idea where the train was heading or, indeed, whether it would move again. A man in uniform, with a gun—apparently a *réserviste*—stuck his head in the compartment. Peter asked for water for his parrot, which lay prostrate on the floor of its cage. The man smiled, disappeared, and soon returned with a glass of water. He staggered; he was happily drunk. The bird was quickly revived, and jumped up and down. With a jolt, the train started to move. "Where is the train going?" I asked the man, who presumably was the guard.

"Who knows?" he said.

The train seemed to change its mind half a dozen times an hour—steaming forward at top speed, screeching to a sudden stop, backing up, halting, shuddering, then bolting off again.

"What the devil is going on?" I asked the *réserviste*, who had decided to stay with us and had taken a seat. He was asleep. The countryside hurtled past the window. We were well beyond Paris, and as far as I could gauge from the sun's position, going south. Maria and Peter were asleep, too, and so was the parrot, its cage covered by a towel.

Sometime during the night, I dozed. A hand shook me awake, and a voice said, "Last stop." In the dim light, I saw a fat, bearded face—a sweating giant in oil-stained clothes, obviously the engineer.

I looked at my watch; it was one o'clock. "Where are we?" I asked.

"Montauban!" he roared. He gave the sleeping soldier a cuff on the face and left.

Where was Montauban, I wondered, staring out the window at the railroad station. I woke up Maria and Peter, and we opened the heavy door of the coach and clambered out. We were the only ones to emerge from the train. For all I know, we were the only passengers on that strange journey. We walked the length of the platform, then down a street in the direction of a distant light. As we drew closer, we could see that it illuminated a battered sign: "Hôtel d'Andorra." We had to pick our way through sleeping figures on the sidewalk—refugees who had arrived before us. At the inn, I rang the bell several times but got no response. We settled among the others on the sidewalk. I sat leaning against the wall. Peter fell asleep with his head on my lap, and Maria rested against my shoulder.

Shortly before dawn, I heard some-

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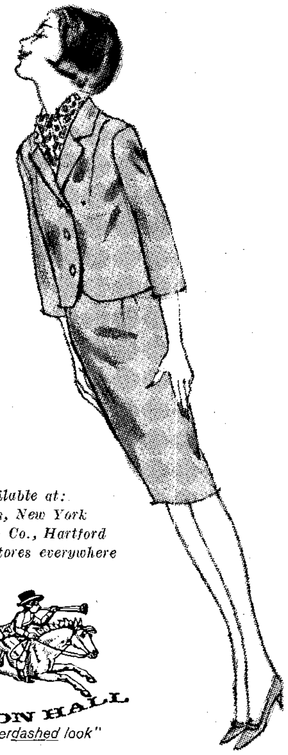

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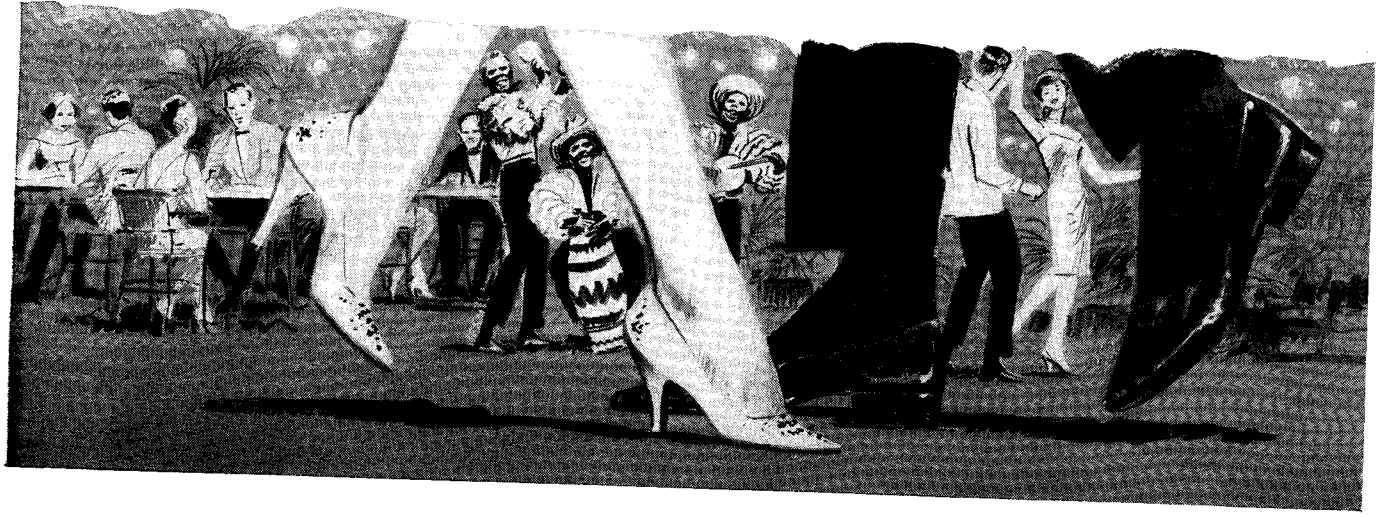

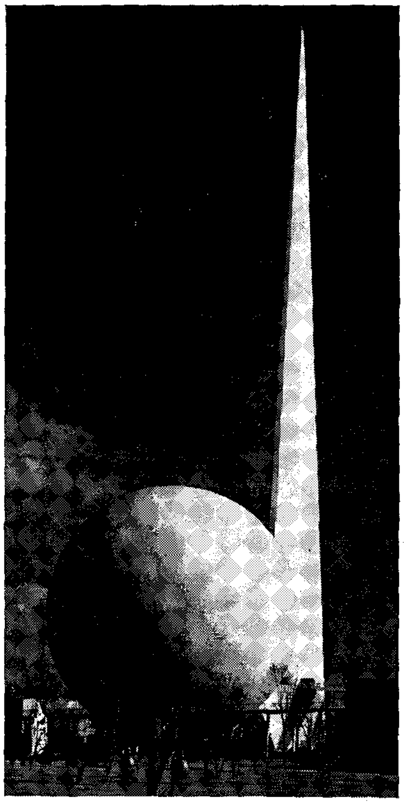

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one call for a doctor. A woman in a long blue dressing gown stood in the open door of the inn. I thought I must be hallucinating, but when she said again, "A doctor—get a doctor," I stood up. I felt my breast pocket, where I always kept my stethoscope; it was there. In my jacket pockets, I ran my fingers over the few medical supplies I had brought with me—a syringe, some ampules of digitalis and caffeine, and a small box of assorted pills. "I'm a doctor," I said.

"Come with me, please," the woman said.

She ran up two flights of stairs, and I followed her. We entered a room where a tousle-haired little girl, about eight years old, was sitting up in bed. At that moment, the light went off. "There isn't enough electric current in town," the woman said. The little girl started to cry, and the woman went off to fetch candles. "Are you really a doctor?" she asked when she returned, a few minutes later.

I looked at my rumpled clothes; then I took out my stethoscope.

"Thank God," she said. "There doesn't seem to be a doctor left in Montauban." She had changed into a heavy black dress, drawn in at the waist by a belt, from which hung a collection of keys. She was unquestionably the innkeeper.

The little girl's face was flushed, and the left half was swollen. I diagnosed the trouble as mumps and reassured the woman, whose name I now learned was Mme. Juin. The little girl, Gisèle, was her daughter.

"You arrived during the night?" Mme. Juin asked.

"Yes," I said. "By train—from Paris."

"But how? The trains are not running, except for the military. I heard it on the radio. Colonial troops are being moved from Marseille and Bordeaux to stem the advance of the Boches."

I told her about the ghost train, and about Maria and Peter out on the street. She urged me to get them at once. When I brought them in, we found a table set with bread, butter, and preserves, and presently Mme. Juin came in from the kitchen with steaming coffee.

She was a tall woman, with a pale complexion, dark eyes, and a slightly curved nose—very handsome. (In the South of France, nearby Spain has had a strong biological impact.) She spoke very fast, with that patois of the Midi that emphasizes the last syllable of each word. While she moved nervously around the room, she stroked her smooth auburn hair. At one point, she

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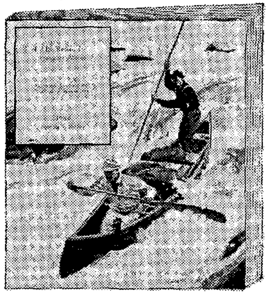

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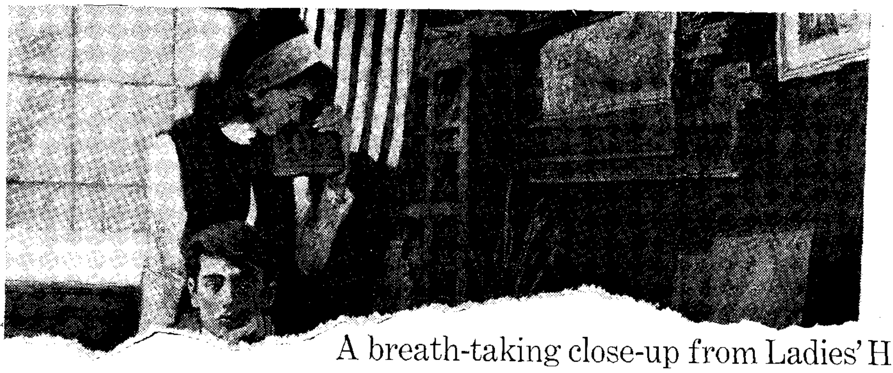

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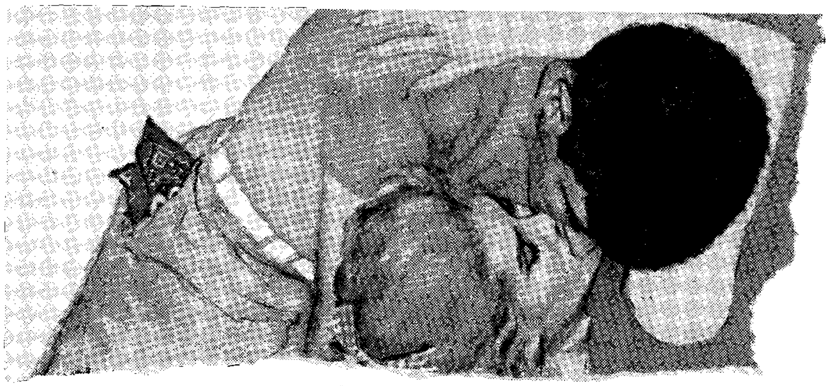

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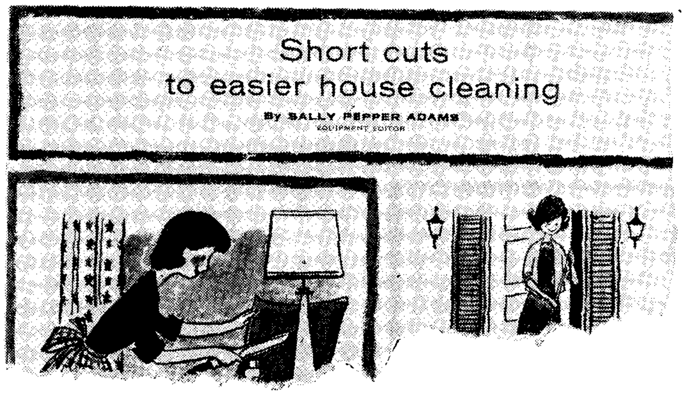
A breath-taking close-up from Good Housekeeping.



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By SALLY PEPPER ADAMS
EQUIPMENT EDITOR

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stopped to indicate a photograph of her husband that hung on the wall—a smiling young man in uniform. He was somewhere on the Maginot Line. I did not tell her the Line had been erased.

"We must get you settled," she said. "I'm sorry that I have no more rooms, but we shall find places for you somewhere." Over our protests, she decided that we should have her bedroom; she would sleep on a couch in Gisèle's room. Another couch would be moved into our room for Peter.

Gisèle recovered after a week, but I did not lack for patients. Mme. Juin had sent me to see Mme. Berton, wife of the local police captain, who was suffering from worry over a sick child, stricken with measles, I discovered. Mme. Berton sent me to others. Flouting regulations, Captain Berton issued me a certificate—probably worthless—permitting me to practice, and soon I was making many house calls. Few people were able to pay, however, and the sum of money we had brought from Paris was dwindling. We paid for our lodgings, against the wishes of Mme. Juin, and our food, we bought a little clothing, and there was nothing left for the slightest luxury.

Therefore, I was greatly disturbed to have Peter burst in one day after lunch, panting and so excited he could hardly speak. On the Place Nationale, he said, under the arcades, in front of the butcher shop, there was a long line of people. "And there's a man there in the line who has a *bicycle* he wants to sell! And he wants only five hundred francs!" The man's name was Campuneaud, and the bicycle had excellent brakes. "It stops—I rode it around the square, twice, and it stops just like that!"

Ever since our departure from Austria, Peter had been looking wistfully at bicycles. In Africa, the son of our Syrian grocer owned a bicycle for delivery. He let Peter ride around on it after school, and in this way the bicycle problem had been temporarily solved. In Paris, the parrot had occupied his mind. But now . . .

"It's red, Daddy. Did I tell you it was red?"

"Well," I said, patting his head. "Someday, when we can afford a new bicycle, you can choose any color you want."

"You promised. All you ever do is promise."

"Someday, Peter."

"Don't keep repeating that, please," Maria said.

"But it's out of the question now. *You* must know better."

Mme. Juin and Gisèle appeared in

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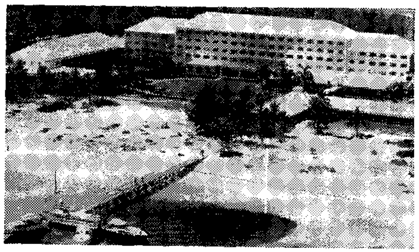

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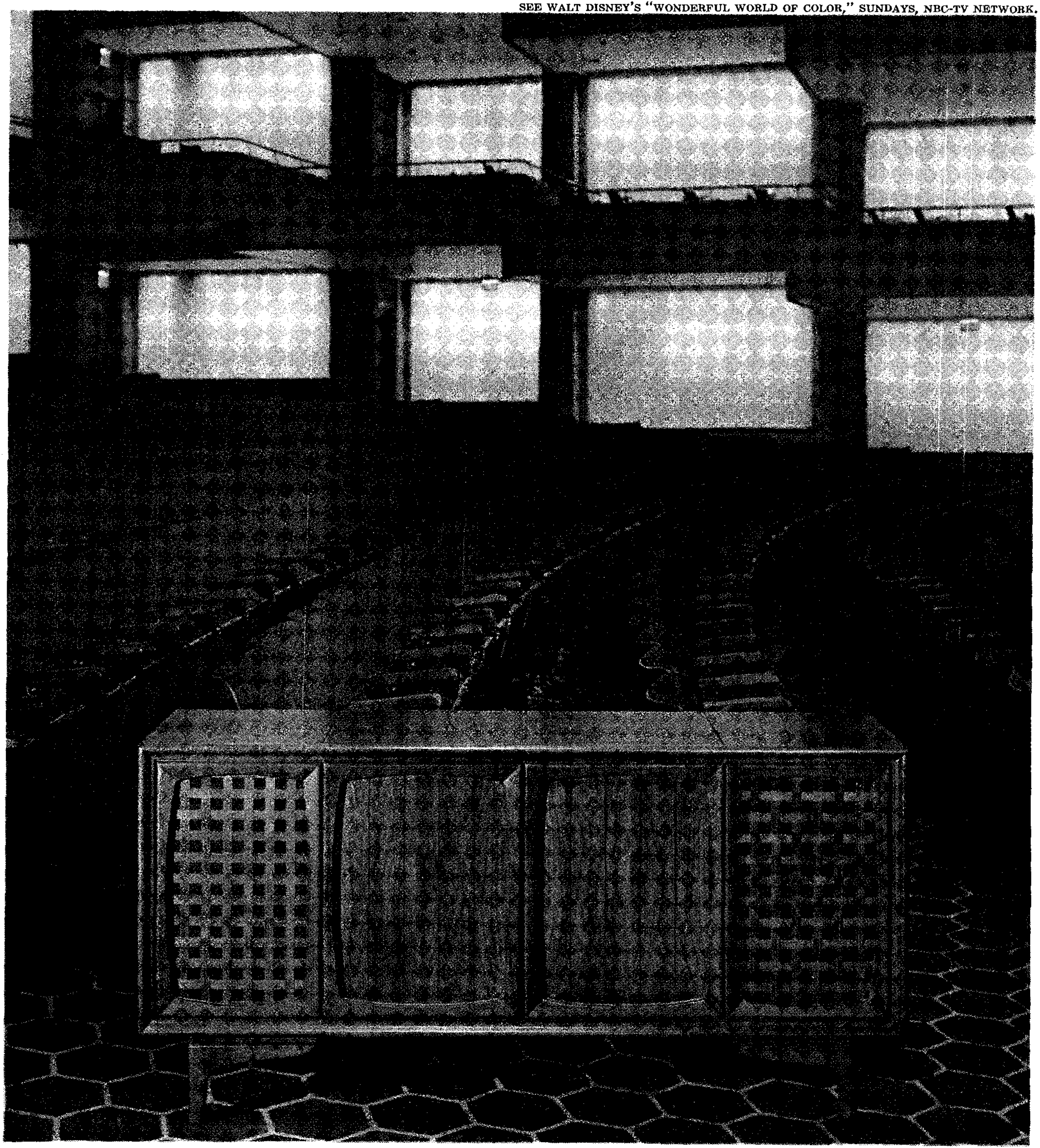

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the doorway. They had been listening. "What a shame," said Mme. Juin. "Every boy should have a bicycle."

"Mme. Juin, we can't afford it. Don't you understand?"

She touched the heavy purse fastened on her belt, next to the keys. "But, Doctor, you'll be able to pay it back soon."

"No. It's out of the question."

Gisèle cried, and Peter was gloomy. I surveyed the group confronting me and realized that I had, at least, to investigate.

NEXT morning, I went with Peter to the Place Nationale, and there indeed, in the waiting line before the Charcuterie Fouchon, was M. Campuneaud with the red bicycle. M. Campuneaud personified the defeat of France. He wore a rumpled fatigue jacket with all the buttons missing; his shoes were torn and fastened with string. It was hard to tell whether he was a soldier or a civilian, because soldiers running away from their outfits hastily acquired civilian clothes. He was a sorry sight, but Peter gazed at him worshipfully; he could have been the President of the Republic. M. Campuneaud greeted us with a broad smile, an energetic handshake, and a sales talk. The price of the bicycle, he said, was "a mere five hundred francs, and a bargain not to be matched anywhere."

I fingered the few bills in my pocket—perhaps thirty francs all told.

M. Campuneaud propped the bicycle against a pillar and explained how attached to it he was.

"I really don't wish to sell it," he said. "I came with it all the way from Paris. But my family will arrive in Montauban at any time, and I need the money."

"We're short of money, too," Peter confessed.

"Ah, yes," said M. Campuneaud, shaking his head.

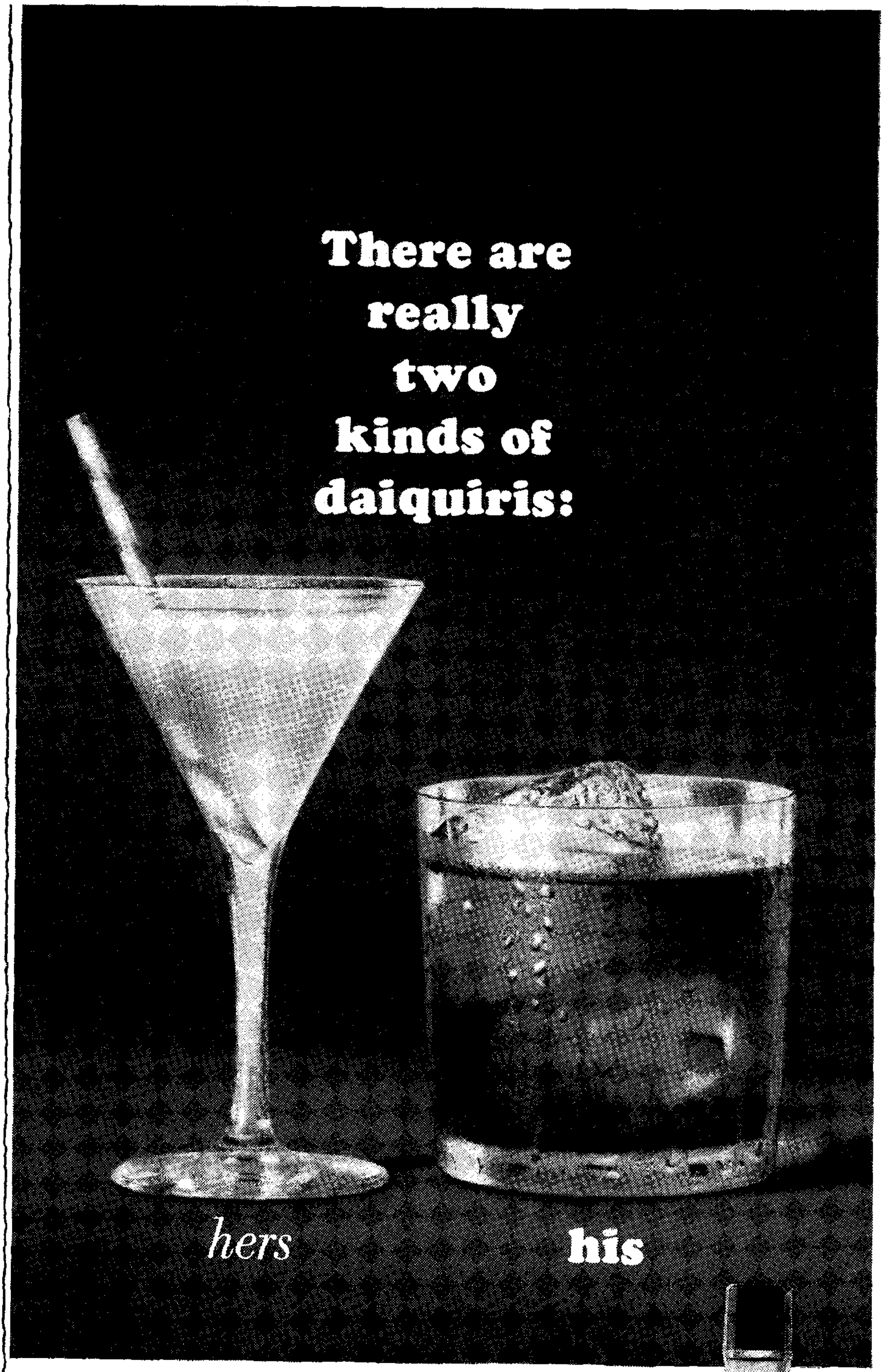
"Do you have any diseases, Monsieur?" asked Peter.

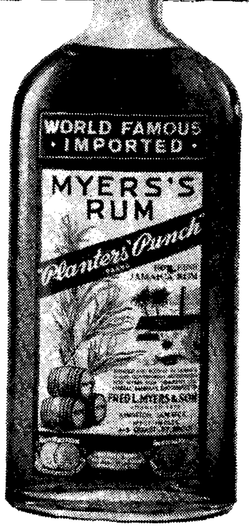
"Diseases? I feel fine."

"My father is a doctor," said Peter. "If you had a disease of some kind—*any kind*—he could cure it."

"That's enough, Peter!" I said. Some of my patients had been offering fruit, eggs, a piece of cheese, or a bottle of wine, and, of course, Peter knew it.

"I'm sorry," said M. Campuneaud. "I have not been sick for ten years, outside of a touch of influenza. Ten years ago, however, I had a sore back. Right





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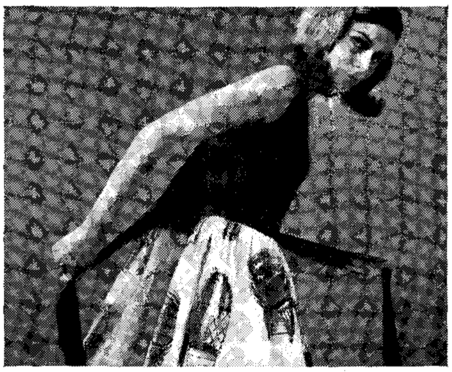

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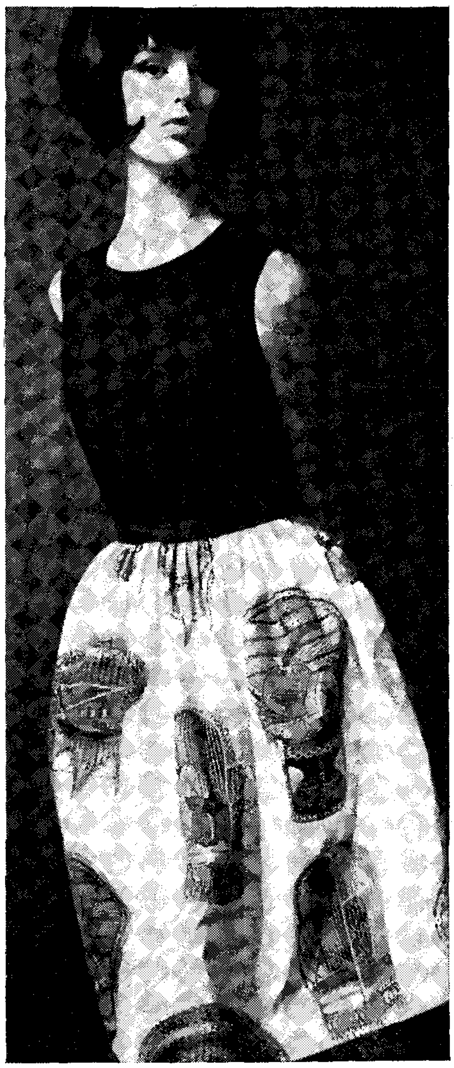

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here." He twisted around to demonstrate.

"My father could cure your back," Peter said.

"Come, Peter," I said. "We must go along."

"Wait, Doctor," M. Campuneaud said. "I wonder, would you be willing to pay three hundred fifty francs, perhaps?" He patted the bicycle.

"Two hundred," I heard myself saying.

"Two hundred," Peter echoed.

"It is yours," said M. Campuneaud, beaming at Peter.

As buyer, I was expected to buy drinks, so the three of us walked to the corner *bistro*, Peter wheeling the bicycle. Over wine, M. Campuneaud began to make a better impression on me. He was a workingman from a Paris suburb. He told me about his family and explained how as the Boches came nearer and nearer he had decided to flee.

We finished our drinks and stepped outside. Peter and the bicycle had disappeared.

"He's only trying it out," said M. Campuneaud. "He'll be back soon. If we had a bite to eat, he would probably return before we finished our coffee."

This seemed reasonable, and I went with him into a neighboring restaurant. I ordered a meal, but M. Campuneaud had changed his mind about eating and asked only for wine. He drank a bit too much and before long began to sing, joined by a group of soldiers at the next table. Between songs, there was a discussion of the war. Some thought that the British should be left to shift for themselves, others that France should follow the appeal of General de Gaulle in his radio address from London. M. Campuneaud, now quite violent, was for continuation of the war from abroad. "*Vive de Gaulle!*" he shouted, and more wine was ordered.

I began going out every few minutes to see if Peter had returned. M. Campuneaud suggested we go back to the *bistro*. There, after another drink, his head sank to the table; he was sound asleep. I walked to the Hôtel d'Andorra and, carefully avoiding Maria, asked Mme. Juin for the use of her car—an aged, tiny Renault. For nearly two hours, I drove, returning now and again to the *bistro;* still there was no trace of the boy. Finally, I had no choice but to notify the police—and Maria.

Captain Berton promised to do everything in his power, but this was not reassurance enough for Maria, who was near collapse. I was sitting with her about nine that evening, trying to quiet

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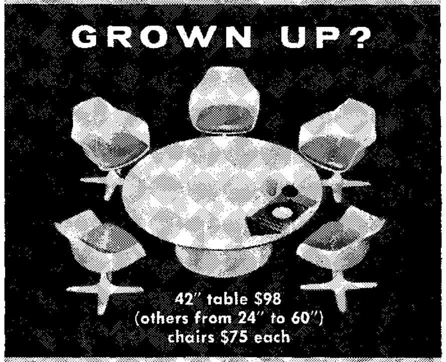

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her, when a *garde mobile* appeared at the door of the inn, the red bicycle at his side. At first, he seemed to be alone, but then he stepped aside, revealing Peter. "This is your son?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"We found him in the country—twelve, fifteen kilometres from the city. He had stolen this bicycle. A bad boy."

"I didn't steal it!" Peter cried. "I was going to see Léon." Léon was a schoolmate, who lived with his parents on a farm. "I thought maybe we would not have the money to buy the bicycle, and I wanted to show it to Léon. I was resting at the side of the road when *he* and another *garde mobile* stopped me and asked me all those questions."

"Yes, a big question," said the officer. "Whose bicycle is this? Look, here at the mark. It is government property. It has been stolen."

"I *told* them we were buying it."

"Is that true?" the officer asked me.

"Yes," I said.

The officer scratched his head. "The boy should be punished," he said. "We have nothing but trouble here now, with all these refugees."

Mme. Juin came into the hall. "What's all this!" she demanded. She reached a quick conclusion, which was that the *garde mobile* was making an impossible nuisance of himself, and she told him so.

"But, Monique," he said.

"Don't you call me Monique, you shirker! My husband is fighting for *la patrie*. And where are you?"

The *garde mobile* departed. I suddenly remembered M. Campuneaud, borrowed two hundred francs from Mme. Juin, and ran to the *bistro*. The *patron* told me that the man had gone some time ago.

IT was unheard of for a young boy to have a bicycle in Montauban, and, as in Mattersburg, it gave Peter a special status. But for Maria and me the bicycle became a new source of anxiety. Montauban was an old Huguenot town, with twisting, medieval streets, built on hilly terrain. Peter would ride with lightning speed, stepping on the brakes at the very last second as a jeep, lorry, or some other military vehicle came laboring toward him up a hill. When he rode around the Place Nationale, people under the arcades would cross themselves. The streets resounded with the excited yells of children, watching Peter or waiting to take turns riding.

One day, we went to Mme. Juin's room, and there she sat, pale and stroking her hair. A telegram lay on the ta-

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ble; on the wall the picture of her husband was covered by a black veil. She sat, head down, for a moment; then she straightened up. "We must not live in the past," she said.

The winter of 1940-41 was bitterly cold—one of the coldest in the history of the Midi. Icicles as tall as a man hung from the eaves, and snow driven by heavy winds piled in drifts high above the first-floor window sills. Fuel became scarce, then almost nonexistent, and Peter began making daily trips on his bicycle to the outskirts of town for firewood. Food also became scarce, although we fared better than many. Mme. Juin owned a few acres in a neighboring village; her tenant there paid part of his rent in milk and eggs, which he brought to town twice a week. These were generously shared with us, the milk being reserved for the children. Mme. Juin's sister, who lived on a large farm, came with her family to visit occasionally and always brought along several chickens and preserved fruit. For days at a time, however, there would be nothing but a very pale, watery soup and, once a day, bread.

But cold and hunger were not the most important among our problems. By this time, the Vichy regime was zealously collaborating with the Nazis in Paris, rooting out refugees who had fled from German-occupied territories to the so-called unoccupied areas of France. This work was mostly in the hands of an auxiliary police force under the leadership of the notorious former member of the Paris municipal council, Doriot. Increasing numbers of jackbooted cops began showing up in Montauban, and, in addition, S.S. men—some in full uniform, others in disguise. It was only a question of time, as our friend the police captain told me, and as, indeed, I could well see for myself, until they got around to us. Where would we go now? Switzerland? Many had been caught trying to cross that border and had been packed off in prison trains bound for Germany. Spain? The border was closer, but even if one could cross it, what sort of haven was to be found in a country bossed by Hitler's friend and admirer? For countries overseas, there was the impossible matter of visas. By early spring, things had reached the point where we hardly dared show our faces outside. Every night, we expected the knock on the door.

One morning, a letter came for us from an international children's-aid organization with headquarters in Marseille and the United States. Arrangements had been made, it said, to evacuate

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from France the children of refugees who themselves had no hope of emigrating. All that was necessary was to make application; a ship was preparing for departure in two weeks.

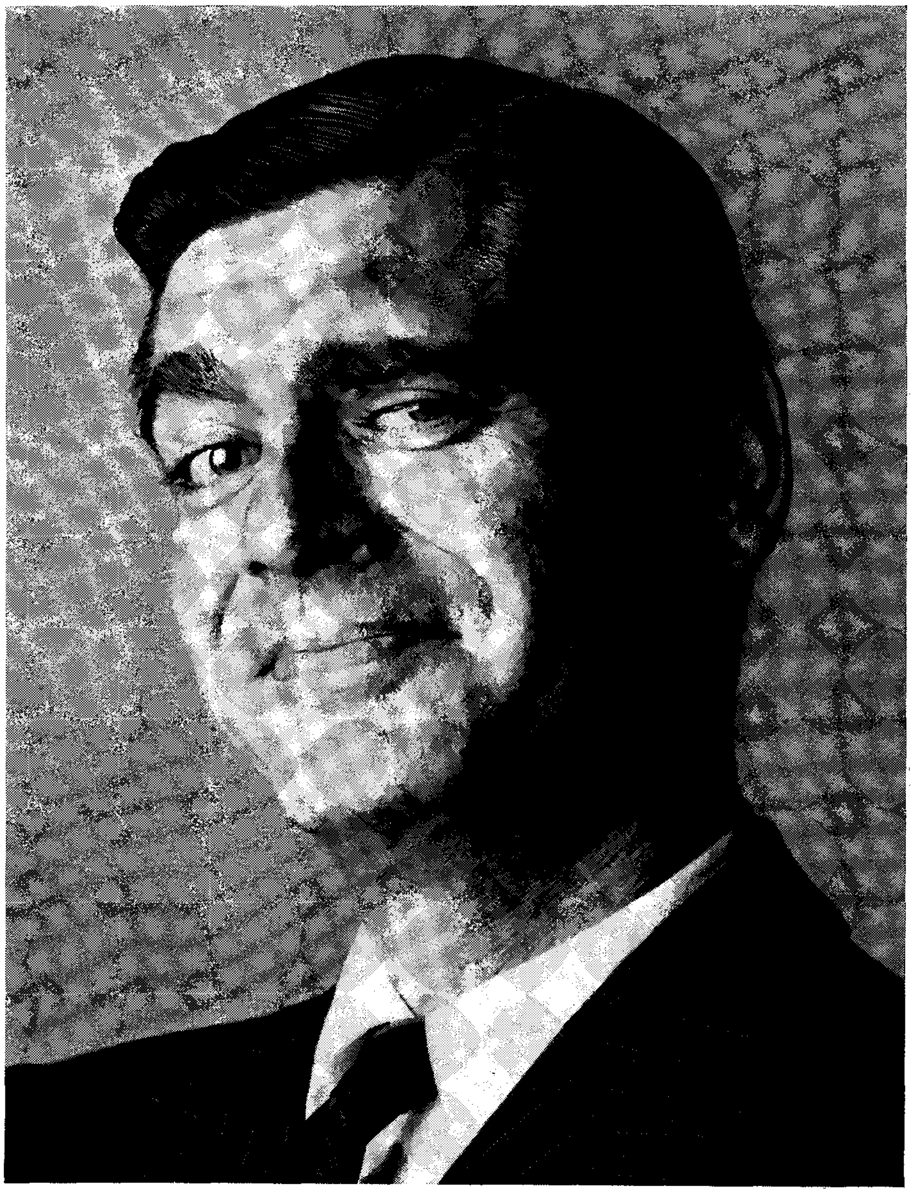
Difficult as the decision was, we made it quickly. I filled out the application, and we prepared a story for Peter. He was to go first, we told him; we would be joining him soon. "*How* soon?" was his almost hourly question. As we attempted to answer him, any difficulties we had had until now seemed inconsequential. How soon indeed.

On the twenty-first of March, Maria's birthday, I called at the post office for *poste-restante* letters that might have arrived. There was a telegram. I concluded that it was a birthday greeting for Maria, and put it in my pocket. When I got back to the inn, I handed it to her. She opened it. It was from the Consul-General of the United States in Marseille, and it said that special emergency visas had been granted to all three of us by the Department of State.

In our joy and eagerness, we thought that all we had to do was pick up the visas, but it was not that simple. To pick up the visas, one had to go to Marseille. Foreigners from Nazi-occupied territories were permitted to travel in unoccupied France only if they possessed permits to leave the country—and although exit permits were given to those with overseas visas, boat tickets, and the approval of the German armistice commission, they were obtainable only in Vichy. Appearance before the armistice commission would mean just one thing for us: the Gestapo. There was no certain way out of the circle.

I decided to go to Marseille without authorization. The train was to leave at five in the morning. I was there on time, but at five-thirty the train still stood in the station, with more and more passengers boarding every minute. At six, a patrol of Doriot cops entered the front cars, to check identification papers. I went quickly to the rear of the train, got out, pushed through the crowd, and walked ahead to a car that had been checked. Finally, the train began to move. At Toulouse, where I had to change trains, passengers were directed to a checking desk, for another police inspection before entering the train for Marseille. No sly maneuver would do here; I decided to make a dash for it. I came close to bringing it off, too, and was just stepping into the train when a hand fell on my shoulder. It was a cop, dressed in the costume typical of the Doriot auxiliary police—half uniform and half civilian clothing. "Wait!" he commanded. "Let me see your pa-

"Me drink sherry?"



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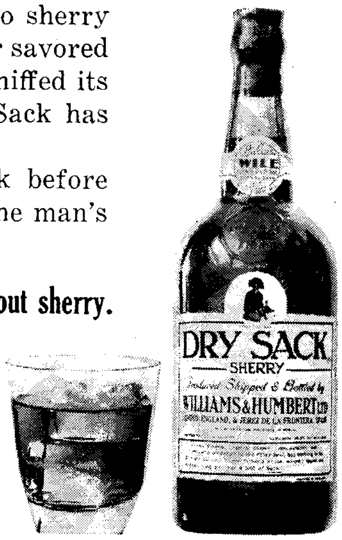

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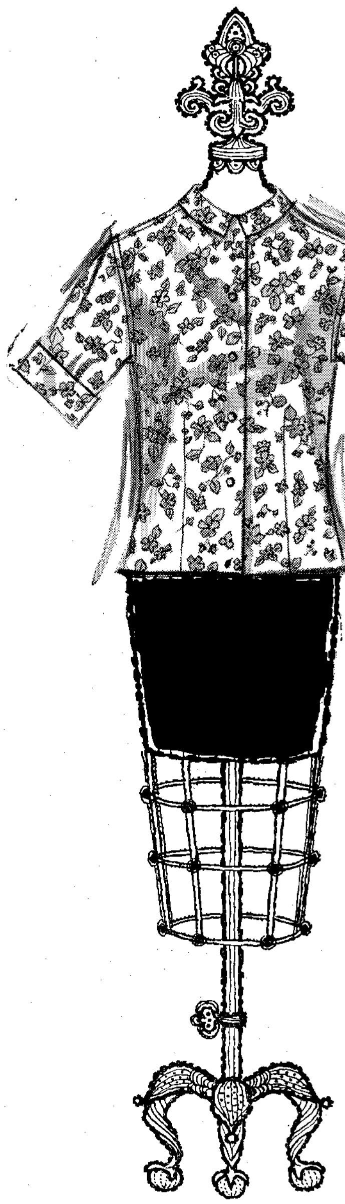

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pers." I fumbled for my wallet. He grabbed it from my hand and opened it. He took out a sheaf of papers and began going through them. He seemed to take special interest in one, and, leaning forward, I saw that it was my honorable discharge from the Colonial Service—something I had all but forgotten I possessed. "Mmmm," he said, reading and rereading. "Mmmm." Then, "*Merci bien!*"

When I reached Marseille, the American Consulate was closing for the day, with a long line still waiting in front of the door. The next morning, I made a point of being among the first in line. I produced the telegram, and the clerk, speaking in French after trying me in English, said, "Yes, you and your family will receive visas, but, according to regulations, only after you are able to show us tickets for a ship sailing from France."

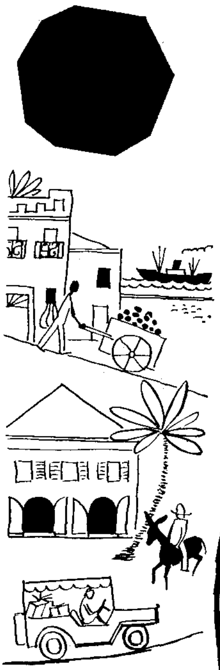
Where could one find such a ship, I asked.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I really can't say. I'd like to help you, but . . . Good luck!"

That afternoon, I learned of a committee that was operating semi-legally in Marseille. Its head was Varian Fry, an American whose name at the time was being whispered among those whose lives were in imminent danger. No one was ready to say just what was going on, but the name Varian Fry was passed along as though it carried much importance. Without real hope, I went to the committee. I was told that the committee was trying to obtain a British Navy permit for a Vichy ship carrying refugees to pass through the blockade. Nobody would say anything more. To the vital question *when*, I received no reply. "Keep in touch with us" was all they would say.

I returned to Montauban, weakly encouraged. There I found an urgent message; I was to go at once to see Captain Berton, at police headquarters. When I arrived, he handed me a document. "This will make it easier," he said. It was an official exit permit, signed by the Minister of Interior of the Vichy regime. "Just don't ask me questions," Captain Berton said. It was time for us to leave. Orders had come from Vichy to evacuate all Jewish refugees.

We began to pack our few things immediately—most of them fitted easily into Peter's old rucksack. Mme. Juin put together a package containing nearly all the food she had in her kitchen and insisted we take it with us. At four in the morning, we went out to climb into Mme. Juin's small car, with its coughing engine, its cracked windshield, and



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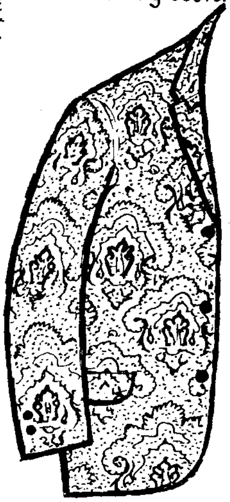

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its paper-thin tires. It was a dreary departure, made no brighter by Mme. Juin's flood of tears as she took her place behind the wheel. Everyone was in the car but Peter. I looked out and saw him struggling with something in the half darkness. It was his bicycle, which he was trying to hoist up to the top of the car.

"No, Peter!" I shouted, getting out. "That's impossible. There is no room here, and there will be no room on the ship. You'll have to leave the bicycle here."

"Isn't there *some* way?" Maria asked.

"Please," I said to her. "Don't make it any harder."

"Oh dear, oh dear," Mme. Juin said.

"*Please*, Daddy."

The strain of waiting, the uncertainty, the sleepless nights had caught up with me. I had no more patience. "Put the bicycle down!" I said. "Come, get in the car. You can't take it."

"Oh, the poor child," Mme. Juin said.

"Peter loves his bicycle very much," said Gisèle.

"Couldn't you tie it on top of the car?" Maria asked.

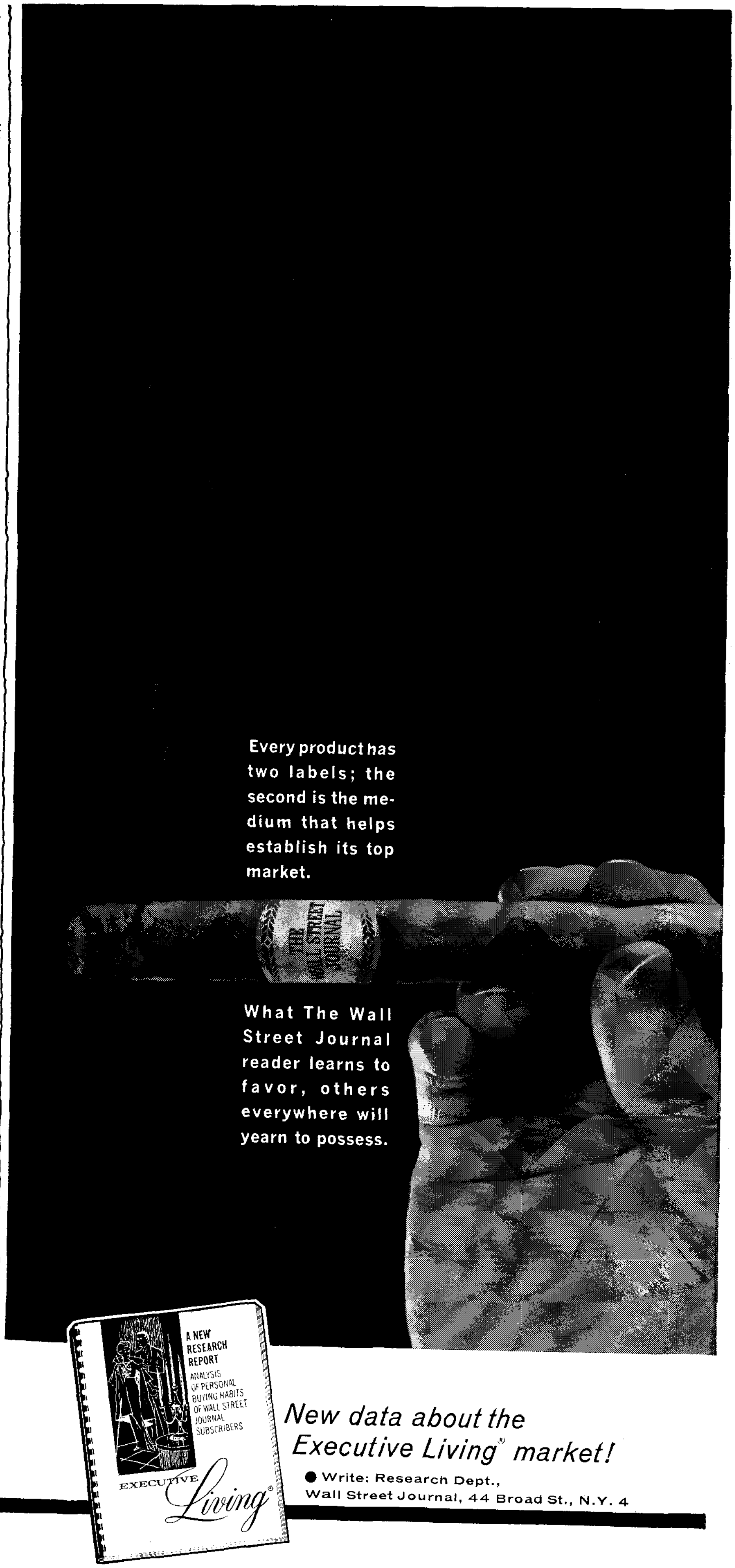
"Daddy! I have to leave my parrot, but not my bicycle, too!"

I tied the bicycle onto the top of the car, thinking that we would take it only as far as the railroad station. There, surely, we would be forbidden to put it on the train. Someone else—some railroad official—could give the cruel, final command.

When we got to the station, I took the bicycle down, and Peter wheeled it along. We said our farewells to Mme. Juin and Gisèle and headed down the platform. To my amazement, no objection was raised as Peter—and the bicycle—preceded us into the car. The train was so crowded, the confusion so great, that nobody seemed to pay attention to anyone else. I noticed some Doriot cops, but they ignored us.

In Marseille, we waited four weeks, mostly in hiding, before the Varian Fry committee notified us that a freighter bound for Martinique would be leaving soon. Now, at last, we were given our American visas.

On the day of sailing, we walked to the pier, Peter wheeling his bicycle. I had made it clear to him, however, that the time had come when he would have to part with it, and I proved to be correct. A ship's officer explained that nothing not absolutely essential could be taken aboard; the ship was too crowded. But it was not a question of relinquishing the bicycle; it would be stored for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him. The genial officer explained all this carefully, and Peter's anguish abated somewhat. He wrote his name and mine on a tag, which he affixed to the bicycle's handlebars. "You can send it to me when the war is over," Peter said.

"Oh, yes. *Yes!*" the officer assured him.

AFTER the conclusion of the war, in 1946, the French government set up a committee to arrange for the recovery of property abandoned during the great exodus. In New York that year, we received a questionnaire to fill out, requesting the places in France where we had left items of personal property, and a description of the items left. Maria and I focussed our attention on the apartment we had had in Paris, trying to recall precisely what had been abandoned there. We received no reply to the questionnaire for nine years. Then, in 1955, we had a letter. The Paris property had vanished, it seemed; there was no trace of it. But records had been forwarded to the committee from Marseille, listing, under our name, a bicycle: "One bicycle, red; tires in a state of deterioration." Did we wish to recover this property? We said no.

Peter, at the time, was a senior in medical school, in Chicago.

—RICHARD BERCZELLER

•

CREATIVITY IN TV COMMERCIALS
By Arthur R. Ross
V.P. TV-Radio Creative Director Ketchum, MacLeod and Grove, Inc.

We were very pleased to learn that one of our KM&G television commercials was awarded the Grand Prize at this year's International Film Festival in New York. It is difficult to analyze specifically why one commercial is singled out from other noteworthy entries and considered by the judges to be number one.

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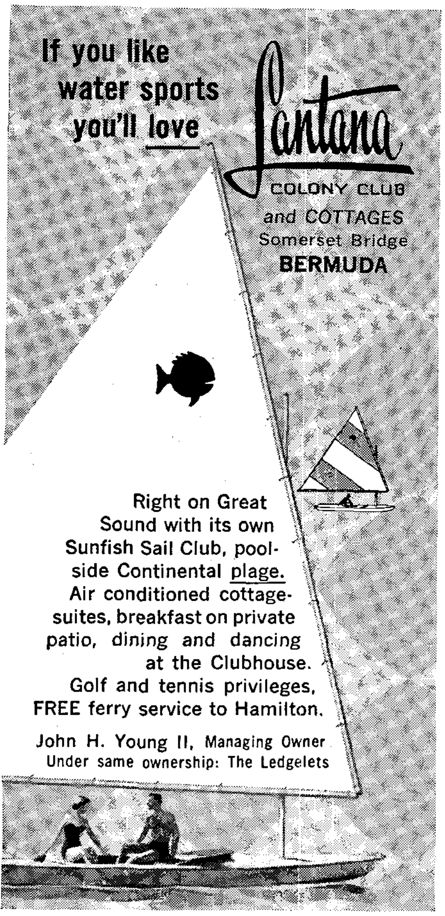

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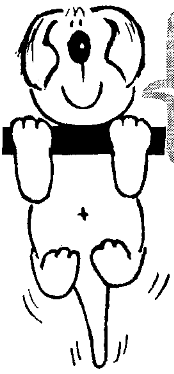

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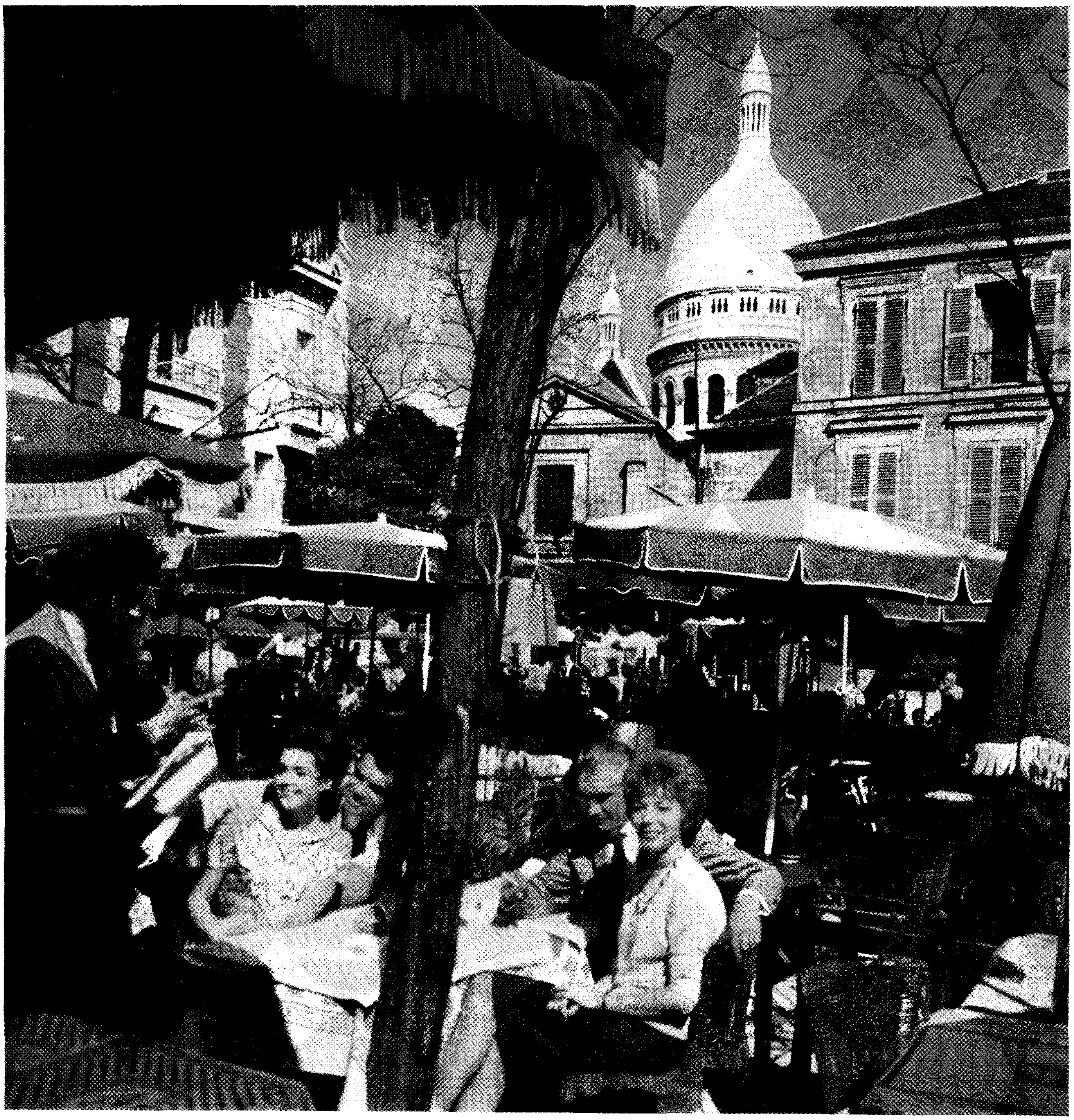

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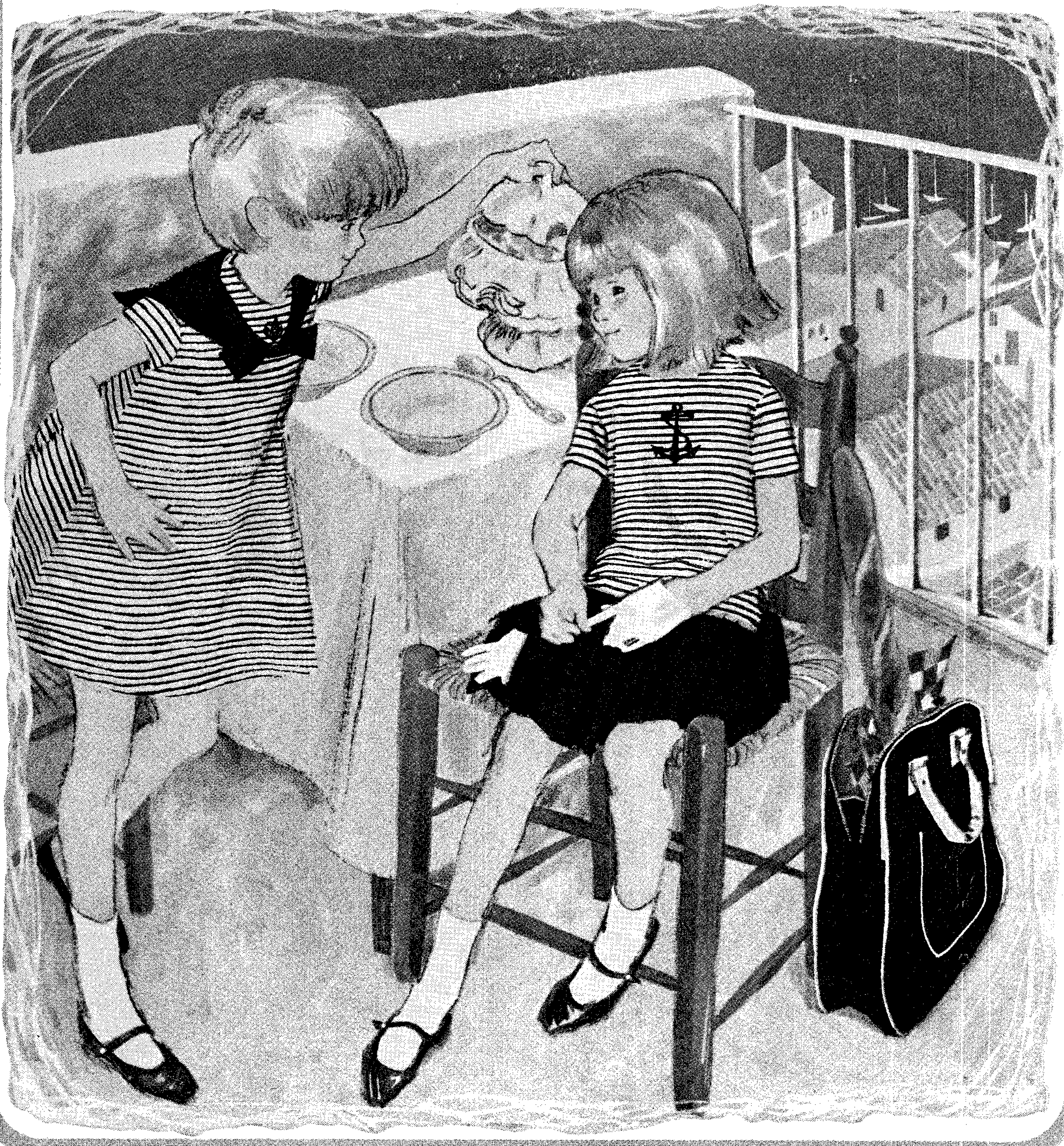

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

First Steps

THE celebrated Japanese director Akira Kurosawa is currently at work on his twenty-fourth picture; not at all surprisingly, it stars Toshiro Mifune. This is, in fact, the fifteenth picture of Kurosawa's that Mifune has starred in—surely one of the longest and most fruitful collaborations on record between a highly individual director and a no less highly individual actor. (Among their more famous successes have been "Rashomon," "The Magnificent Seven," "Throne of Blood," "The Lower Depths," "Sanjuro," and "High and Low.") We have reason to be grateful, therefore, that the second link in the long chain of their joint handiwork has finally reached us; its title is "Stray Dog," and it is a good, if not very exciting, picture in its own right, and a fascinating one in the light of all that has followed. It was shot back in 1949, when Kurosawa was edging toward forty and Mifune was a stripling of twenty-nine; their first picture, called "The Drunken Angel," had been made a year earlier. I must say that when I caught my first glimpse of Mifune in "Stray Dog," I failed to recognize him. How could that callow, slender youth bear any relation to the thickset, formidable—indeed, almost superhuman—figure who, in "Throne of Blood," proved himself the most convincing Macbeth I'd ever seen? But if I was unable to believe my eyes, I had to believe my ears; the moment the young man opened his mouth, I knew who he must be. For Mifune doesn't so much speak as bark—a tearing, rasping sound, which springs from his throat with a fierce, prehuman importunacy and would cause a pack of hungry wolves to panic if it merely recited among them a single tender *haiku*.

"Stray Dog" gives us Mifune as a novice police detective in Tokyo who, to his shame, loses his automatic to a lady pickpocket on a crowded bus. Humiliated, he offers to resign from the force, but his superiors are much less troubled by the unlucky accident and simply order him to recover the weapon. The picture is concerned with his pursuit of that elusive object, which, as the trail lengthens and darkens and grows grim with blood and death, passes from object to subject, from inanimate to

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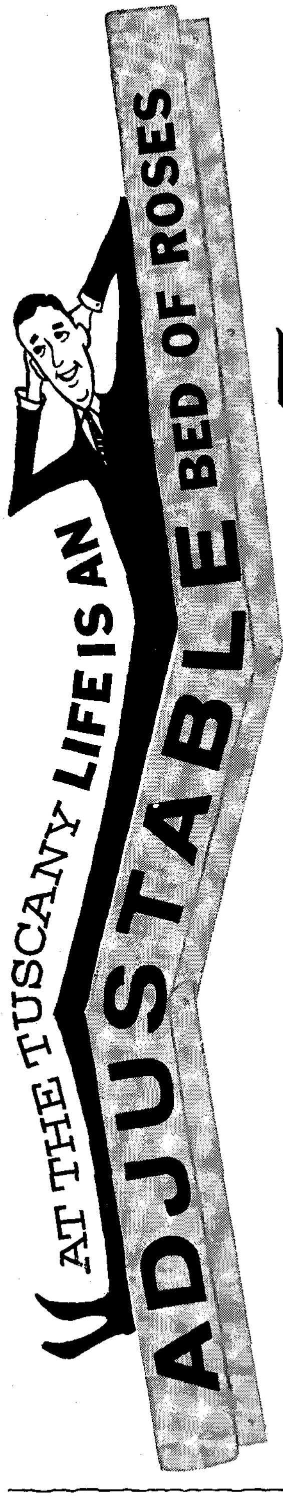

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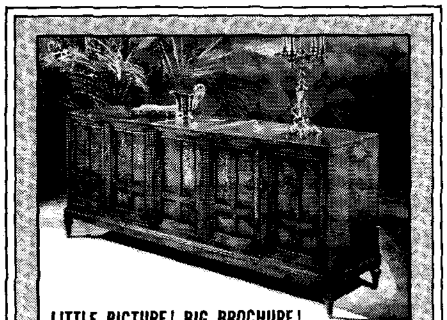

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animate. In something like the fashion of a Simenon novel, the dogged emotional necessities of a nonentity slowly assume for us an uncanny importance. We come to respect the man's feeling that the gun is a precious extension of himself, and that for as long as it is missing his manhood is in jeopardy. We respect, too, his sense of responsibility for what the gun does; since the gun is he, the crimes committed by the poor wretch who has come into possession of it are committed by him. The detective is simultaneously the pursuer and the pursued as, one by one, the seven bullets in the automatic are used up; in the end, in a thrilling chase through a swamp, the detective succeeds in capturing the criminal and the gun, and thus restoring himself to himself, but we are made to understand that, as in any *simenon*, guilt is inexpiable, and only a tough skin of professional cynicism will enable the detective to forget it.

In the course of the picture, Kurosawa provides a view of early postwar life in Tokyo that is Balzacian in its variety, and all the more interesting to us now because of its having receded so rapidly into history. Here, immortally young and crude and hot and coarse on film, is a world that I'm sure must seem to the Japanese to be not a scant fifteen years old but out of another age altogether: the slums, sleazy strip-tease joints, fading geisha houses, paperboard shacks, traffic jams, and baseball games of the Tokyo of the MacArthur shogunate, already straining to become the biggest, most incoherent conurbation on earth.

"DOULOS—THE FINGER MAN" is cops-and-robbers *à la française*, with Jean-Paul Belmondo playing the part of an unscrupulous informer and Serge Reggiani serving as the murderous but rather kindly crook who first becomes the victim of the finger man's duplicity and then, by a freak of fortune, secures his doom. Jean-Pierre Melville, who directed and wrote the film, is all too plainly a fan of American gangster movies, and he has made a hectic, thoroughly implausible hash of his innumerable recollections of the Cagney-Robinson-Raft way of life. Belmondo, wearing, of course, a tightly belted trenchcoat and a blank expression, is at every turn comically out of touch with Chicago, California, and when his body finally joined the eight or ten bodies that had piled up in the course of the picture my response was a grudging bourgeois satisfaction with the simple-minded tidiness of it all. —BRENDAN GILL

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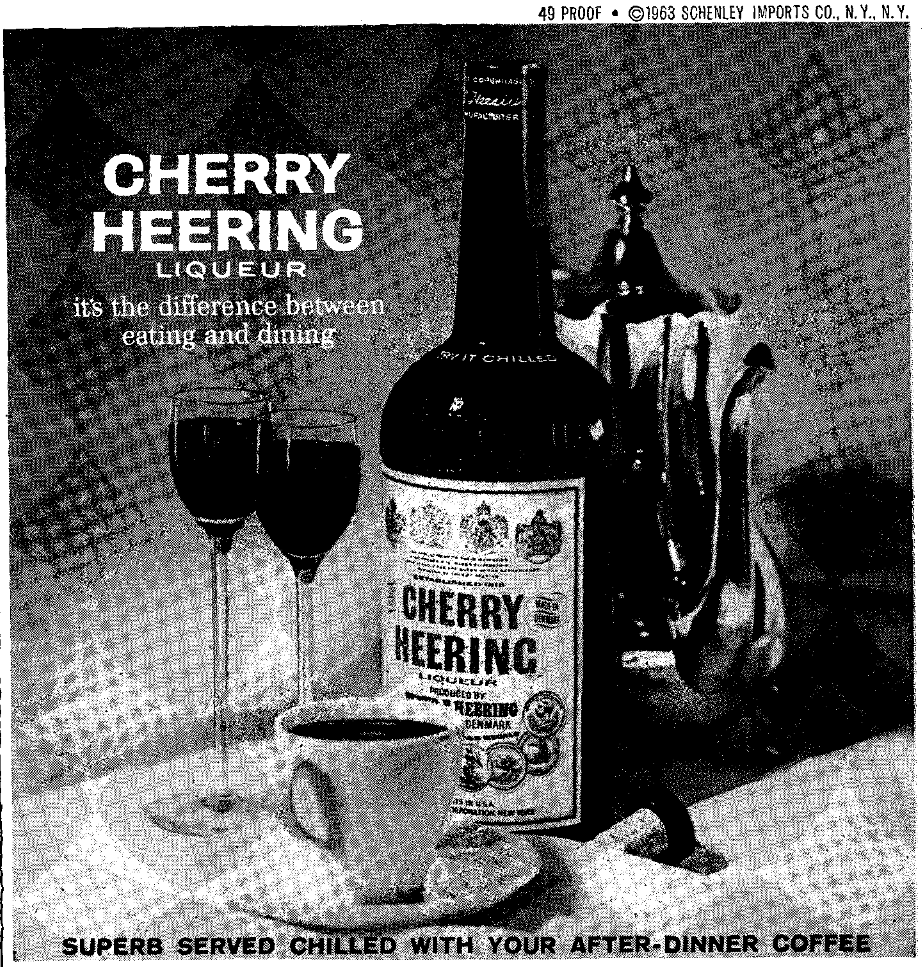
MUSICAL EVENTS

ONE of the more notable developments of the past decade or so has been the public recognition of Anton Dvořák as a major composer. It was not so very long ago that he was known mainly as the creator of the "New World" Symphony, a cello concerto, and something called "Humoresque." When he came to this country to teach at the National Conservatory of Music somewhere around the turn of the century, he showed himself to be just an ordinary man to all outward appearances—and this at a time when Americans were convinced that great composers were Europeans, who couldn't possibly resemble ordinary men and who had to remain in Europe. Thus, for a while Dvořák lost his charisma; the "New World" Symphony was played to death—to the point of reaching semi-popular status—and the main theme of its slow movement, to which the words "Goin' home" were set, became unabashedly a pop item. The trouble seems to have been that Dvořák's melodies were too good—and too catchy. Americans were flattered that a composer of some standing had been so far inspired by his visit to this country as to write a symphony about it—though today that symphony sounds unmistakably Czech (or Bohemian, as the designation was in Dvořák's time)—but nobody bothered to return the compliment by examining Dvořák's music as thoroughly as Dvořák had examined America. There were eight other symphonies, all of which remained unknown here, and a few of them are still unknown except to collectors of phonograph records. There was also a great mass of chamber music, operas, overtures, choral music, and so on, for Dvořák was very prolific.

Little by little, all of this is now coming to light. My own impression, which is not bolstered by much more knowledge than the average concertgoer's, is that Dvořák was an uneven composer. A few years ago, I sat through a concert performance of his opera "Rusalka," and thought that its general level of inspiration and interest did not rise much above that of the popular operettas of



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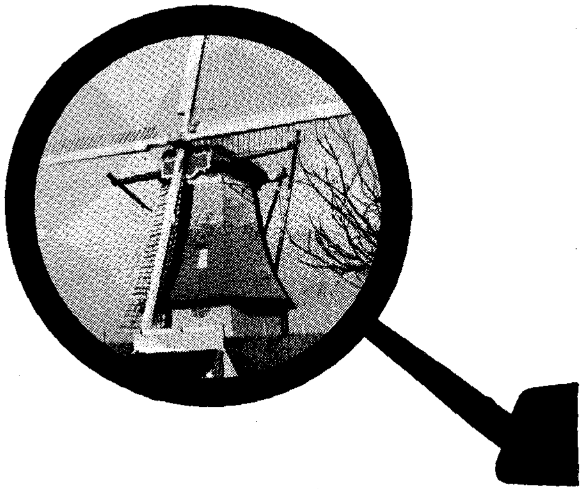

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Sigmund Romberg. I may have been wrong, or "Rusalka" may be Dvořák at his worst. It is, to be sure, a melodious opera, and all melodious operas are honest operas, regardless of their ultimate stature. It may be that in it Dvořák was honestly exhibiting his weaknesses. Certainly he never strove to conceal them. At his most inspired, however, he was a composer of great power and with a delightful faculty of invention, and this is becoming clearer and clearer as time goes on.

On Wednesday evening of last week, in Carnegie Hall, the organization known as Musica Aeterna, under the direction of Frederic Waldman, presented Dvořák's Requiem Mass in what was probably its first performance hereabouts in more than sixty years. The occasion turned out to be a memorable one. The Requiem is noble and impressive throughout, and contains flights of inspiration that invite comparison with all the other great Requiems, including those of Brahms and Verdi. It is also a highly individual work—remarkably so for a composer who was following closely in the footsteps of Wagner and Brahms, whose influence, though obvious here and there, is in every case given a personal twist that is unmistakably Dvořák. (In fact, to judge by the works of Dvořák's predecessor Smetana, the Wagnerian influence never seems to have got as far as the River Moldau without undergoing a Bohemian transformation.) In any event, the Requiem contains a tremendously dramatic "Confutatis maledictis" and a magnificent choral fugato that forms a grand climax in the middle of the Offertory, and its introduction to the "Benedictus" has that magical, and typically Bohemian, purity of melody and harmony also to be found in the slow movement of Dvořák's cello concerto. The composition is technically interesting as well, in that all its sequences are bound together by the reiteration, in one form or another, of a simple but haunting three-note theme, which begins and ends the work. In the program notes the other night, this theme was likened to a Wagnerian leitmotiv, but it doesn't really act like one. Rather, it seems to have a unifying purpose, perhaps that of holding the listener's attention to the main topic (Death) while the rest of the music passes through phases of optimism, tenderness, and other dramatic moods.

The Requiem was given a splendid performance. Mr. Waldman, a somewhat wispy but emphatic and aristocratic figure, led his excellent orchestra

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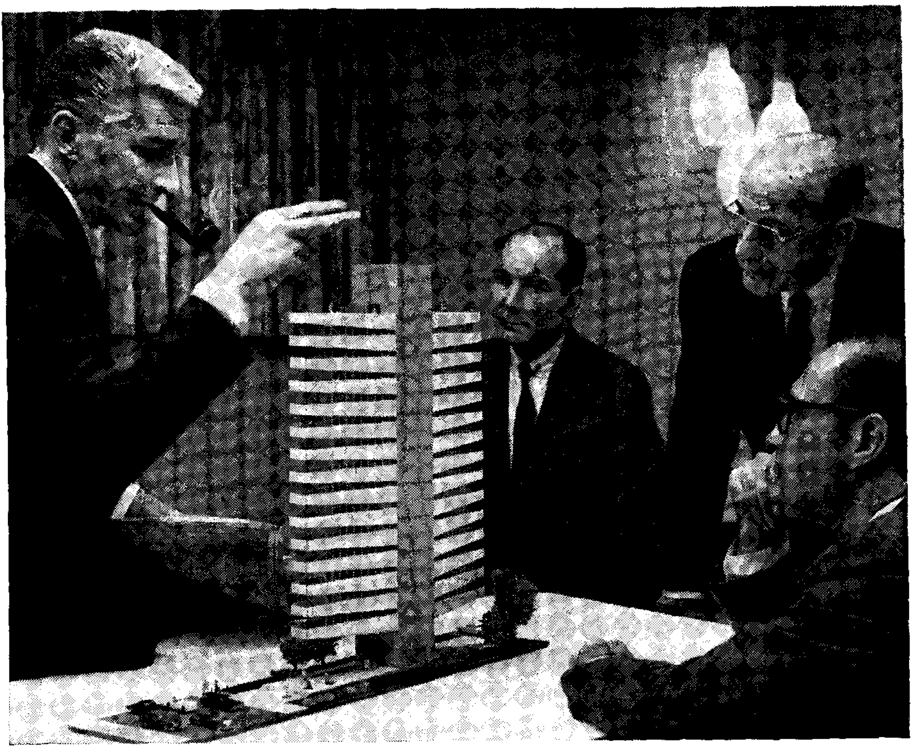
and equally excellent chorus with dignity and dedicated seriousness, and with notable restraint, especially in passages where the music might have been blown up into an uncalled-for sort of melodrama. The soloists—Martina Arroyo, Maureen Forrester, Jan Peerce, and Giorgio Tozzi—were all top-ranking figures, and though one might have found fault with Miss Arroyo and Mr. Peerce at times in the small matter of tone quality, to dwell on this would be mere quibbling.

ON Thursday evening, at Lincoln Center, Josef Krips led the New York Philharmonic, the Schola Cantorum, and an equally imposing group of soloists—Adele Addison, Louise Parker, Leopold Simoneau, and Donald Gramm—in a more familiar Requiem, the one by Mozart, and since its qualities as a supreme masterpiece are well known, I need not comment on them. Mr. Krips gave the work a strong, architectural reading, admirable for its cohesion and monumentality. He launched into it, without a break, after playing Mozart's almost incredibly beautiful motet "Ave Verum Corpus," K. 618, which was thus made to seem a part of the Requiem itself. The one modern work on the program was "Fragments from 'The Song of Songs,' Opus 29," by John La Montaine, a young Illinois composer now resident in New York. Mr. La Montaine's composition turned out to be a song cycle, based on Biblical texts, that is very much in the tradition of Mahler. A melancholy work, despite the joyousness of most of its words, it makes use of an exotic repertoire of orchestral sounds without becoming inexpressive in the process. At some points, I thought the vocal line unnecessarily angular and technically awkward for the soprano (Miss Addison) who sang it, but I found it pleasing on the whole, and, here and there, quite communicative of mood and emotion. The audience, to judge from its applause, felt the same way.

ON Tuesday evening, I went to the Metropolitan to see how the young Brooklyn-born tenor Arturo Sergi would make out in the difficult role of Otello. His opening "Esultate!" did not have the ideal trumpetlike quality, and, all told, his vocal equipment did not quite add up to the *tenore di forza* that Otello demands. He did, however, show himself to be a good actor and the possessor of a fine dramatic tenor voice, suitable to many a less specialized role in the Italian repertory. His Desdemona was



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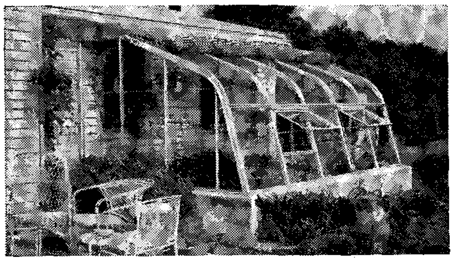
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the veteran Zinka Milanov (substituting for the indisposed Leonie Rysanek) and once again the audience witnessed a vocal miracle on the part of this indestructible Yugoslav soprano.

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JAZZ CONCERTS

Trial Run

HAVING tried a while ago to untangle the genealogy of the tenor-saxophone dynasty founded by Coleman Hawkins, and—according to fresh research—failed, I shall try again. Hawkins' immediate and most important descendants were Herschel Evans, Chu Berry, and Ben Webster. Out of Evans and Berry came Dick Wilson, who had no progeny. From Evans and Webster came Buddy Tate, and from Berry and Webster came Don Byas. Webster alone invented Paul Gonsalves. Byas, in turn, produced—with the help of Webster—Lucky Thompson, and Byas and Thompson produced Benny Golson, and there the line rests. (Sonny Rollins, skipping backward a generation, is a direct offshoot of Hawkins and Charlie Parker, the last of whom founded his own dynasty.) Of the survivors of this table (Berry, Evans, and Wilson are dead), Thompson and Byas, by virtue of deerlike styles and long residence in Europe, are the most elusive. Thompson, though, has recently returned, and was on view last Friday at the Little Theatre in a concert given as part of the excellent "Jazz on Broadway" series, which will continue on weekends through March.

In many ways, Thompson's style is the best possible distillation of the styles of Webster and Byas. Webster, harnessed to a big tone and a relentless legato melodic gift, has never been particularly agile, while Byas, an extraordinary technician, has frequently allowed his fluidity to flood his emotions. Thompson's notes and accents are more sparing than Byas's, and his fluidity is calculated. He is a drier performer—an attack that is heightened by his occasional trumpetlike statements. In contrast to Webster, his tone is middling, and moves easily between a thin softness and the hardness found in Rollins and John Coltrane, both of whom listened to him. All his work is tinted by the blues. A steady, gentle intelligence also lights it, preventing it from slipping into the romantic or the elliptical. It is a tightrope style and, at its best, uncommonly affecting.

I attended the eight-thirty concert (a second one was held at midnight, and

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still another at midnight on Saturday), and it was beset with minor troubles. Thompson's drummer dragged fast tempos and raced medium ones; the event was apparently being recorded, which caused chills and hesitations; and Thompson—away so long from the big swim—seemed apprehensive and even apologetic. At the same time, the rest of his colleagues—Dave Burns (trumpet), Benny Powell (bass trombone), Danny Turner (alto saxophone), Cecil Payne (baritone saxophone), Hank Jones (piano), and Richard Davis (bass)—provided at nearly every point a yea-team support generally absent in pickup groups. The dozen selections were by Thompson, who also did the nicely turned arrangements, and they alternated between the blues and carefully constructed ballads. His composing is original and thoughtful, and, like that of Benny Carter, reflects his improvisations. During the evening, Thompson switched back and forth between the soprano saxophone, which he first tried in Europe, and the tenor. His soprano is a piping, small-toned copy of his tenor playing, and at times had an almost beseeching sound, which may have been the result of nerves or pitch troubles. His tenor saxophone was most effective in a slow ballad, "'Twas Yesterday," in which he used long vibratos and a buzzing tone, and in a medium blues, "Mr. Carefully," in which he came closest to the exquisite balancing of opposites that marked his work in the forties and fifties. Jones and Davis were his most successful sidemen. Jones is distinguished by his beautiful touch and by delicate, introverted single-note figures that give the impression of being stated in parentheses. The omnipresent Davis broke through his brilliant, full-battle-dress technique in "Mr. Carefully," playing a dozen choruses full of double-stops, immense scalar leaps, guitarlike slurs, and those twanging notes peculiar to Charlie Mingus. Powell's solos were witty but glossy (how long will it be before modern trombonists find their way past the anti-trombone style of J. J. Johnson?), and Burns and Payne were adequate. Thompson, making his first appearance in New York in six or seven years, may well have settled down at the later editions of his concert. If so, delights surely abounded.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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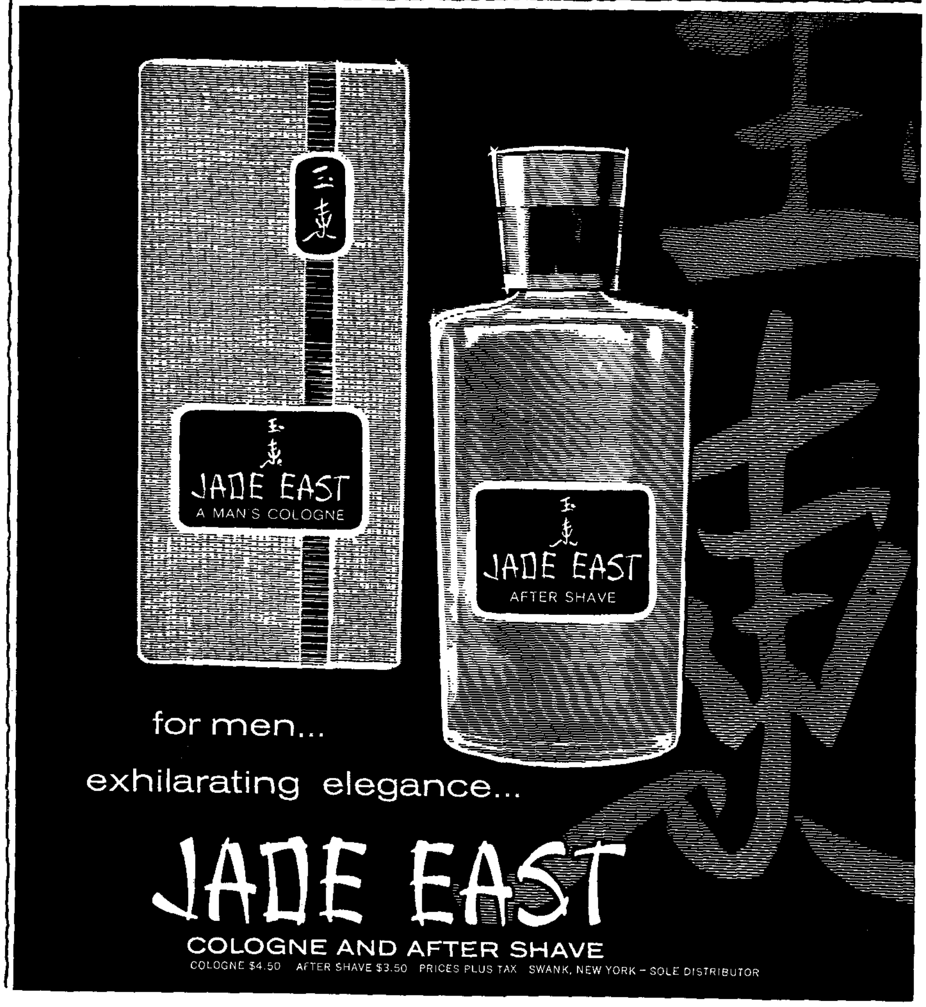

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BOOKS

Rhyming Max

INTO the present twilight of light verse an oblique ray has entered from the unexpected direction of Vermont, where the Stephen Greene Press, a Brattleboro outfit, has published (handsomely) "Max in Verse," a collection, painstakingly scavenged from widely scattered sources, of everything from the pen of Max Beerbohm that can be construed, however remotely, as a poem. The construing and scavenging, along with much annotating, have been performed by Professor J. G. Riewald, Beerbohm's bibliographer. His labors have been heroic—in fact, considering the fragility of his subject's claim to the title of poet, mock-heroic. The literary oddments of Shakespeare, were some to turn up, could not be more reverently handled. Eighty-four items by Beerbohm, many of them tiny, are buttressed fore and aft by (1) acknowledgments to forty-eight institutions and individuals for their help; (2) a foreword by S. N. Behrman, one of America's leading "Maximilians," to use a term that apparently has the same relation to Beerbohm that "Mohammedans" does to Mohammed; (3) a preface by Professor Riewald; (4) thirty pages, in eight-point Baskerville, of sources and annotations; (5) an index of titles and first lines; and (6) another index, of "Persons," ranging from

Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, 105, 151
Andrea del Sarto, 93

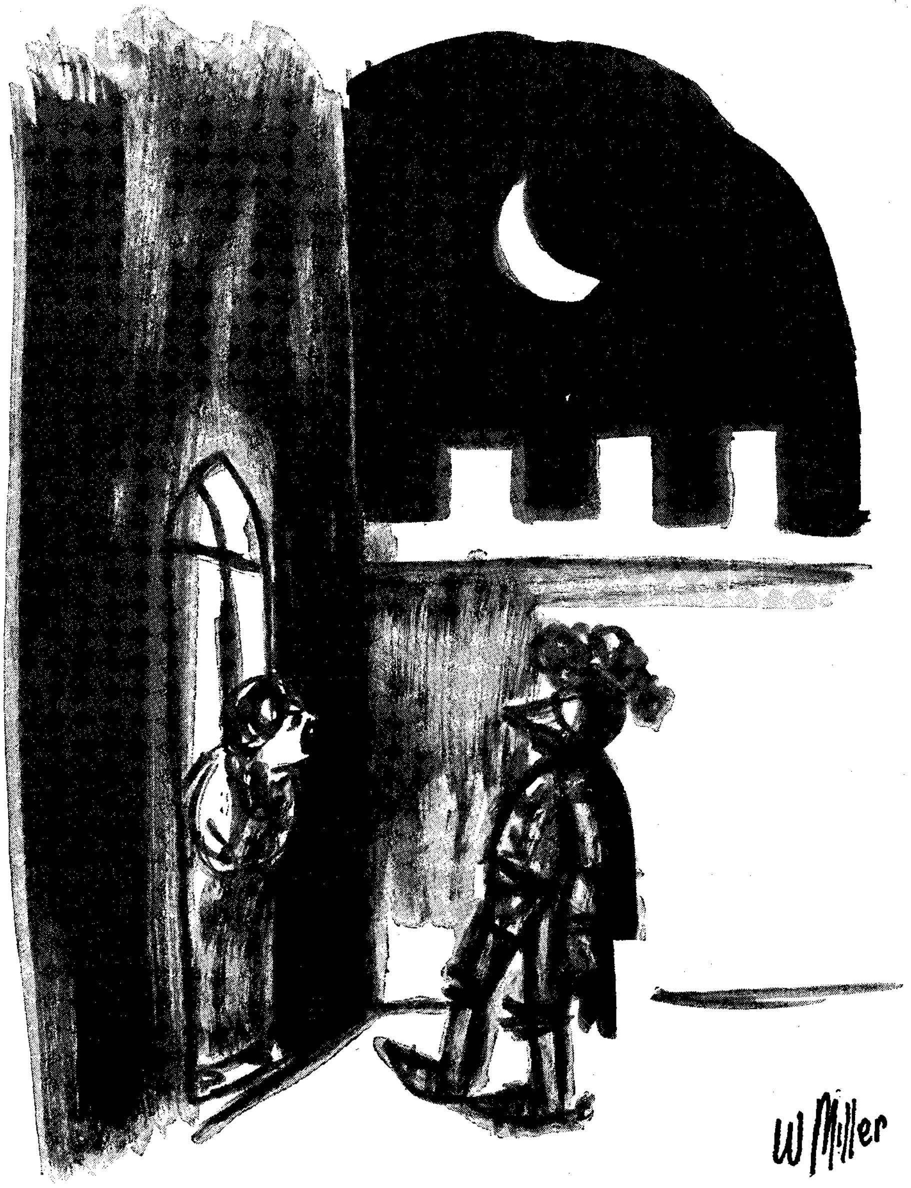
through

James, Henry, 19, 21-4 *passim*, 56, 137, 139
Jerome, Jerome K., 15, 135, 136
Jesus Christ, 126

to

Zeno, 81
Zumpt, Karl, 3, 131

Of the four-score-and-four poems so elaborately enshrined in print, twenty or so were jotted by Max on the flyleaves or in the margins of books, two were scribbled in letters to friends, and one was found in his top hat. Five are in Latin; seven are sonnets of which Beerbohm, playing a game with Edmund Gosse or the William Rothensteins, wrote only alternate or third lines; one is a collection of spurious country saws (e.g., "It isn't the singing kettle that scalds the cook's hand" and "He that hath no teeth hath no toothache" and "A dumb woman sees more things than a blind man hears"); and another is a four-line epitaph for Bernard Shaw recited to two professors at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in Washington, D.C., by an inmate, Mr. Ezra Pound, who had learned the quatrain at Max's knee when they were neighbors in Rapallo—a remarkable modern instance of the oral poetic tradition, employing none but the most distinguished personnel. The longest items in "Max in Verse" are the pseudo-Shakespearean burlesque "Savonarola," already available in the book "Seven Men," and "A Sequelula to *The Dynasts*," a blank-verse parody of Hardy that is woven into "A Christmas Garland." Professor Riewald not only superfluously reprints these staples of Maxiana (as the Maximilians say), he snips from their familiar contexts several parodic snatches of Belloc and Kipling, the decadent poems of the fictional Enoch Soames, and two three-line fragments composed (in Latin and the Oxfordshire dialect) by Zuleika Dobson's unhappy admirer the Duke of Dorset. This accounting leaves to mention a number of elegantly turned ballades, rondeaux, and triolets; some limericks no better than most; a few infallibly deft takeoffs on Kipling, Yeats, and Tom Moore; two relatively heavy and personal ballads; and, here and there, redeemed from quaint corners, delicate as fossils, epigrams mark-



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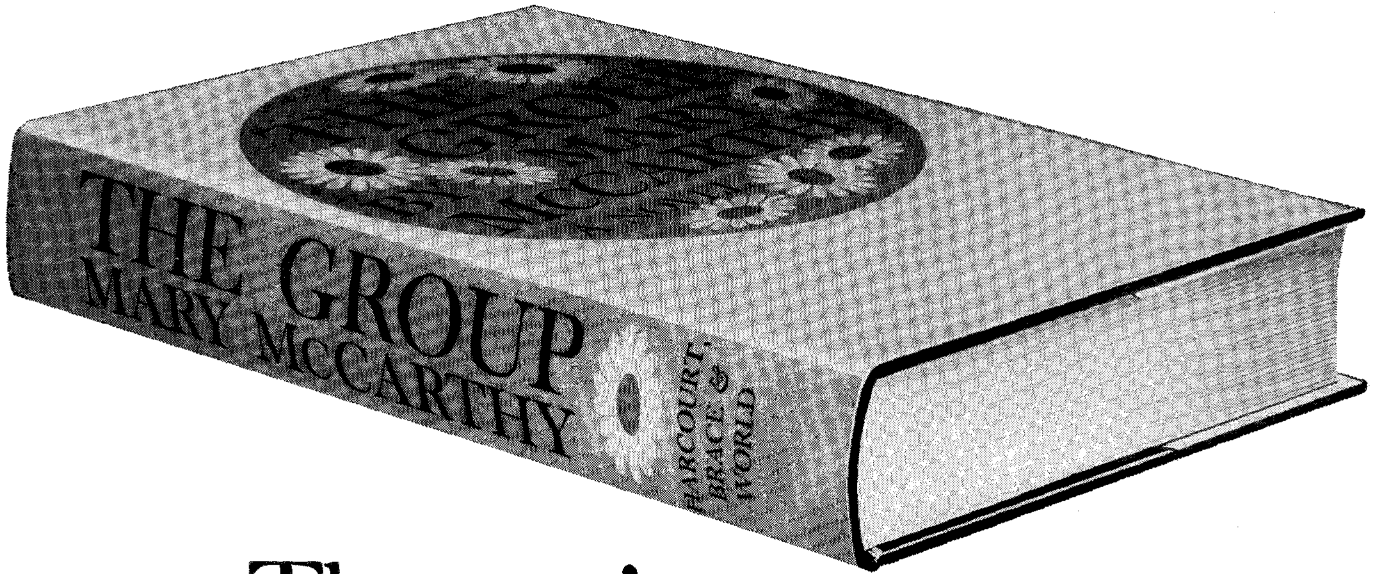

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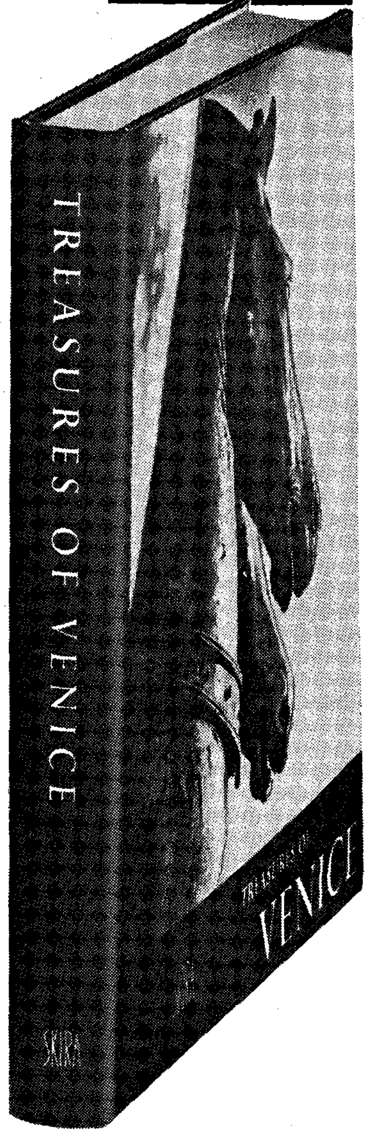

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ing the flitting imprint of Max's daintily waspish temper.

One might suppose that a collection so curious, a portentously served potpourri of private jokes and *déjà vu*, would add up to a worthless book. But "Max in Verse" is precious in both senses; it is both overrefined and valuable. Its value, which is felt in terms of delight, can perhaps be understood through some consideration of light verse.

Modern light verse, as it was created by Calverley, calls into question the standards of triviality which would judge it. When we open Calverley's "Fly Leaves" to the first page, and read:

'Tis the hour when white-horsed Day
Chases Night her mares away;
When the Gates of Dawn (they say)
Phœbus opes:
And I gather that the Queen
May be uniformly seen,
Should the weather be serene,
On the slopes,

a universe of importance is pulled down. The conceits and figures by which men have agreed to swear and live are tripped up by metrics, flattened by the simple inopportuneness of rhyme.

Language is finite and formal; reality is infinite and formless. Order is comic; chaos is tragic. By rhyming, language calls attention to its own mechanical nature and relieves the represented reality of seriousness. In this sense, rhyme and allied regularities like alliteration and assonance assert a magical control over things and constitute a spell. When children, in speaking, accidentally rhyme, they laugh, and add, "I'm a poet/ And don't know it," as if to avert the consequences of a stumble into the supernatural. The position of rhyme in Western literature is more precarious than is popularly supposed. The Greeks and Romans were innocent of it, and it appears in Latin poetry as an adjunct of the Mass, probably as an aid to the memory of the worshippers. Rhymed sacred poetry, of which classical examples are the "Stabat Mater" and the "Dies Irae," dates from the fourth century; for a thousand years rather pell-mell rhyme and alliteration dominated verse. As the sea of faith ebbed and consciousness of chaos broke in again upon civilization, rhymelessness returned—in England, as both the deliberate revival of quantitative measure sponsored by Gabriel Harvey and the spontaneous ascendance of the pentameter blank verse invented by Surrey and developed by Marlowe and Shakespeare. The bulk of great English poetry, from Shakespeare to Milton, from Wordsworth to Wallace Stevens, is unrhymed. And those poets of the first rank, like

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Pope, who habitually rhyme do so unobtrusively—that is, Pope's couplets turn on unspectacular monosyllables; there is no glorying in rhyme, as there is in a medieval poet like John Skelton or a modern light-verse writer like Ogden Nash. The last considerable poets who preferred to rhyme are Emily Dickinson, Yeats, and Housman. Emily Dickinson's rhyming is often off-rhyme, Yeats was the last authentic magician, and Housman's verse verges on being light. When all the minority reports are in, the trend of our times is overwhelmingly against formal regularity of even the most modest sort; in the "Cantos," Pound has passed beyond free verse into a poetry totally arhythmic. Our mode is realism, "realistic" is synonymous with "prosaic," and the prose writer's duty is to suppress not only rhyme but any verbal accident that would mar the textural correspondence to the massive, onflowing impersonality that has supplanted the chiming heavens of the saints. In this situation, light verse, an isolated acolyte, tends the thin flame of formal magic and tempers the inhuman darkness of reality with the comedy of human artifice. Light verse precisely lightens; it lessens the gravity of its subject.

Weigh, for example, the opening lines of Swift's "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift":

> The time is not remote, when I
> Must by the course of nature die:
> When I foresee my special friends,
> Will try to find their private ends:
> Though it is hardly understood,
> Which way my death can do them
> good . . .

When the same expressions are recast in prose, with the rhymes suppressed, the pert effect turns sombre:

> The time is not remote when I must, by the course of nature, die. Then, I foresee, my special friends will try to find their

R. MacMillan

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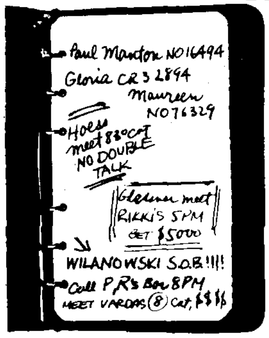

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MORROW

private advantages, though it is hardly understood which way my death can benefit them . . .

The melancholy of the passage survives transposition into blank verse:

> The time is not remote, when by the course
> Of nature I must die: when I foresee
> My special friends will seek their private gains,
> Though it is hardly understood which way
> My death can do them good . . .

And even pentameter couplets permit, in their length and variability, a certain speaking seriousness of tone:

> The time, I fear, is not remote when by
> The foreseen course of nature I must die:
> When those that I considered special friends
> Will try to comprehend their private ends;
> Although as yet 'tis hardly understood
> Which way my sorry death can do them good . . .

Pentameter is the natural speaking line in English; hexameter loses track of itself, and tetrameter chops up thoughts comically. Tetrameter is the natural light-verse line.

> So this is Utopia, is it? Well,
> I beg your pardon, I thought it was Hell.

This couplet was written by Beerbohm in a copy of More's "Utopia," and most of the poems in "Max in Verse" are footnotes, of some sort, to serious literature:

> Milton, my help, my prop, my stay,
> My well of English undefiled,
> It struck me suddenly today
> You must have been an awful child.

On the verso of the title page of a copy of "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Max, while still at Oxford, wrote a "Ballade de la Vie Joyeuse," beginning:

> Why do men feast upon wormwood and gall
> When there are roses for every day?
> Let us not leave them to fade on the wall,
> Knowing of naught but 'la vie limitée.'
> Is there a heaven? Be that as it may
> Conduct's an image of priest-eaten wood.
> We are but bits of elaborate clay.
> Let us be happy without being good.

Thus the neo-hedonism of the nineties is wickedly satirized merely by being too neatly put. "Max in Verse" is an enchanted island of a book, and its Ariel is a hovering, invisible, luminous insistence on the comedy (above and be-

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yond the wit of the precious little that is being said) *of versification itself*. Beerbohm, following the lead of his master Calverley, whose parody of Browning abounds in tormented lines, repeatedly frames lines whose scansion is an absurd triumph of pedantry:

> Automata these animalcula
> Are—puppets, pitiable jackaclocks.
>
> Savonarola will not be tempted be
> By face of woman e'en tho' 't be,
> tho' 'tis,
> Surpassing fair. All hope abandon
> therefore.
> I charge thee: Vade retro, Satanas!
>
> Tho' love be sweet, revenge is
> sweeter far.
> To the Piazza! Ha, ha, ha, ha, har!

Examples abound: one final one. On the copyright page of his first book, "The Works of Max Beerbohm," Max found the imprint

London: JOHN LANE, *The Bodley Head*
New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S
SONS.

Beneath it, he wrote in pen:

> This plain announcement, nicely read,
> Iambically runs.

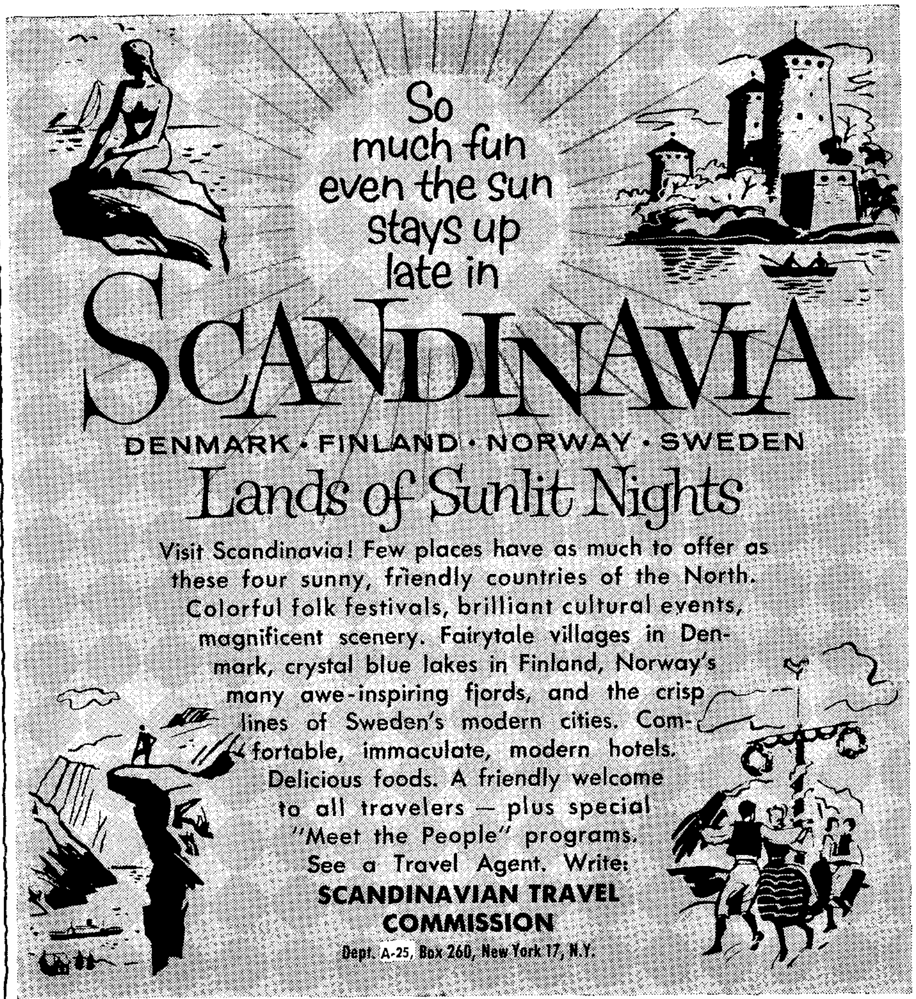
The effortless a-b-a-b rhyming, the balance of "plain" and "nicely," the need for nicety in pronouncing "Iambically" to scan—this is quintessential light verse, a twitting of the starkest prose into perfect form, a marriage of earth with light, and quite magical. Indeed, were I a high priest of literature, I would have this quatrain made into an amulet and wear it about my neck, for luck. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MR. STONE AND THE KNIGHTS COMPANION, by V. S. Naipaul (Macmillan). A quiet, precise book about an aging and obscure English bachelor who, by abruptly marrying and by devising for his firm a unique retirement plan, smashes the felicitous conventions that have long sustained him. He soon finds that his marriage is a mistake, and then he finds that the retirement plan, simply by virtue of its successful realization, is a betrayal of the act of creation that brought it into being. But he survives his marriage, which gives him the momentum to survive the dismal knowledge that creation is not admired half as much as its opposite. This would have been a perfect ironic work had the author made his characters more than mere butts of this overriding truth.

THE JET SET, by Burton Wohl (Dial). Mr. Wohl tells us what life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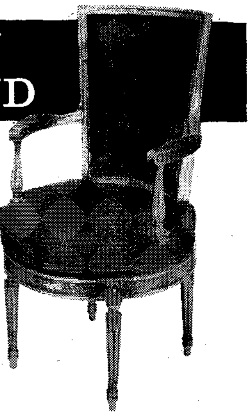

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MORROW

is like for the very rich and very bored. The scene opens in Hollywood, where we find Sybil Harper, the mistress of a millionaire named Hodding Van den Horst, engaged in a serious love affair with Paul Ormont, an engineer who is one of Van den Horst's most important and most trusted employees. Sybil and Paul are both stunning examples of beauty and sex appeal, and from these two universally desired figures the company spreads out to include various human samples of international wealth, international fame, and international, or common, cupidity. As in any extravaganza, there is neither plot nor character, but there is action—or at least movement—of a circular kind, Italy, France, and Africa being among the countries that contribute color to the whirl. Mr. Wohl writes a deadened kind of prose that is in keeping with the spirit of his work.

THE LOWLIFE, by Alexander Baron (Yoseloff). A sentimental tale of London. Harryboy Boas—weak, flashy, and loquacious—makes enough from gambling to keep him in clothes and food and to pay the rent on his tenement room. When a new family moves into the house, Harryboy develops a sickly affection for their lonely, obstreperous five-year-old son. This is one of those novels that come to an end without ever having given the slightest indication of why they were started.

GENERAL

COOPER'S CREEK, by Alan Moorehead (Harper & Row). An excellent reconstruction—from letters, diaries, and official records—of the Victorian Exploring Expedition of 1860-61. The expedition, whose purpose (as formally proclaimed by the sponsoring Royal Society of Victoria) was to explore the desolate heart of east-central Australia, ended in disaster, with several members, including its leader, Robert O'Hara Burke, dead and many of the rest in more or less disgrace. The causes of its calamitous end were those of all such disasters—inexperience, poor organization, impulsiveness, recklessness, sloth. Its aftermath was also typical. The bungling and foot-dragging that characterized the expedition were followed by a speedy, well-mounted, and admirably efficient rescue effort, involving four relief parties, an immediate hearing to allocate blame and find a scapegoat, and the erection of a commemorative monument.

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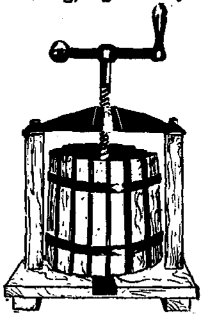

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THE MANY LIVES OF OTTO KAHN, by Mary Jane Matz (Macmillan). Otto H. Kahn (1867-1934) was one of the leading investment bankers of his time; a pioneer in Wall Street public relations; an adviser to Presidents; a pre-New Deal advocate of public works, public housing, and public welfare; a major supporter of the Metropolitan Opera; the importer of Caruso, Toscanini, Pavlova, Nijinsky, the Abbey Players, and Max Reinhardt; and an openhanded benefactor of countless experimental theatre groups, struggling magazines, and hard-up writers, singers, actors, poets, musicians, businessmen, and strangers. Mrs. Matz tells us with clarity and confidence everything there is to know about the public life of that extraordinary man. About his private life, his inner life, his life as a man, she has nothing whatever to say. Photographs.

NOTE: "From the Silent Earth," a report by Joseph Alsop on archeological discoveries in Greece, has been published by Harper & Row. A sizable portion of the book first appeared in this magazine.

•

—S. H.

ON the recent morning when Sheila Hibben died, at the age of seventy-six, she was assembling her one-hundred-and-eighty-third About the House column for *The New Yorker*, this one telling of a class she had discovered in which people could learn to clip their own poodles. She had attended the class to see for herself how it was conducted, sitting tall, composed, and—we feel sure—wholly engrossed in the poodle-clippers. A week or so before, she had turned in her hundred-and-ninety-sixth Markets and Menus column, in which she reported, among other things, the arrival on the market of a product called Flambé Fanfare, writing of it, "I would feel some compunction at spreading this alarming news if I had any hope that it could be kept from the more impressionable ladies of Westchester and Connecticut, but I fear that already they are not only lighting up their crêpes and their *shashlik* but preparing to send more unlikely dishes up in flames."

These glimpses of Mrs. Hibben's

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Realism vs. Idealism

It is thought that the first person to declare that the earth is a globe was Pythagoras in the sixth century B.C. Rather surprisingly, he reached that conclusion not for scientific reasons but on religious grounds – because of the "perfection" of the spherical form.

These days it seems a rather backward way of reaching a conclusion. And yet we know people who make investment decisions the same way, deciding, for example, that Americans should take more vitamins and therefore that shares of vitamin-makers should be bought, or feeling that more Americans should ride bicycles and therefore that bicycle shares should be purchased.

Such idealism, if we may call it that, has no place in investing, where realism is required. If you invest idealistically, you may be right occasionally by accident. But you are likely to fare better financially if you size up company prospects cold-bloodedly, with one eye on facts and figures and the other on what the public demand for its products *is*, not what you think it *should be.*

Wishing is all very well in its place, but its place is not the stock market.

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working manner may convey just a little of her quality. Mrs. Hibben, who was blessed with unerring taste and was happy to share it with the world, was born in Montgomery, Alabama; spent a couple of years in Italy as a girl, with her family; and went to France in her twenties, after a certain amount of home tutoring, to complete her education. While abroad, she met Paxton Hibben, a dashing young diplomatic and literary figure of the time, and they were married, in Athens, in 1916, a day or two after he had survived a pointless but unavoidable duel with a bellicose Frenchman. (Mr. Hibben fired into the air; the Frenchman missed.) Twelve years later, Mr. Hibben died, and she was left with a small daughter to support. She turned to writing. Her first contributions to *The New Yorker* were brief book reviews, which she tossed off with great verve and wit, in a headlong style that was unmistakably her own. (She once said that her method was to "fly at an idea with syntactical abandon, and then try to straighten it out.") In time, she began writing on food, the subject she loved most and knew most about, having absorbed knowledge from the best cooks of Alabama, Italy, France, and Greece, not to mention New York. This background enabled her to discuss with lighthearted but absolute authority anything from a truffled pâté that deserved, as she put it, to be eaten only from the tip of a silver knife to the right way of preparing hopping John for breakfast on New Year's Day. She despised all gastronomic snobbery, and it was one of her ambitions to drive the word "gourmet" out of the English language. She simply thought that food should be respected. When she took on About the House, at an age when most people are ready to retire, she went at it in the liveliest of spirits, gamely trying out, in person, everything that engaged her attention, from a mechanical oyster shucker (she took a paper bag of oysters to the store with her) to a hydrotherapeutic bathtub (she showed up with a bathing suit and cap in her purse, put them on, and spent half an hour in the tub, assaying its merits). She had strong likes and dislikes in regard to everything that mattered to her—food, literature, kitchen fans, wallpaper, carpenters, garden furniture—and she had a fresh and wonderful way of expressing them. Her enthusiasms were irresistible; her scorn was unanswerable. The magazine, and her many friends on the staff, will sorely miss this brave and remarkable woman.

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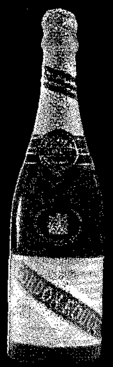

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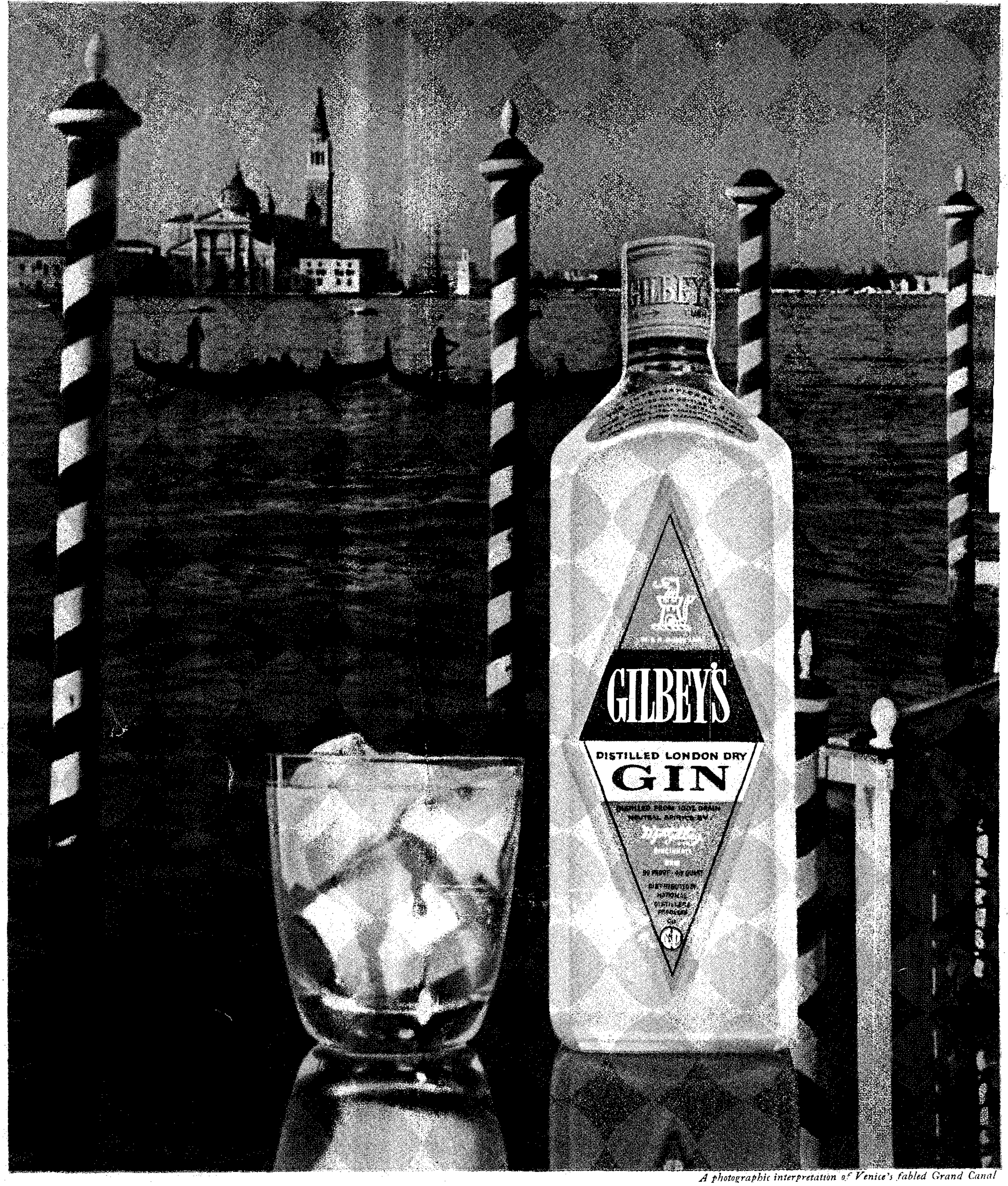

A photographic interpretation of Venice's fabled Grand Canal

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